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DUQUESNE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXV

OCTOBER, 1907

NUMBER 1

October Day

What day is this? A day of great import,  
To show our nation's progress and our worth.

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DUQUESNE MONTHLY, A. A. 10



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# Duquesne Monthly

VOL. XXXV

OCTOBER, 1927

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## *Vacation O'er*

What dastard hand has reached into our lives,  
To steal our precious summer-time away?  
What cruel might, what wretched force now strives  
To blast the peace of our vacation day?

Our bats, our balls, our boat and fishing-line,  
Our cool retreats, our calm and peaceful nooks,  
Are changed by unknown magic force, malign  
To class-rooms, paper, pen and ink and books.

When the gentle hands of Spring had set us free,  
A languorous summer's breath did us betray,  
And laughter-laden, full of subtle glee,  
Has stolen three months of our life away.

'Twas just a dream, a lovely beauteous dream,  
And now it's gone. This is the awakening.  
We'd like our dream again, but still—'twould seem  
That life awake is the important thing.


So, dream of glad vacation days, farewell!  
And now to work—such is the lot of men,  
Until sweet Spring once more returns to dwell  
Amongst us,—then, we'll find our dream again.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

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## *Barometers of Business*

ENRY WARD BEECHER is credited with the following statement: "I hold that a man who is long headed, who foresees and judges accurately, has an advantage over his neighbor, and it is not accounted immoral for him to use that advantage, because he is individually better fitted for the business; and it inheres in him by a law of nature, that he has a right to the whole of himself legitimately applied. If one man, or twenty men, looking at the state of the nation here, at the crops, at the possible contingencies and risks of climate, at the conditions of Europe; in other words, taking all the elements that belong to the world, into consideration, are sagacious enough to prophesy the best of action, I don't see why it is not legitimate."

For the purpose of refreshing the mind of the reader, a sketch of the business cycle will serve admirably. The series of changes called the business cycle does not repeat itself with unerring regularity, but the fact that these changes are always occurring, is undeniably true in our modern business world. The period immediately before a crisis is one of relative prosperity, then occurs a period in which prices fall. When prices are at the lowest point, many factories are closed, business in general is at a standstill, and there is much unemployment. Let us use this as our starting point.

During this period economy is practiced extensively and caution is exercised. Now is the time to buy, for prices are at their lowest figure. Those who have the available funds take advantage of this situation and buy. Property changes hands and hoarded money comes into circulation. If business conditions are not so good in this country as in foreign countries, money and credit from these other countries flow here because the prices here are lower. Business activity begins and confidence is established in the minds of business men. Credit is extended, thereby increasing the amount of work done by each dollar. Then old enterprises are resumed and new ones are begun. Raw materials are purchased in larger quantities and the price of these raw materials is thereby increased. Even inefficient labor finds employment, and because of the large demand for labor wages go up. As a result of this, the cost to produce increases and consequently the prices of finished products are raised, thereby increasing the



cost of living. Business is still expanding. Orders, even at increased prices, cannot be filled, and so users of raw materials or manufactured goods order more than they need to insure getting what they must have. The producers, seeing the increase in business, borrow money and enlarge their plants and fill the orders. Those who order these goods must now accept more than what they intended to use, and so need more funds to expand their business in order to take care of the excessive amount of merchandise. The banks, by this time, have become cautious and refuse to loan money. Business has become unduly and unnaturally inflated. The crises has been reached. The banks, in order to strengthen their conditions, call in their loans, thereby forcing many enterprises into bankruptcy and failure. Prices fall, confidence is lost, and credit is shattered. Financial losses mean the closing of factories and the increase of unemployment. We then drift into a period of depression and we have completed another cycle. The four periods of the business cycle are conveniently termed:

1. Period of Depression.
2. Period of Improvement after Depression.
3. Period of Prosperity.
4. Period of Decline after Prosperity.

Following is a list of subjects which, if observed carefully, if studied, if tabulated, if systemitized logically, serve as ideal business barometers. These are the subjects studied by the oldest, richest, and most conservative financial and mercantile houses in the world for determining which of the above-mentioned periods the country is experiencing or is about to enter at any given time. The use of these figures eliminates practically all guessing at uncertainty concerning mercantile or stock market movements and business of the whole.

Bank Clearings  
Wealth, Building, and Real Estate  
Business Failures  
Immigration Figures and Labor Conditions  
Money Conditions  
Foreign Trade  
Gold Movements  
Commodity Prices  
Investment Market  
Condition of Crops

[continued on next page]



Railroad Earnings  
Political Factors  
Social Factors  
Miscellaneous

Each of these subjects is intimately tied up with the different periods of the business cycle. Roger W. Babson says:

"All financial and commercial trade during the past two hundred years has been divided into distinct cycles. Each cycle consists of four periods: Prosperity, Decline, Depression, and Improvement. Each period is accompanied by a distinct change in the prices of stocks, labor, and commodities. By comparison with similar periods in previous cycles, it is possible, with a degree of certainty, to determine at about what period in one of these 'swings' we happen to be. If the pendulum swings out over the perpendicular, we are sure that it must swing back of the center as far as it has swung forward, because action and reaction are always equal."

The same author goes further to say: "An investment of a thousand dollars can be multiplied to an investment of several hundred thousand dollars in about twenty years with but very little risk and without selling short or purchasing on margin. The only requisite is a constant study of comparative and fundamental statistics and sufficient self-control to act only in accordance with what these statistics indicate, refusing to listen to either the optimism or the pessimism supplied by the daily papers and by the many individuals who are always giving free advice.

Merchants who never even buy or sell securities use this data with equal profit. Fundamental statistics clearly show the merchant when to buy and increase his stock and when to cut prices and reduce his stock. They also enable the merchant to forecast money conditions in order that he may intelligently decide whether to borrow the money necessary to allow customers further credit or to reduce his loans and the indebtedness of his customers. Moreover, at all times, these figures show the merchant the condition of business throughout the country so that he always knows whether the growth or the contraction of his business is proportional to that of his competitors.

I, personally, think that Mr. Babson is entirely too sweeping in his statements, but, nevertheless, he is sincere. In his book on Business Barometers, he gives actual instances of

proof of the above statements by showing the growth of \$2,500 to \$2,000,000 in sixty years by investing, selling, and depositing at certain times. Of course, I do not think that Mr. Babson considers his example probable, but the possibility of it more than proves that a study of the barometers of business is worth the time and money spent on it.

### Bank Clearings

As, to-day, practically all payments are made by check and all business is carried on through the banks, the volume of checks handled by the banks increases or decreases in constant ratio to the general volume of business of the country, provided that the prices of the commodities and securities traded in, remain constant. Therefore, as banks pass their business through the clearing houses, a report on bank clearings is an excellent barometer of present business conditions.

By studying and comparing the volumes of bank clearings, it can be ascertained in what period of the business cycle we are, but by studying clearing house statistics solely, we cannot easily forecast conditions. As an aid, it is invaluable, but by itself it is practically useless.

It must be remembered, in comparing clearing house statistics, that the clearings for one week or one month should be compared to the corresponding period of the previous year in order to get a comparison on an equal basis. Statistics on the volume of bank clearings should be divided into two classes:

1. Bank clearings of the United States.
2. Bank clearings of the United States outside of New York City.

The reason for this is that a large volume of the bank clearings for New York City is affected by the Stock Exchange transactions.

Stoddard, on "Charts, Indexes, and Curves," in the Outlook of November, 1924, says:

"Another general index which is good because it is general, is the volume of bank debits to individual accounts. It is plain that if business is active, people will spend money, and if they spend money by check, this fact will be reflected in their bank accounts by debits or charges. Similarly, what is known as 'the rate of turnover of bank deposits,' is widely accepted as an accurate reflection of business conditions—that is to say, of current business activity."



## **Conclusions**

During a period of depression or improvement, an increase of bank clearings signifies that trade is improving and a decrease signifies worse conditions.

During a period of prosperity, an increase shows that conditions are very prosperous, but too great an increase under such conditions forecasts trouble. A decrease shows the change and that business is decreasing.

During a period of decline, an increase signifies a temporary check in the decline, and a decrease signifies no improvement.

## **Wealth, Buildings, and Real Estate**

The census figures, taken once in ten years, are the only statistics which give the actual value of property in the country, but since these figures are compiled only once in ten years it is obvious that some other reports must be adopted to serve as barometers of the property value of the country.

Building statistics, including railroad and municipal construction, give us the best and most reliable figures on this subject. The building of a new house, the construction of a new railroad line, the digging of a new tunnel for vehicular traffic—all these tend to increase the property value of the community or of the entire city.

The real obstacle in the way of a systematic study of building activity has been the difficulty of obtaining accurate reports on the subject. Because of the differences in the laws of different States, the returns from building permits alone are not reliable as a basis. However, we may obtain the desired information from the field of contractors. Firms on the order of the F. W. Dodge Co., of Boston, make a thorough canvass of the fields of constructive activity and furnish accurate information of business openings for contractors and supply firms of all kinds. These reports cover all new work, both in private and municipal building and in railroad construction.

Real estate activity is an ideal business barometer, as shown by a study of statistics over a period of years compared with the swings of the business cycle over the corresponding period.

## **Conclusions**

During a period of depression and during a period of improvement, an increase in building activity forecasts a period



of prosperity and a decrease forecasts a setback or continued depression.

During a period of prosperity and of decline, an increase in building activity means trouble and a decrease tends to lengthen the period of prosperity.

### **Business Failures**

Every great crisis has been made known to the public by one or more large failures, sometimes because of dishonest methods, sometimes because of a great political or national calamity, but more often by the failure of some banks or number of banks in endeavoring to finance industries or new corporate undertakings. We, therefore, see that large, single failures stand out as forerunners or signals of sharp crises at the beginning of a period of depression. These failures, in turn, are followed by other large failures and many small ones, swelling the total for the period far above the totals for the periods just preceding or just following. On the other hand, the increase may be slow, the statistics showing the increased amount of failures over a period of a few years. Statistics of business failures, therefore, are of use principally in showing the probable length of a period of business depression. In no case does prosperity return until the failure statistics are again down to normal.

The R. G. Dun Co. publishes a table which expresses the number of failures tabulated according to years and figures which express the liabilities, the average liability, the liability per firm in business, and the per cent of failing. In another table published by the same company, the liabilities are arranged by months. Bradstreets publishes a table arranging the number of failures and the liabilities according to reasons for failure, tabulating eleven reasons:

Incompetence	Failure of Others	Specific Conditions
Inexperience	Extravagance	Speculation
Lack of Capital	Neglect	Fraud
Unwise Credits	Competition	

The value of a table of this sort can be readily appreciated. For instance, if the percentage of failures due to lack of capital is increasing from year to year, it is necessary for any new enterprise to be exceptionally well supported financially in order to withstand the strain. Other conclusions can be drawn from the correct analysis of the figures from the table mentioned above.

## **Conclusions**

During a period of depression and a period of improvement, an increase in failures signifies more depression and a decrease signifies better conditions.

During a period of prosperity and a period of decline, an increase forecasts decline or depression and a decrease, good conditions. However, during a period of prosperity a great decrease signifies the need for caution.

## **Immigration Figures and Labor Conditions**

The subject of labor conditions, in general, is very important in diagnosing present business conditions and in forecasting future changes. But labor interests involve so many factors and include so wide a field of investigation that, with statistics now available, it is impossible to compile figures that are sufficiently complete to tabulate for comparative purposes. The only complete figures, at the present time, are those published in census reports, compiled once in ten years, and the partial figures of some States published once in five years. Neither one of these two sets of statistics can be used effectively by the business man.

If every city, State, or charitable institution kept an accurate account of labor conditions the results obtained would be extremely well suited to the needs of the business man as a business barometer. The same may be said of labor unions' reports. Under present conditions, however, these figures are not fit for precise analysis, but are merely suggestive. Before the war, immigration reports were valuable as business barometers. For instance, if business was depressed here, more so than in Italy, Italian laborers did not come here because of lower wages.

The reverse was true if the conditions were better here than in Italy. By studying the immigration reports for ten or twenty years before the war, it will be seen that a crisis or depression in business conditions came soon after very high figures for immigration were reached. At that time, a very large number of alien arrivals during a period of prosperity was counted as one of the factors forecasting the culmination of such a period of prosperity. Conversely, a low number of arrivals during a period of depression was one of the factors significant of a readjustment to a higher basis. Now, however, with immigration laws in effect, the free movement of

aliens is impaired and the figures can no longer be used as a business barometer.

Labor strikes are always more numerous during a period of prosperity than during a period of depression, because the chance of obtaining higher wages or shorter hours is always better and business is good. This being true, the number of strikes occurring during a certain period is sometimes used as an indication of what period of the business cycle was then prevailing.

### **Money Conditions**

The condition of money is one factor that effects not only the large manufacturer but any small business man, laborer, etc. Many a laborer has been thrown out of employment, and many a mill has been closed because of the inability to obtain the adequate funds for the payment of wages.

A study of bank loans over a period of years gives almost to perfection a story of business conditions in this country. By a comparison of bank loans to resources, we can discern the over-expansion or the stagnation points in our business cycle. Neither a large ratio of loans to resources nor a small ratio is a good sign. The former indicates over-expansion and the latter stagnation. It is the happy medium that represents business going along smoothly and soundly. Money rates, of course, are effected by the ratio of loans to resources. If the ratio is high, money rates will be usually increased so as to discourage any further expansion.

It was exactly at this point where the old national banking system failed to avert panics. At this point was the crisis. Speculators, now in the height of prosperity and with the natural tendency prevalent in man always to be optimistic when times are good and to expect prosperity to continue forever, disregarded the increase in money rates, figuring their profits as many times the increase. The inevitable result was a severe panic. Loans were called in, financial support was withdrawn from large corporations and a depression was in full swing.

The Federal Reserve System supplied the power necessary to stop the full course of the panic where the old system failed. The Federal Reserve Board, by its authority to set the rediscount rate, may discourage over-expansion, and so the full force of the panic may be averted. Let us suppose that we are in a period of prosperity and that loans of banks



are beginning to increase to a point where it is dangerous to increase any further. The Federal Reserve Board, seeing the inevitable result if the force is not stopped, merely raises the rediscount rate, making it unprofitable for member banks to accept commercial paper as security for loans, and therefore refusing in turn to loan to their customers. It is useless to say that the Federal Reserve System is a means for doing away with business cycles, for this is not the case. What the Federal Reserve System does do, however, is to dull the sharp over-expansions and to lessen the severity of periods of depression.

Another defect of the old system was in the matter of bank reserves. Under the national banking system, the reserves of the banks of the country were not centralized. A panic once started in any one section would soon spread all over the country, each bank looking out for itself with no attempt to stop the panic in the section in which it originated. The Federal Reserve System, with its centralized reserve arrangement, may pool the entire banking resources of the country to avert any panic due only to sectional conditions.

### **Conclusions**

Any conclusion relative to money conditions of the business barometer is of necessity difficult to state because of the very numerous factors affecting those conditions. As a matter of suggestion, however, what should be watched very minutely are the ratio of loans to resources, the call and time money rates, and the rediscount rate, always keeping in mind the discussion given above and the relation of one to the others.

(Continued in next issue)

SAM EISENSTATT, B. S. in E, '27.



## *Peter's Wedding Ring*

**H**OW fertile a thing is the imagination! How ready it is to pick on the most ordinary events in life and fashion and color them into the most remarkable romances! Often the slightest thing will start it going, will lead it through a most intricate maze of fancy.

Take the case of Peter Grimes, the treasurer of St. Mark's Church; how he built up for himself a most remarkable romance out of a small incident; and how fact compared with fancy in his case.

The thing that started Peter going was a wedding ring. Not a shiny, new one, placed on the finger of a blushing bride, but an old, battered one, found by him in one of the poor-boxes of the Church.

Peter was not a romancer. In fact, he was the last person one would have supposed to be endowed, in any degree, with the gift of imagination. His very name, Peter Grimes, branded him with the stigma of staidness and respectability. Short and stout, bald-headed and good-natured, he was the typical business man. He might have been transplanted from any of the shops along Main Street. Ever since his boyhood he had worked in the grocery business, finally building up for himself the prosperous business, which was now his. Besides this, he had made it a part of his life's work to help establish the parish and Church of St. Mark's. For thirty years, he had been the head trustee, the treasurer and business adviser there. Sunday after Sunday, for many years, he had gathered up the Sunday collections and the money from the poor-boxes, had sorted the bills from the coins, and had counted and wrapped them. It had become a sort of hobby with him; he took a curious delight in watching the untidy heaps of pennies, nickels and dimes resolve themselves into neat little packets under the skilled manipulation of his fingers.

Thus we see that Peter was not of the type that is generally addicted to romance. He was entirely lacking in most of the things that go to make up the idealist. He did not even

have soulful eyes. His, in fact, were a sharp gray, twinkling with humor, probably with satisfaction, at many of the hard bargains he had driven in the course of his career. Furthermore, Peter was a bachelor.

Yet, under Peter's staid appearance there dwelt a romantic heart. Often there rose up in it rebellion at his state in life. Many a time did he yearn for adventure, to be away from his shelves of canned beans and tomatoes, to journey far out beyond the horizon, exploring strange lands, wooing charming maidens. It was, perhaps, this very characteristic that kept Peter from marrying. He could never find the maiden of his dreams. Often, there would come times when he hated the very name Peter.

And to be truthful, the thought of Peter as an adventurer was not such a hard one. Let us give our imagination free rein. Let us change the scene to Africa and give Peter the role of—say a scientist and explorer. There, amidst the wild life and tropical grandeur of the African jungles, let us again view him. We see a stout frame developed by hardships and exposure into a muscular body, we see powerful arms and legs, a bull-like neck poised proudly on massive shoulders, we see eyes gleaming sharply from beneath shaggy eyebrows, we see a flowing beard, and instead of Peter's bald pate, a leonine mass of shaggy hair. Perhaps, if Peter had been born in other circumstances—however, he was not. Custom and convention had made him a grocery man and had molded his exterior to suit. But, though custom had worked its will on Peter's body, and even on his mind, it had not tamed the heart within. At heart, Peter was still an idealist and romancer.

We find Peter, on this particular Sunday morning, gathering the money in St. Mark's Church after the Sunday devotions. He had it all gathered, except for the money in the poor-box before the statue of St. Anthony. As he inserted the key into the keyhole with the ease born of long experience, he thought of the countless number of times that he had done this very same thing, and of the amount of coins that had come from that identical little box. In his imagination he pictured the thousands of hands from which those coins had come, hands of the rich and of the poor, children's hands, hands soon destined for the grave. But then, his business head asserting itself, he noticed that this week the collection had fallen off a little from the usual standard. Reflecting on the stinginess of the rising generation, he poked



about the mass of coins to see how many pennies the day had brought forth. Turning over one particularly shiny one, he drew back his hand with a start of amazement. There lay something that no one would ever expect to see in a collection basket. Peter had found many curious things, but never anything the like of this. There it lay—old, worn, scratched, in one place entirely severed as if by a file—a wedding ring.

For several minutes, he stood there examining it, turning it over in his hand, guessing at its history, sensing that it must be a romantic one. He was interrupted in his reverie by the voice of Father McKenna, pastor of St. Mark's.

"What's the matter, Peter? Find something?"

"I did, Father."

"What, a suspender-button?"

"No, Father. Not this time."

"A beer check?"

Peter chuckled. "No, Father. Those days are gone forever. You'd never guess what I found. I just came upon it now as I was examining the collection. It certainly was a surprise to me."

"What, Peter? For heaven's sake, put me out of this suspense."

"Why, a wedding ring, Father."

"A wedding ring?"

"Certainly! Look at it yourself." He handed it over to Father McKenna, who examined it carefully, but could, however, offer no solution for its presence there. As they proceeded over to the rectory, they discussed the situation thoroughly, offering this and that solution for its presence in the collection. They continued to discuss the matter all day, while they were counting the money and getting it ready for the bank.

Father McKenna adopted a practical viewpoint. He was of the opinion that someone had dropped it, and that, someone else finding it, had deposited it in the St. Anthony's box as the easiest way of getting rid of it. Or it was, probably an old ring that someone had found around the house and had put it in the box as the best way to dispose of it.

"Yes, Peter," Father McKenna said as he was bidding Peter good-night at the door, "you will find that, within the week, someone will be inquiring for this ring, and then we'll have the solution for the whole matter."

"I don't know, Father. It seems to me that there's more connected with that ring than would seem. I've taken a hankering to that ring, and I wish, Father, that you'd give it to me if no one calls for it. I'll replace the money for it in the poor fund."

"All right, Peter. But I don't think you'll ever have a chance to gain possession of it."

"You're wrong, Father. No one will ever call for that ring. Well, good-night, Father. I'll see you next Sunday and bring the money for the ring."

Father McKenna laughed. "All right, Peter. Good-night."

\* \* \* \* \*

Peter was right. No one called for the ring, nor did Father McKenna ever hear more of the matter. The next Sunday, when Peter came, Father McKenna said to him: "Peter, the ring is yours. I haven't heard anything about it."

"I told you so, Father."

"What in the world do you want it for, Peter? Not going to get married, are you?"

Peter simulated annoyance. "Now, Father. After staying safe for so many years, do you think I'd lose my head at the last minute?"

Both laughed heartily. "No, Peter, I was only joking. Tell me, though, what do you want it for?"

"I don't know, Father. There's something about it that appeals to me; it seems as though it would like to talk to me. Father, there's something out of the ordinary about that ring. I feel that I ought to have it; that it will mean a great deal to me."

"Peter, Peter, I'm afraid that you are growing romantic in your old age. Nevertheless, it's yours and may you have good luck with it."

With a voice, gruff to hide his feelings, Peter answered: "Thank you, Father." And no more was said about the ring.

\* \* \* \* \*

For a week, Peter carried the ring about with him, examining it at intervals, meditating as to its history, wondering why he had taken such an extraordinary liking for it. One evening he had just finished a hard day's work, had eaten a good meal and was preparing to enjoy a good smoke before the light of the fireplace. He pulled up his favorite easy chair

and with a murmur of enjoyment sank into its luxurious depths. He lit a cigar, puffed at it meditatively for awhile, as he stared into the depths of the glowing fire.

Instinctively his hand wandered to the vest pocket where he kept his newly acquired treasure, the wedding ring. Tenderly he drew it out and gently he gazed on it. Thought after thought flitted through his mind as to its probable history. Idealistic thoughts, romantic thoughts, tragic thoughts. The longer Peter gazed, the more real became the ring to him. He set it on the table by his side and gazed at it intently. Stronger and stronger became its influence on Peter. It held his gaze with an almost mesmeric power.

A lassitude began to creep over his limbs and the ring became dimmer and dimmer. A faint mist began to gather around it, to envelop it in a rosy haze. Soon this haze concealed it completely and there was nothing there but a cloud. Strange forces seemed at work within the cloud, forces that gave to it the appearance of internal conflict. Blacker and blacker it grew, and then with amazing suddenness began to thin. As the haze disappeared, a picture began to form itself before the startled eyes of Peter.

With amazement, he realized that he was looking at the interior of his own Church, St. Mark's. Evening was approaching and the whole place was getting dark. Black as night the Church was growing and darkness pervaded every corner of it, save for the one red light in the sanctuary and a single flickering candle before the statue of St. Anthony. Peter shivered. He could literally feel the cold settling down on the Church from the damp, gray stones. The wind growled menacingly about the corners of the Church and he could hear the rush of the rain, over the crash of the thunder and lightning. A bad night, he thought, just such a night as they had had two weeks ago—when was it? Ah! yes. The night before they had found the ring.

The Church was utterly empty. But, stay; there, huddled in a sodden lump before the statue of St. Anthony was someone. On closer inspection, it proved to be a woman. An old woman, feeble, with gray hair, cold, wet and (one felt) almost starved. What was she doing there a night like this? So old, so tired, so cold, and yes, so sick—for on her face was apparent the hectic flush of fever.

She was not praying; just staring at the statue of St. Anthony, like a stricken dog, mutely, silently pleading for



aid; an old palsied hand, gnarled with work and adorned with a wedding ring—can it be?—yes it is—the very ring found in the poor-box.

Peter seemed to feel that there was a struggle going on within the heart of the old woman. A tragic struggle. What was it all about? Peter wondered. And then, suddenly, her thoughts were made clear to him.

The old woman was out of work, she had nothing to eat, and if she did not pay her room rent by the next day, would be cast out into the street. In distress, she had crept to the Church for assistance. All evening she had been kneeling before the statue of St. Anthony, mutely begging aid. Three hours she had knelt thus. A fever was settling down on her, she could not think coherently. Only one thought remained in her mind, that if she offered something to St. Anthony all would be well with her. But what had she to offer? Lifting her hand to feel her throbbing head, she spied her wedding ring, the last thing she had in the world that she could call her own. And now a conflict was raging within her as to whether she should offer it up or not.

No, no! Surely, this could not be expected of her, that she offer up the treasure that was dearest to her heart, to which clung so many memories, sweet and bitter-sweet. She remember when Michael Kuhn had placed it there more than fifty years ago, under the careful inspection of Father Riley, and with his blessing. My, that had been the happy day, the happiest day in her life she thought. With what love and with what pride she had received this blessed token of their betrothal. Tenderly she kissed it in memory of that event.

Then, again, how closely the ring was connected with her two children, Mary and Thomas. Well did she recall how Mary and Tom, especially Tom, the little rascal, had loved to play with it. How she had loaned it to Tom one day to stop his crying, after he had severely hammered his finger while rummaging around with the tools in his father's tool chest; and how, while she was gone, he had procured a file and had industriously filed clean through it on one side before she was aware of the fact. That groove, cut by baby hands, was still there, she could still feel it as with the tenderest care she fingered the ring.

Michael and the babies, where were they now? Michael had been killed in a train wreck in the tenth year of their marriage, and not long after the two babies had been carried

off at one cruel blow during the epidemic of the flu. She remembered her agony as her babies had died before her eyes. How gladly she would have taken their places if she could. But no, a cruel fate had deprived her of her young ones. She remembered how little Tommy had been taken from her; how he died with his baby fingers tightly clasping the finger on which was the wedding ring. At the thought of this, the tears welled up in her eyes and flowed down on the loved token.

How could she be expected to sacrifice this last thing remaining to her in life, the sole link connecting her with her dear ones? No, no, no! Here the pangs of hunger obtruded another thought into her mind. She could get five dollars for it at the pawn-broker's, and this would help her along for awhile. But she quickly banished this thought as unworthy.

Still, the other thought remained that she ought to give her wedding ring to the poor. A strange obsession, indeed, give her ring to the poor! What could there be poorer than she? Still, in her fever-ridden mind the thought was there, in her throbbing head one thing only seemed necessary, that she make the great sacrifice, and give up her wedding ring. A strange act of self-sacrifice, indeed, and seemingly so unnecessary; yet one that gives evidence of man's God-like qualities and his immortal destiny.

With a sudden squaring of the shoulders, she drew the ring from her finger and with steady step, went to the poor-box and dropped it in. Immediately a strange peace seemed to envelop her, a pervading calm. Then, without a minute's hesitation, she walked out into the vestibule, opened the door and vanished into the stormy night, the rain beating about her head and shoulders; the wind lashing and twisting at her thin garments.

\* \* \* \* \*

With a shiver, Peter awoke. The fire had gone out and the shutter of one of the windows had become unfastened, leaving in on him a blast of cold air. Immediately he fastened the window and, rubbing his eyes, gazed sleepily around the room. The first thing he saw was the ring. Immediately his strange dream occurred to him. Strangely enough, Peter never considered it in the light of a dream, but always looked upon it in the light of the real truth concerning the ring. To this day, Peter believes in his dream just as if it had been

witnessed by him in reality. Nothing can shake him in his belief. He treasures the old ring as his most valued possession, the only concrete bit of romance that ever entered into his life.

\* \* \* \* \*

More strangely still, in the light of recent disclosures, Peter's dream, by some remarkable coincidence, may have been very close to the truth. Peter's dream, you will remember, had no ending. Perhaps this little notice in the paper the day after Peter found the ring may supply the ending:

"Mary Kuhn, an old washwoman who lost her job last week in the Sunset Laundry Company, because of old age, was found dead in her room this morning. Death was due, no doubt, to starvation and exposure. She must have been in dire need, for the wedding ring, which acquaintances say she treasured very highly, was missing from her hand."

Thus ends the story of the wedding ring and the great sacrifice. Mary Kuhn had evidently found peace with her loved ones.

And if Peter Grimes will look inside the ring, I am sure he will find there evidence of how well his imagination did serve him. For there he will find, engraved, two letters, "M. to M.," Michael to Mary.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.





## *A Night In Hyde Park*



WHEN one rambles on the continent and then attempts to chronicle some of his adventures, he is in most cases apt to make rambling observations. Take, for instance, the Parisian women. There have been novels, plays and movies galore, written about them. An American, gleaning his experiences from these sources, expects to see lovely mademoiselles—petite—tres joli—etc., who have that “chic,” that indefinable “something,” beautifully gowned charmers, who take advantage of all times and all occasions to observe coyly, “Oui, oui,” or maybe, “OO—la—la.” In reality, one sees something quite different. It would seem that on the average, French women are dumpy-looking, often shabbily attired. French “papas” are poor and cannot afford the fine raiment. The women who really do wear the fancy clothes in Paris are American tourists. They are the ones who have the money to spend, and they spend it lavishly on Parisian “creations.” When they parade in their fancy plumage before the French women, no wonder the latter become envious. I should not be surprised if this is one of the reasons for the bitterness which France shows toward us.

A drug store over there, strange to say, is a drug store and not a combination ice-cream parlor, leather goods shop, bookstore and loafing place for men about town, sometimes referred to as “cowboys.” The proprietor of these shops is courteous and educated, often speaking two or three languages. He never uses the equivalent for the much-used American druggist’s greeting: “Whadaya want?” or “What’s yours?”

When one visits their universities, he is not shown million dollar stadiums, gymnasiums, swimming-pools, etc., but lecture-halls, libraries, statues and pictures of students, who, in later life, became world renowned as writers, teachers and philosophers. However, in spite of what the French may do or think, I hope Mr. Layden all the success in the world in turning out the best football team in the history of Duquesne University.

Having left France—you may have noticed that the title of this article is “A Night in Hyde Park,” and wonder what the title has to do with the story. Well—we’re getting there—and, having crossed the channel, the traveler generally arrives

in London on an exceedingly empty stomach. The English channel is notoriously rough and she still maintains her reputation. The boats are small and nearly every passenger gets seasick. They don't get "slightly ill" or a "bit uneasy," but, believe me, they get downright groggy. Consequently, London doesn't seem so wonderful at first sight; it's any old place in a storm.

However, after a day or two of rest—or seventeen pots of tea later, as the movies would say—London can be seen with unprejudiced eyes. The streets swarm with big, ugly, awkward, red-painted busses and with people who seem to have nothing to do. In contrast to the American cities, where everyone is going somewhere, and getting there in a hurry, London and Londoners seem to have plenty of time. In the end, they probably accomplish as much as we do. Like our own big cities, London has all kinds and classes of people, from those who are interested in Shakespeare to those that are interested in real beer. Someone has compared the English people, as a whole, to a glass of beer: "Froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, and in the middle—not so bad."

In Hyde Park, one sees a good many people who, at least, are not of the froth. At the present time, in America, our parks are used as places of recreation. In them, we see some pretty flowers and shrubbery, a lot of "Keep off the Grass" signs; and when the evening sun is low, all the young blades of the vicinity "necking" their best girls. Hyde Park is different. One doesn't see in Hyde Park, so to speak, he hears—speakers of all kinds, soap-box orators, real orators, stump speakers, of all shapes, sizes and kinds. Of nearly all of them, it can be said that they "think" they are thinkers. In Hyde Park, free speech is permitted, and it is there that men gather and speak very freely indeed. Atheists, who denounce God and want Him forgotten—Hindus, who plead eloquently for Home Rule—black Socialists, who seem to want the King chucked politely into the Thames, Buckingham Palace burned, and what they call the "capitalist system," completely broken up—anti-Catholics, who sputter hatreds and prejudices, hour after hour, against the Catholics, who, they claim, do not even show fair play in debating. As an example of this last, I heard about thirty young girls singing religious hymns very loudly, so that the opposition could not be heard. All that the poor fellow that was speaking could say was: "Is this fair play. I ASK you?"

The night after Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, a big communist memorial meeting was held in Hyde Park. Each speaker talked about "our martyred brethren, murdered by the American Capitalist class." One speaker got up and said he had a resolution which they were all to take, and solemnly keep. Close to ten thousand men took off their hats, put up their right hands and swore that they would never forgive and never forget the cruel murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. Then followed the singing of a rather beautiful communistic hymn. After the hymn, the fireworks began. One speaker talked of "force and violence"; another pleaded for "action." "What good have letters, cables, telegrams, done for our martyred brethren?" he said. Another man told of all the ferocious crimes that had been committed against those who professed communism. "We, English," he asserted, "are afraid of getting hurt. We must be prepared to suffer and to FIGHT."

It was then about ten o'clock. The crowd was beginning to get noisy; some of them were like wild. Nobody seemed to have any peaceful ideas; all were in a belligerent state of mind. The atmosphere was charged with fire, brimstone and flaming oratory, so that "yours truly," reflected a little and decided to leave.

The next morning, I read in the papers that some of the speakers were arrested for inciting the mob to riot; that the crowd had rushed the policemen who were taking them away; and that mounted policemen had ridden into the crowd, swinging wooden clubs right and left, killing one and injuring ten, who, after the mob was dispersed, were taken to a hospital.

The "free-speakers," I suppose, are still in the jug.

JOHN M. LAMBERT, A. B., '28.







# SANCTUM

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## EDITORIALS

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### *Welcome*

"Hello! Glad to see you back. How are you?"

"Fine, thank you. Glad to be back."

And that's that.

Needless to say, we of the Monthly staff are more than delighted to "get back into harness again," to get out our typewriters, pens and blue-pencils—now somewhat dusty it is true—and reassume our official duty of managing the Monthly. We extend to all our readers a most sincere welcome and we hope they will accord us just as hearty a reception.

At the outset of the school year, we wish once more to state our policy, the specific end we have in view in managing the Monthly, namely, to enlarge its scope, to make its pages representative of every department, every student in the university. We do not like to have the Monthly filled by one department, even though that department be capable of filling it. We should like to see it filled with the best efforts of every department. In such a way only can we secure breadth and variety. We may not enlarge the content of the magazine—that must be the outcome of healthy growth. Our aim is to aid this growth by promoting a general interest in the Monthly. And if at the end of the year we shall have enlarged the scope of the Monthly, made it a representative magazine, we shall judge ourselves successful and feel our labor well repaid.

To accomplish this result, cooperation is necessary. We ask for your cooperation. Let us have some contributions from you. We of the editorial staff are not a bit selfish in the matter of seeing our own work in print. On the contrary, we are altruistic, always ready to suppress our own efforts, for

something better. Therefore, let us have your essays, stories, poems and even suggestions. We're glad to have them.

To get down to the present—we have in this issue an article, or rather the beginning of an article, from the Finance Department, "Barometers of Business." This article will be concluded in subsequent issues, and we know it will prove interesting and instructive reading. In addition, one of our student cosmopolites, having recently returned from a sojourn in Europe, intends giving us his views on foreign conditions. Finally, in line with the furore over aviation that Lindberg's recent flight has caused, one of our poets has taken the liberty to "aerialize" Robert Burns' poem, "To a Mouse," by giving us "To a Bat." And, by the way, the popular "See Breezes" column has come to stay.

With these few words, and with the fervent hope that you will continue to give us your heartiest cooperation, we present this issue for your approval. May it be whole-hearted and lasting.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

## *Random Political Reflections*

**H**AVE always held to the idea that these days, though they show almost complete separation of the Church from State support, have been the most successful and most cheering in the history of the Church. Yet in the days of peace, we must be on our guard against weakening influences. One of the most disturbing bits of recent news is the one concerned with apparent dissension in the Centre party. We all know of the value of this wonderful party. It has been the bulwark against anti-Catholic influences, but its power in the future may be seriously weakened. It seems that former Chancellor Wirth, a great power in the Centre party, disagrees with the plans of the party for the support of parochial schools by the State. Only the future will determine the outcome. There seems to be no reason for Wirth's opposition, and likely it will be a good opportunity for the Centre party to show whether one malcontent can disturb its harmony. If he is a weak limb, he ought to be cut off. There should be no temporizing with such.

\* \* \* \*

In connection with parochial school support by the State, I think that something ought to be done in this country in

that direction. I know, of course, that some time ago a certain Bishop said, regarding such a move, "We ought to let sleeping dogs lie." But if such an attitude is not cowardly, it at least is not courageous. Objection might be made, that then every Church would want such support. Well, what of it? Certain conditions that I would lay down would prevent any Church putting up any kind of school and then getting State aid. The plan would be to require each religious organization to build their own schools, but get the pay of the teachers from the State. The schools would be made to pass certain tests as regards their construction and adaptability for school work. In that way, each Church that was willing to sacrifice enough to build commodious schools would receive support, and the other "fly by night" organizations would have to attend purely State schools. Most of our present parochial schools would pass the State requirements easily.

\* \* \* \*

The recent elections in Ireland have been the subject of much discussion. Most of our newspapers were, of course, opposed to printing favorable news of the Irish question, just as they are opposed to publishing the stories of the Mexican atrocities. Many of them "out-Heroded Herod" in their treatment of the Irish republicans. But we might expect that. However, we would not expect a Catholic paper to take such an antagonistic side. Yet, in the columns of what is probably our most influential weekly, "America," have appeared sentiments much like that produced in English subsidized papers. Yet very likely the majority of the subscribers to "America" are of Irish descent. This paper is willing to hamper the aspirations of the people who constitute the great majority of English-speaking Catholics. It is no secret that the great majority of Catholics in England are Irish. In fact, they practically constitute Catholicism there. It is so to a greater extent in Scotland and Wales. In Scotland, the Irish Catholics are becoming so numerous that the Protestants are much alarmed. In Australia, a few years ago, there were very few Catholics; now there are 1,900,000, more than 90% of whom are Irish. In fact, English-speaking Catholicism is practically synonymous with Irish-Catholicism. Yet a great Church paper attacks the aspirations of the Irish.

\* \* \* \*

I see that Portugal is again treating the Church half decently. There are signs of the disappearance of bigotry. I do not need to tell you that Portugal is supposed to be a



Catholic country. But, like other countries of the same sort, to be a Catholic there is equivalent to death, both politically and socially. The answer to all such seemingly incomprehensible happenings is the abstention of Catholics from proper civic duties. They believe by staying out of politics and leaving the scourings of society, the atheists and bigots, have full possession of the government, they will be better off. But, strange to say, that has not been the case. Mexico is a wonderful example of the results of such a policy. But, from their servile attitude, I feel that I know a lot better races and peoples than the Mexicans. It certainly is unfortunate that the Irish are not in the place of the Mexicans. I presume you can surmise where Calles would be now. But that's the big difference between the Irish and the Mexicans. As far as I am concerned, the best place for the Mexicans is not in Grand Opera, but in Grand Rapids. Those are my sentiments.

JOHN F. MURPHY, A. B., '28.

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## *A Year Book In 1928?*

The greatest question confronting the student body of Duquesne at this time is whether or not they will publish a year book in 1928. Answering that, the next question is, who shall publish it?

The first question must be answered affirmatively, because Duquesne is as large and on as high a plane as any other large institution and must, to defend itself, publish a year book. The attempt was made, two years ago, and proved a fiasco. If the students have any respect for themselves, or their school, they must erase this failure and show that Duquesne students can accomplish things.

An early start in the very near future will be necessary, if one is to be published on time. Then the question of staff must be decided. Shall the Seniors or Juniors edit and manage the book? To be a success, the staff must be chosen as soon as conveniently possible.

We know the majority of the students want a year book, but they want a successful one at a reasonable rate. We take for granted, either one of the upper classes are willing to take care of the work.

But the question is—Are we going to have a year book? I say, "We MUST have one."

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

## *To A Bat*

In Imitation of Robert Burns' "To a Mouse"

Oh! mirthless creature of the night,  
I hate thy baleful deadly sight.  
Thou casteth me in tremor's plight  
    Of shame and fear;  
And though I'd like, I cannot fight  
    Thy presence here.

Thou winged thing of lowly race,  
Why can'st thou not forsake this place,  
And flaunting forth thy ugly grace,  
    Go far from me?  
Thy flight's much greater than my pace!  
    I envy thee.

But let us be in peace, I pray;  
You rule the night; I rule the day;  
And thus our friendship can and may  
    Bring joy and resting;  
While I will reap the pithy pay  
    Of poet's jesting.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.

## *Midsummer Knight's Reverie*

On summer nights like this I find  
The balmy air, and dreamy tune,  
And dancing maids, and mellow moon,  
Produce contentment in my mind.

Perhaps I think of autumn, when  
Atop a load of hay we plod  
Past fields of moonlit goldenrod—  
What man would not be happy then?

Or winter, when its frosty tang  
Brings rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes  
And flashing skates, 'neath cold, clear skies;  
There's no room then for sorrow's pang.

The whole world's fair in springtime, too—  
The budding trees, and flowers, and birds,  
Whose songs suggest the loveliest words  
That I should like to sing to you.

I'm back abruptly to to-night,  
At your approach I thrill and vow  
I'm glad that it is summer now:  
You look so beautiful in white!

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.



## *Duquesne Day by Day*



THE three upper classes of the College of Arts have announced their staff of officers for the year. In the Senior Class, the efficient and hard-working Mike McNally will serve as President, and Charles Mullan will take the chair in Mike's absence, if any. Bill Keown will guard the money and the minutes of the meetings. The Juniors deemed it necessary to have only two officers. Ralph Hayes and Regis Amhrein were chosen President and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively. Ed. Montgomery will preside over the destinies of the Sophomore Class, and will be assisted by Leonard Scully, VicePresident, and Marion Grochal, Secretary-Treasurer. The Freshmen, many of whom were unacquainted with each other before this year, will take their time and become familiar with each other before holding an election.

\* \* \* \*

Already student activities are beginning to hum. Plans for class nights, debates, plays, the band, the glee club and the orchestra are being formed. The social calendar for the year will be more interesting and varied than ever before. And even with such a large number of events planned, quality will surely not be second to quantity. It should be a great year; let's all pull together.

\* \* \* \*

There is a project on foot to have the students "throw" a theatre party for the football team. The students should back this heartily, because we are expecting our best team in years, and the players deserve a reward for their hard work. If you think that practicing football with a college team every day is all fun, go out and try it.

This year, 1,300 new seats have been added to the others on the field, increasing the capacity to 5,000. This should eliminate the confusion that attended the games played here last year. And with this enlarged stand, there will be no reason for the students not attending the games.

\* \* \* \*

Freshman regulations are becoming more and more successful every year. While no hazing of a dangerous kind is

tolerated, the wearing of "dinks," and other minor rules, are being strictly enforced. In the past, it has been the duty of the "Sophs" to attend to the enforcement of these rules, but it would not be a bad idea for the Student Councils of the various departments to take over this office. The Student Councils have not yet reorganized for this year, but when they do, more peaceful submission and cooperation can be looked for from the lowly "Freshies." Incidentally, now that we're all here but the Accounts, there is no reason for further delay in getting the student representatives together.

\* \* \* \*

The Duquesne Duke will begin a bigger and better year on Oct. 6, when it will put out its first issue of the current school year. Art. McGervey and Joe Cunningham will serve as editor and business manager, respectively. The paper this year will be twice the size of last year's, and later on it is expected that an attempt will be made to edit it every week. With the increase of the student enrollment in the last few years, there is no reason why Duquesne could not support a weekly paper. We all wish the two chief officials and their staff of assistants all the success they deserve in their enterprise.

\* \* \* \*

The High School boys were the first to get started at school this year, that department opening on Wednesday, Sept. 7. The College of Arts came next, Sept. 12, and the Pre-Meds were not far behind. On Sept. 19, the Schools of Pharmacy and Education opened their doors, so when the Accounts men get here on Oct. 3, we can all sing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and quit looking for new arrivals, as Canevin Hall will then be filled to capacity. The University authorities have practically assured us of the largest enrollment in Duquesne history, so quite naturally we are looking forward to our most active and interesting year, both socially and academically.

\* \* \* \*

Within the last few years Duquesne University has grown almost immeasurably. The Pre-Medical School and Departments of Pharmacy and Music have all been started within that time, and this year the new School of Education has been added. Rev. J. F. Carroll, S.T.D., is Dean of the new department, and Mr. Bernard Drass, M.A., is chief instructor. Mr. Drass received his degree at the University of Pittsburgh. The new department opened on Monday, Sept. 19.

Dean Muldoon, the popular head of the School of Pharmacy, recently had his new book of Chemistry and a Laboratory Manual for the same subject published. These books are the result of ten years of work and study, and are surely deserving of a high ranking among college text-books on that interesting phase of science. Dean Muldoon, since his appointment as head of the Pharmacy Department, has been heart and soul in back of every movement for the advancement of, not only his own department, but of the whole University. In publishing these two books, not only the Dean himself, but all Duquesne University is brought into prominence.

\* \* \* \*

While speaking of Dean Muldoon, it would not be amiss to say that he has not lost any of his interest in athletics. He encouraged his students to take an active part in them by giving a dinner for the members of the Pharmacy School who are trying for positions on the varsity football team. The dinner was held at the Fort Pitt on Sunday evening, Sept. 11, and nine happy Pharmics were present. The Dean had better not make any such promise for next year, or his whole department will be out in 1928.

\* \* \* \*

Duquesne University is no longer lacking in an organized Alumni Association. During the summer, this new body conducted a series of class reunions in the Vandergrift Building, combined all the individual graduate groups into one body, and elected Mr. Harry A. Thomas, a well-known Pittsburgh attorney, to the office of chairman of the Executive Committee.

A well-organized Alumni Association can prove beneficial to its Alma Mater in many ways. It can arouse interest in school activities, athletics, and more important, in the University itself. The newly-formed body seems to have an appearance of stability and permanence that is so essential in any organization of this kind, so we students of the present day are looking for great things from those who have graduated before us.



## See Breezes

### Seventeen

(With whatever apologies may be necessary)



It was midnight, a silent, heavy midnight. The moon-bathed universe seemed to be absolutely and completely asleep, with not even the smallest creature stirring at this most mysterious and bewitching hour. Silence everywhere; silence heavy and oppressive, although beautiful; silence unbroken. Had it been bright enough, one might have seen that a butterfly slept on the temple bell. One would think that nowhere was there a spark of life; but let us peep for a moment into the Garden of the Bluebeards. Here, too, was silence. The flowers drooped; the birds slept; and no sound of gurgling water came from the elaborate stony fountain. At one spot, however, where the moonlight filtered through the trees, it cast its radiance upon a beautiful maiden who sat on a rustic bench—the far-famed Daughter of the Bluebeards. Fair of face, she was indeed, and now as she sat there, a cloak thrown carelessly over her shapely shoulders, and her feet in their jeweled slippers resting on a small traveling bag, a more entrancing picture would be most difficult to imagine. Her loveliness, and that of her surroundings, seemed to accentuate each other.

Suddenly, at the mere cracking of a twig, she looked up expectantly, and from nowhere there appeared a hatless young man who stepped quickly to her side. She rose to meet him, and without a word he took her in his arms, and she rested her head on his boyish bosom. For awhile they stood thus in silence, until several tumultuous heaves of his chest caused her to look up and see that he was sobbing bitterly.

"Oliver," she cried, "what is the matter?"

"Gosh, Olive,—gee whiz—I—I don't know how to tell you. Everything's ruined. Mom says—mom says—she says—we can't elope."

\* \* \* \*

And with the foregoing tragedy of the spirit of modern youth we open a new season, hoping that the Dukes break even at least, and that the Nixon and Alvin stick to plays and run as few movies as possible, and that rabbits are plentiful

in Western Pennsylvania, and that Booth Tarkington writes a good book.

Anyhow, as somebody said once upon a time before, this is getting to be a grand little town for plays. Already we have had the elaborate and expensive "Manhattan Mary," the ever-popular Clark and McCullough and "Rosemarie," and the exquisitely beautiful "Cradle Song," and a glance over the advance bookings shows that we are going to have quite a few of last year's New York successes and quite a few that hope to be successes this year.

Pittsburgh has always been a favorite try-out place for embryo Broadway hits, due, we are told, to the hard-boiled quality of Pittsburgh audiences. However, we wonder as to the infallibility of our judgment. Last year "Queen High" came here about this time and received only a fair amount of critical praise. "Yours Truly," however, took the town by storm. The Alvin ran out of S. R. O. signs, and the critics ran out of laudatory adjectives. But what happened in New York? "Yours Truly" ran a couple of months and was never a real hit, while "Queen High" ran longer than any other musical comedy produced in the metropolis.

P. S.—The lights in the new Penn are very beautiful, and the seats are very comfortable, but the ushers—oh, my!

\* \* \* \*

Incidentally, we promised in the last issue to have some first-hand information on the New York stage, if Mr. John Lambert returned from Broadway. Mr. Lambert, however, did not spend the summer in New York. He went us one better and betook himself to Paris! Now that should assure a successful Monthly this time, but upon questioning him, what do we find out? First, he didn't attend the Follies Bergere. Imagine that! Second, he thinks that the Latin Quarter is not yet up to our two-bits, and that the Eiffel Tower is still standing. Some sap, this Lambert fellow. We are quite disgusted with him.

\* \* \* \*

A Freshman saw a co-ed,  
And she was passing fair;  
The Freshman smiled and turned his head,  
And now he has no hair!

That's the way it is in some schools, but we are reminded by the amorous glances some of our Freshmen have been

casting in the direction of all five of the young ladies who have been parading through the third floor corridor, that the Frosh here have it pretty soft. Yes, pretty soft. We don't know why it is, but Freshmen and football players always remind us of little Stuart, who, upon being given a Boston bull pup to play with, stroked it gently, and in a voice full of pity, said: "Oh, you poor little dog with a crippled face!" But, anyhow, the point is, that we have been asked to draw up a set of rules for the Freshmen to obey, and have, accordingly, evolved the following, which have been approved by the President of the University and the president of the Sophomore Class:

1. Freshmen will come on time for class.
2. Freshmen will study their lessons as often as necessary.
3. Freshmen will not be permitted to smoke on University property.
4. Freshmen will not be allowed any more than the usual number of cuts.
5. Freshmen will not be allowed to waste their time in dug-outs.
6. Freshmen will conduct themselves at all times with promptness, zeal, and urbanity.

Severe punishment will be meted out for any and all infraction of the preceding rules.

\* \* \* \*

Isn't it wonderful the influence some men's words have had?

In 1531, Sir Thomas Elyot, Knight, said, "Verily as for two the laste, be to be utterly abiected of al noble men, in like wise foote balle, wherein is nothings but beastly furie and exstreme violence; whereof procedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice do remaine with them that be wounded; wherefore it is to be put in perpetuall silence."

In 1927—200,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 (exact figures not yet available) see football games in the United States every Saturday; and they are not silent by any means.

\* \* \* \*

By special request we print the following: K \*\*\* !!!! % °  
glub-glub-glub.      \* \* \* \*

And by special orders, the following: x x x x x x x x x  
x x x x x x x x x x

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.





## Gridiron Gossip



ABOUT this time every year there appears in this column a lengthy discourse studded with jubilant prophecies of what the coming year will hold for Duquesne in the field of athletics. Too often, have our hopes been buoyed on the crest of this annual tidal wave not to profit by it, so that it is not intentional if we beguile "our public" by following in the wake of well-meaning predecessors whose pre-season dope turned out to be just that. It would be a case of downright stubbornness, or invincible ignorance, not to see in this year a Duquesne millennium. With Elmer Layden handling the mentorial reins, and an array of football talent unparalleled in the history of the school, only an avowed enemy could feign pessimism.

Since mid-summer, the Dukes have been swinging into action, and under the watchful eye of Layden 74 candidates went through their daily paces, including calisthenics and the inevitable "skull practice." While conditioning his charges, Layden paid strict attention to diet, sleeping hours, etc., initiating the gallery of well-wishers, who lined the field every day, into the Rockne system of coaching. And during the course of the training period another member of that famed Rockne family, in the person of John D. Weible, late of Vanderbilt, was signed to assist Layden, immediately lending his hand to perfect a strong defense. Nor during these stages did Layden give one hint regarding the probable make-up of his first team, past performances on the gridiron notwithstanding. They all looked alike in a uniform—and they looked good.

\* \* \* \*

The Bluff, these days, is fast acquiring the mode of life at South Bend, where sturdy youths in lumber-jack shirts taunt the village barber. Even "Hippo" Holohan, the debonair, boasts a needled beard. When Layden's system of mass-

athletics comes into play, this manner of dress, new on the Hill, will probably be the accepted style. Yep, things are changing, and it's catching, this life!

\* \* \* \*

Another thing that strikes the popular fancy is the "boudoir" of the players. Housing them in the New Gym, where they can talk and live football, is a decided improvement over the custom of former years. Besides keeping the boys in trim, it keeps them together. The place reminds one of a chateau in France, during war days, conveniently turned into a hospital. While speaking of hospitals, we wish Rostelli, who fractured his leg, a speedy return to the team.

\* \* \* \*

This year's schedule is much like the one of last season. With the exception of the first two games, with St. Bonaventure and Broadus, it is in fact the same. That the schedule is a wee bit tougher, is gleaned from the fact that Juniata, trounced by the Dukes at Huntingdon last fall, and Edinboro, are the games dropped. Edinboro should have been the last foe to face the Red and Blue, but the game was called off by mutual agreement. The schedule-makers certainly picked no set-ups on this year's card. Look it over.

September 24	-----	St. Bonaventure at Olean
October 1	-----	Broadus at Pittsburgh
October 8	-----	*Geneva at Pittsburgh
October 15	-----	*Bethany at Wellsburg
October 22	-----	*Thiel at Pittsburgh
October 29	-----	*Westminster at New Wilmington
November 5	-----	St. Francis at Johnstown
November 11	-----	*Waynesburg at Pittsburgh
November 19	-----	Ashland at Ashland

\*Tri-State Conference games.

\* \* \* \*

On the face of things, Layden's men should be able to hold their own with any team on the schedule. Of course, the Geneva game will be the toughest of the lot. "Bo" McMillen had one of the most powerful teams in the country at this moment last year, and reports from Beaver Falls have it that the "Praying Colonel," with his regulars intact, looks forward to an even more successful campaign. Duke spirit at the Duquesne-Geneva game last year, when the Red and Blue went down to its first defeat, was the greatest ever shown in


the history of the school. It may be equalled in time to come, but it will never be surpassed. Hope is held that Layden will avenge the overthrow of last year, but everyone is practical enough not to expect too much. But if it should happen—  
? ? ? ! !

\* \* \* \*


Manager John D. Holohan says that his one ambition before leaving Duquesne is to book a football game with Carnegie Tech. If that is his ambition, it won't be long now, because "Hip" is the boy to do it. John is making a name for himself by his untiring efforts to raise Duquesne from the Class B category. He deserves a world of praise. As Texas Guinan would say, "Give this boy a hand."

MICHAEL A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.

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## *Alumni Notes*

URING the past summer the Alumni Association was reorganized under the chairmanship of a Pittsburgh attorney, Harry A. Thomas, '14. The result of the reorganization was close to five hundred new members. Dame Rumor has been at work connecting the name of the new and stronger Association with the new athletic policy in general, and the unprecedented size of this year's football squad, in particular. Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated for his good work.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Stephen A. Yesko, ever since he graduated from the School of Medicine of Georgetown University, has been a member of the faculty of that institution. Only last year, some of our former Pre-Medical students had him as a professor. Recently he paid his Alma Mater a visit and announced his intention of spending the next three years with the Mayo Brothers' Foundation for Surgical Research, as a qualifying preparation for the position of Professor of Surgery.



John Miljus, one of the latest additions to the pitching staff of the Pittsburgh Pirates, in his high school days graced the mound for our "Prep" Baseball Team. Ever since his acquisition by the "Bucs," the local team has been playing pennant winning ball, so that at present, it is an almost absolute certainty that this Alumnus will have an opportunity to show his wares in the coming World Series. May he successfully turn back the "Yanks" this Fall and have another great season next year.

\* \* \* \*

Will Maughn, who made a record for himself as a pitcher on the boarders' team until he graduated with the High School Class of 1923, is now a member of the Cleveland American League Baseball team. At present, he pitches during batting practice in order to gain experience for himself and to work into shape the batting eyes of the "Indian" sharpshooters prior to each game. During the winter he will be "farmed out" to the Los Angeles team of the Pacific Coast League, where he will probably take his regular turn in the box. Then, in the Spring, he will rejoin the "Indians" at their southern training camp. We augur for him a very successful career. Not once while on the Bluff did he face a sufficiently formidable array of batters to cause his removal from the box.

\* \* \* \*

"Al" Mamaux, another former Duke High School pitcher, has been enjoying a highly successful season with the Jersey City Internationals. Al is a former Major Leaguer, having been a prominent figure in the Brooklyn pennant capture in 1920. Of course, he saw mound duty for the "Dodgers" during the ensuing World Series.

An Alumni Baseball Team could certainly present a powerful pitching staff.

\* \* \* \*

In a letter from Paul C. Ruffenach, Secretary of the Class of 1917 (Academic), the Very Reverend President was informed of a reunion of that class at a luncheon, held on June 14, in the Fort Pitt Hotel.

The class consisted of twenty-seven young men, two of whom are now deceased. At the luncheon, seventeen were present.

Prayers were offered for the deceased fellow students and the blessing was given by Rev. Father James S. Garahan, who, at this luncheon, was the honor guest and the recipient of a gift from his fellow students, owing to his recent ordination. The class boasts of having four Doctors of Medicine, one dentist, five priests, and many other men successful in their lines of endeavor.

The reunion promises to become an annual affair, a precedent that might well be followed by all classes. There is no action more genuinely enjoyable as the renewal of old acquaintances.

\* \* \* \*

Prominent among the names involved in the massive and extensive program of improvement afoot in Allegheny County, is the name of Bernard P. O'Donnel. Having submitted the lowest bids for the work, his construction company was awarded the contracts for the paving of new Grant Street and the new Liberty bridge. We already are able to see what a wonderful improvement his work has made on Grant Street; there is every reason to believe that the other work will be just as well carried out.

Drs. Wm. A. Barrett, and Vincent Burby, both Pre-Med., '23, were graduated from the School of Medicine of the University of Pittsburgh last June. They are now Internes at the Mercy Hospital. They have been seen quite frequently recently around the Bluff.

Of the same class was Dr. "Olie" Kendrick, captain of one of the fastest and smoothest floor machines ever to cavort in a Duke gym. It was this team that was the first Duquesne Basketball aggregation to show its heels to the Navy. He brought glory to Duquesne on the floor. He will continue to be a credit to his Alma Mater. He is now an Interne at St. Francis Hospital.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., 29.

# Duquesne Monthly

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## *Thanksgiving*

For golden mornings, full of life's red wine,  
And zest to do whate'er before me lies;  
For days, whose every second may surprise  
Me, with some fresh discovery, wholly mine;  
For nights of restful sleep, life's anodyne;  
For power to laugh and banish cares and sighs,  
And e'en for power to weep, for he that cries  
Shall purge his heart of dross and make it fine.

For music, beauty, poetry and song,  
For nature's beauteous, wondrous, ordered ranks,  
For life and fortune, its caprice and pranks,  
Its joys and sorrows that I've known so long;  
For work and love and faith and hope e'er strong,  
Accept, O Gracious Giver, these my thanks.

THOS. F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



## War-Time Bunkum



WE now are hearing much about peace and the ways of attaining peace. It behooves us rather to see how war comes about and to study its symptoms. Now I feel, as most people do, that it was a good thing that the militaristic spirit of Germany's war-lords was crushed, but we ought to remember that Germany was not as bad as she was painted, and it is interesting to review a few of the lies about the World War.

First of all we were told, "We are not fighting the German people, but only the Kaiser." What more foolish statement could be made? Who is now paying the heavy indemnity imposed on Germany? Who suffered with terrible intensity the pangs of hunger, when the mark was cheapened? Certainly it was not the Kaiser, sitting back at ease in his palatial palace in Holland. It was the German people who suffered all these things. We evidently were not fighting the Kaiser, but the German people. In connection with this, who does not remember the furore about the German language raised during the war? The very teaching of it was forbidden in the schools. They seemed to have forgotten what would happen after the war was over. Would we not have to take up our relations with the Germans again? In other words, the American themselves were to be handicapped because of some fanatics. We say nothing here of the great necessity for all scholars to know the German language, because of the masterly scientific books of the Germans.

The greatest lie of all was that the Germans alone were the cause of the war. He who refused to believe this lie was treated in such a way that life wasn't worth the living. In some of our supposed institutions of learning, where liberality of thought is supposed to hold sway, professors were dishonorably discharged because they had brains enough to see through these falsehoods. In connection with this matter, "The American Mercury" is good, for it convicts these intellectual bigots out of their own mouths.

For the last year the "Review of Reviews" has, under the leadership of Dr. Barnes, a noted historian, been debunking our war history. Dr. Barnes has had access to many diplomatic documents and he shows from the documents themselves that Germany was among the most innocent of all the warring nations. Russia, under the Soviets, has given out the diplo-

matic documents of the Czars, and this section alone reveals much to free Germany from the guilt of the war. Germany has offered to have all her documents gone over by an unprejudiced council, but the Allies have refused. Why? Several of the smaller nations involved in the war have offered to publish their documents, but the Allies have constantly maintained a censorship and refuse their publication. What is this but a confession of guilt? France won't permit hers to be published at all.

In fact, Dr. Barnes has, after long consideration of the documents available, made the statement that the documents still to be revealed will only go to strengthen the position of Germany. Thus is the biggest lie nailed.

Next we take up the lies about the "cruelties" of the Germans. Even the highest diplomats of the Allies admit that these were fabrications. Not long ago a high English diplomat admitted in parliament that the English pulled the following trick: The English wished to gain the favor of the Chinese during the war. They realized that Chinese greatly respect the bodies of the dead and wish them to be buried with the proper ceremonial. The English then had a picture made of German cars filled with dead Chinese soldiers with the label on them, "For Fertilization Purposes." This aroused the ire of the Chinese and England attained her purpose.

Then we have the case of Edith Cavel. Her execution was supposed to be a dastardly crime. Yet we know now that under the guise of a nurse, she was smuggling Belgian and English soldiers out of the prison camps. Had the British or French caught a German nurse doing a similar thing, she would have been treated in the same way.

The Germans were accused of all kinds of cruelty, about which we are now getting the truth. Sydney Sutherland's story, "Richthofen—the great War Ace of the Germans," which is running in the "Liberty," shows this to be an utter falsehood. We can see by the letters of the German aviator, and the admissions of English aviators themselves, that the Allied soldiers were treated as well as could be expected.

All of us have heard that the English scored a great victory in the Battle of Jutland. Yet in the October issue of the "Review of Reviews," it is proved that the English scored no victory, and the result of the battle was not to bottle up the German fleet, for the German fleet did much later in guarding around her own bases.

A minor matter, but one that showed how trustworthy our papers were, was the sugar traffic during the war. In all our papers we were told that the sugar was needed for the soldiers, yet we know now that it was but a scheme to make the sugar barons rich, and that the sugar was purposely held up in order to raise the prices.

The biggest piece of individual bunkum was the talk of Democracy. There is less Democracy now than there ever was. All Europe is a military camp. There are wars, and rumors of war. England is breaking all records in armament building. France is acting likewise. Growing competition between the United States and England has caused much hatred in the "tight little isle," and she has kindly christened us "Uncle Shylock," although had she been in our position, she would have extracted the last full measure of her debt. But as long as we have Anglo-maniacs in control of the government, we cannot expect to make self-respecting protests against insults from across the sea.

And thus we have an idea of the aftermath of the World War. The only significant question arising from this chaos of hang-overs, would seem to be—"What Price Charity?"

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.

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### *These Gossips*

None, mortal, in the world exist,  
Who on the thoughts of others can subsist;  
Whose lives to others are surprise,  
A cynosure of goggling eyes,  
Which, seeking fault in everyone,  
Shout with joy at finding one.

But what are faults if we compare?  
Each living human has his share,  
And gossips, then, should cease their quest  
And leave a neighborhood at rest.  
But theirs is all for information



On this and that and every question.  
'Tis theirs to visit all the yards,  
And e'en at time when playing cards  
To lend a large news-gath'ring ear  
For little tales that others hear;  
And then to barter all their own,  
To take the freshest stories home.

Of course, they deeply sympathize,  
They rubbed their chins; they rolled their eyes  
When Jimmy Walsh lit out from home  
And Maggie Murphy sailed for Rome.

To Mrs. B. 'twas all a joke  
To know that Pat was called a soak;  
She knew as did the gossips, well,  
That Pat for beer his soul would sell.  
But Mrs. A. and Mrs. G.  
Would talk for hours with Mrs. E.,  
Whene'er they heard the stumbling feet  
Of Pate, the boozier, up the street.  
Of course, the three would disappear  
If Mrs. B. was ever near;  
They didn't want the dear to see  
How curious her friends could be.  
Of course, 'twas right for them to know  
Whichever way the wind did blow,  
For tongues like theirs were made to run  
A race that ne'er could be undone.

Oh, all the gossips are alike;  
They never think to go on strike;  
From dawn of day to set of sun,  
Their tongues are always on the run;  
Of prayers—they do not know a word!  
I doubt if one they ever heard;  
Their aim in living seems to me  
To fill the world with misery.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.

## *The Red Circle*

Mr. Wm. Carrigan,  
Curry Building.

Jim Dewey dead. Come at once. No time for particulars.  
Smith, Sergeant.

---

Bill Carrigan leaned back in his chair and whistled. "So it has come at last," he mused, as he looked at the telegram before him. "Jim Dewey would have it to attempt to solve that Chinese affair up at the Diamond Security. And now—," but Bill could go no further as he thought of the dreadful tragedy that had overtaken his friend. And friend in need and in anything, Jim certainly had been.

Jim had been a newspaper reporter. He admitted that much and added the saying, "and also a two-bit detective," but to Bill who had met him for the first time at Newark, this saying always produced a laugh. But this was only natural, for Bill was a real detective, one who had stood and would stand any severe test—and as Bill sat there thinking, he vowed his unfailing interest in this next case, since it involved Jim.

Br-r-r-r-ring.

The office bell interrupted him, and Johnnie, the office boy, opened the door and whispered—"It's a man, chief."

"Send him in."

The door opened wide and admitted a sort of middle-aged man, tall and with a vapid look that suggested sickness of an inherent quality.

"Mr. Carrigan?"

"The same, sir. You are Charles Banks, president of the D. S., I believe."

The visitor stared in astonishment at this address. How could this man who had never seen him before know his exact name and his position in life? Was it a coincidence or was the fellow merely a good guesser?

Bill merely smiled at the frightened look on the man's face. He had seen that happen many a time, when a well-directed look and question brought an unspoken but true hint as to an answer. Charles Banks could not conceal the purpose of his visit. But the man attempted to force a bluff.

"You have guessed right the first time. My name is Charles Banks, and I am president of the D. S. But it is not

a personal thing that I have come to see you about. This afternoon in the main office of our building a reporter was found stabbed to death. A knife wound in the neck seemed to have caused his death. The office had been closed during lunch time and no one could have gotten in but the janitor, and he was out at lunch. The affair seems most mysterious to me."

"Well, Mr. Banks," said Bill, "Jim Dewey was a good friend of mine and it is certainly going to be a pleasant duty for me to solve the mystery. But I hear that the Chinese of the district seem to have been suspected of a part in the affair and—"

The stranger interrupted here.

"That is the mystery of the thing. Perhaps you have never heard of the mark of the 'red circle.'"

"I can't remember that I have," said Bill.

"Well," said the stranger, "this is just now coming out as the outcome of a number of investigations of recent murders, by the police. This society has been suspected, as on the left wrist of the man Dewey, was found the mark of a red circle, which, strange to tell, was still wet. A noted chemist has been sent for, to analyze the stuff that is stained on the dead man's hand. And, Mr. Carrigan, since the affair happened in my office, I thought to leave all investigation to you. Anything I can do to help, I will do. Good-day."

When the click of the latch betrayed the fact that the visitor had departed, Bill sat back in the chair and again whistled. But this time, the whistle held a different note.

"That fellow knows more about that murder than a person would think. The way he started when I mentioned his name, betrayed him. I think I'll keep him closely watched—" saying which Bill got his hat and coat and went out.

\* \* \* \* \*

One hour later, Johnnie was awakened from a summer day-dream by a quick succession of slamming doors, to discover that his boss had returned. His eyes were only half-open, as he asked:

"How's things, boss?"

"Well, Johnnie, it isn't very important this time, so I'll tell you. We just bagged a murderer. Not so bad for a day's work, eh? And I didn't have a thing to do with the capture."

"A murderer?" Johnnie was not asleep now. "Who got murdered now, and who is the murderer, chief?"



"Do you remember that fellow that came in here this afternoon, that tall, wild-eyed looking man?"

"Yes, boss, he left about an hour and a half ago."

"Well, he is the murderer. To make the story short, Johnnie, I got a telegram this morning from Sergeant Smith at the police station. Jim Dewey is dead—"

"That nice young fellow that often comes here—"

"Yes, and as I happened to know of the D. S., and told Jim about it, I am in a certain sense to blame for his murder. But, anyway, he was curious about that last Chinese 'red-circle' case. He's dead now . . . . now I happen to know Banks, that tall fellow, but he doesn't know me. Consequently, his first mistake was the way he answered one of my questions. In his haste to get away, he also betrayed himself. I pressed the button here for one of the men to shadow him. Then he made his third and final mistake. He went back to the office, and against the coroner's orders he entered the room where Jim Dewey's body was and was putting his hand in the left pocket of Jim's coat, when Joe pounced on him. In Banks' right hand was a curiously-shaped circle with a red stain on it."

"What about the Chinese end of it, boss?"

Bill smiled.

"That was all a bluff. Banks has been carrying on a diamond smuggling business for years. He knew it was dangerous business and he stopped at nothing. He has killed three men, and used the circle idea to put the blame on the Chinese. That is all there is to the case. He's safe in jail now, where he'll harm no more."

"Chief, how can you tell me that you had nothing to do with getting that prey, and here you're the one that thought the whole thing out."

"Professional modesty, boy."

"Well, anyway, chief, you sure are the cat's whiskers for solving puzzles and—," but Johnnie's voice trailed off to silence again.

He was asleep, and Foxy Bill had just completed a slow day's labor.

J. FRANCIS McKENNA, A. B., '28.

## *A Political Dud*



ON October 31, Timothy Michael Healy, governor-general of the Irish "Free" State (the quotation marks are my own), released what was acclaimed a political bomb-shell. The situation is involved and needs a good deal of explaining. A general election was held in Ireland—not in Ireland, rather, but in the Irish "Free State," twenty-six out of thirty-two counties—last June. The government party, Cumann na nGaedhael, got forty-seven seats in the Dail, Irish "Free" State Parliament; De Valera's party got forty-four seats; the other parties, Farmers, Labor, Independents, etc., seated sixty-two.

De Valera tried to gain admission to the parliament without taking an oath of allegiance to the King of England, but he and his colleagues failed. Then the face of the matter changed with the jamming through of the Public Safety Acts, coercive measures, by the Cosgrave ministry. The acts provided for the imprisonment, or deportation for five years, of Irishmen who opposed Cosgrave's policy. This is just the same as a Republican majority in Congress voting that all Democrats be put in jail—a very handy method, but hardly just.

Under further provisions of this act, the police can raid private homes, in peace time, at any hour of the day or night.

Children under sixteen can be jailed for one year, after which their parents may be interned for six months, for certain political offences against the ministry.

Any newspaper may be suppressed and its property destroyed or confiscated.

Courts, civil courts of justice, are overthrown and military tribunals set up, which can, and in some cases must, inflict the death penalty on political opponents of the government.

Finally, all men who did not take the oath of allegiance would have their seats in the Dail declared vacant, and bye-elections would be held to fill them, at which no man could run who did not swear to take the oath if elected.

By this, three courses were left open to De Valera—civil war, extinction of all hopes for a really free Ireland for at least a generation, or the course which he took, namely, taking the oath.

He was forced into a position in which the future welfare of Ireland and Irish people depended on one step. He could either turn over the Irish people to strife, to more years of misrule, or he could save the day himself. One barrier was before him—the oath.

Now, oaths taken under duress are not binding under any law, and if ever there was duress, it was now. The sacred marriage vows of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough were declared null and void by the tribunal of the Rota because taken under duress. These vows partook of the nature of an oath, a sacred, binding oath. Yet on account of moral duress and pressure, they were declared no oath. The Church has declared that oaths taken under pressure are not binding; surely the case of De Valera is covered here. There was surely force and pressure brought to bear on him; he had to go into the Dail to stop the passage of other nefarious bills which would menace Irish safety and to preserve the people of Ireland from rank tyranny.

But this phase of the question was consistently ignored by many Catholic journals, which were bulldozed into taking their theology from London, and their dogma, in regard to oaths, from men who have shown that they do not know or care about the sanctity of oaths.

The Catholic World, for instance, had for its only recognition of the situation, a scurrilous diatribe on De Valera, the oath, and everything Irish, quoted from the London Tablet.

Monsignor Ryan, S. J., renewed his oft-attempted and oft-refuted hedging, illogical attacks on Irish Nationalism by a long-winded, quibbling article, in "America," in which, as usual, he begins by praising and ends by knocking De Valera, leaving you finally with nothing but a bad taste in the mouth.

All these attackers choose to forget that (quoting from an address delivered by Cardinal Mannix at Melbourne, Australia), "there was no perjury, and could be none, where there was no falsehood; and the Fianna Fail proclaimed from the housetops the sense in which they signed the treaty. No one was deceived, least of all King George of England (to whom the oath is taken)."

In reference to the sense in which the oath was taken, let me quote from "Time," Aug. 22: "What the Fianna Fail dep-



uties and their leader had in mind appeared from a joint statement which they made public before swearing: 'So that there can be no doubt as to their duty, and no misunderstanding, the Fianna Fail deputies hereby give public notice in advance to the Irish people and to all whom it may concern, that they regard the declaration as an empty formality, and repeat that their only allegiance is to the Irish nation, and that it will be given to no other power or authority.'"

Nothing hidden or underhand about this. Why do our Catholic papers ignore the facts and print but one side of the story?

After De Valera and his party took the oath, and were seated, a motion of non-confidence, the success of which would mean the overthrow of the Cosgrave party, was introduced by Johnson, the leader of the Labor party. The count was 70-70, the speaker (Cosgrave) cast his vote, making it 71-70, and the motion was lost. But the margin of one was no great overflow of confidence by any means. The vote was effected by the defection of John Jinks (National League), and Vincent Rice, who both deserted their party leader, Captain Redmond, one by staying away, the other by voting for Cosgrave.

Two bye-elections were held to fill the places left vacant by the death of Countess Markevicz (Fianna Fail), and Kevin O'Higgins. Government candidates captured both. And—here's where the bombshell was burst by Heally.

Taking the count in Dublin to be an index of public feeling all over Ireland, and knowing that the recent general election had used up considerable of the opposition's funds. Healy dissolved the Dail and ordered another general election. This move was intended to paralyze De Valera and the other leaders. Cosgrave had unlimited funds at his disposal, 150,000 pounds were sent by the British Imperial Union, and he had the press at his back, enabling him to spread his doctrines and finance his election plans with ease. But the case of the small parties was well nigh hopeless. They had no money or plans. De Valera was thought to be in the same boat at first, but \$50,000 was sent by J. J. Walsh, of New York, and numerous other donations from the United States and Australia helped him. He had little time to educate and mold public opinion his way, and the great cry of perjury raised by Cosgrave could not be refuted satisfactorily in the minds of all the people in

two weeks. As a result, the government was jubilant, but they spared no energies in the fight.

No chance was conceded De Valera. His best friends hoped that he would not be more than fifteen seats under the government. But the great bombshell had as much effect on the Republican ranks as a Fourth of July firecracker, and the results were: Fianna Fail, fifty-seven, an increase of fourteen seats over last time; Government, sixty-one; Farmers, six; Labor, twelve; Independents, twelve; National League, two, making the total Cosgrave strength (Farmers, Independents and Cumann na nGael), seventy-nine; opposition strength (Labor, Redmonites, Communist), seventy-three.

De Valera's votes increased from 299,000 to 412,000. Thus the situation stands. William T. Cosgrave will be able to hold on for awhile longer, but his most sanguine friends give him, if all goes his way, at the utmost, twelve months.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

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### *Autumn Sunset*

Calm November, thou'rt returning,  
Leaves of gold and ruddy hue;  
Vacant fields, and bleak, dark lowlands,  
Sunsets red in distant view.

Days like leaves are slowly falling,  
Each to pass, return no more;  
But the deeds contained within them,  
Wait us on yon distant shore.

Just like life is sweet November,  
Youthful days pass quickly by;  
Years anon, before we know it,  
Age reflects its sunset sky.

Enough of sadness, think ye mortals,  
Think of brooks, green fields and, when  
Autumn dieth—winter passeth,  
Glorious spring will come again.

RAYMOND A. BERG, A. B., '28.

## *A Reminiscence of Mott Street*



T was a desolate March night. A cold, driving rain, accompanied by a chilly North wind, swept down heartlessly on the dingy structures of Mott Street. I tried to pass without stepping into the jet black pools which covered the pavement, but this was impossible since my eyes watched rather timidly the dark outlines of buildings on my right. It was a dangerous, muggy neighborhood to be walking in alone at twelve o'clock at night, and the fact that a traveling salesman had been brutally beaten and robbed in this same district just the previous night, did not ease my fears a lot. But the circumstances which led me through this district at such a ungodly hour were unavoidable, therefore I decided to make the greatest possible haste without attracting undue attention. My gait, consequently, was a combination of "double-quick time and a half run," as I bravely hurried on. So engrossed was I in my scrutiny of darkened doorways and murky puddles, that I did not discern a crouching figure in front of me until I was about twenty feet behind it. As I neared him, I could hear him mumbling as he picked his way along the buildings. Wishing to attract the least possible attention and hoping to pass unobserved, I started to cross the street. The wind was now driving furiously, as only a March wind can, and above its whining I could barely make out the muttering words of the staggering form on my right: "I'll get him if it takes the rest of me life."

I was frightened. My fear turned to panic as the prowler lurched into a darkened doorway. Seconds seemed like hours; minutes like years. I fearfully waited to hear cries of terror or the barking of an automatic. All sorts of horrible pictures passed before my mind's eye as I stood transfixed to the spot. My suspense was somewhat lessened as the figure came out of the building. He was walking erect now, sort of triumphantly, fondling something under his arm. As he neared an arc light, I recognized him as Hobo Jim, a well-known character about town. Under his arm was a small yellow cur, his inseparable pal.

PAUL A. NEE, A. B., '29.



## *Trader Horn—A Review*



IN beginning to review a book, it is customary to mention some of the author's previous works, or at least, some of the characteristics that stand out in them. In the case of "Trader Horn," such a procedure is impossible, as this book is the sole product of the pen of Alfred Aloysius Horn. But it is possible, even necessary, to tell some of the conditions under which it was written, and how this unique character happened to be discovered. It is almost as interesting as the story itself.

On a bright, but for Africa, cold winter morning, a little more than a year ago, Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, an English novelist living at the time in Africa, was interrupted at her work by a door-to-door pedler of kitchen utensils. He was an old man, seventy at least. Mrs. Lewis, through her experience as a novelist, had learned considerable about people, and in the course of a ten minute sales conversation, she saw that he was not the ordinary type. His long gray beard, tattered hat and ragged clothes, inadequate in such weather, covered something more than a wandering junk salesman. So she encouraged him to talk about himself; she saw that he was intelligent and interesting, even humorous; and one or two casual words that slipped out, indicated a past that was by no means commonplace. After several subsequent meetings, she began to take more and more interest in him, and finally found out that in his youth he had been a trader on the west coast of Africa. He readily agreed to her request to write about some of his adventures, and "Trader Horn" is the result. Mrs. Lewis has given us the book just as it was written by his untutored pen. Misspelled words are frequent, capital letters misplaced, punctuation irregular. But no such defects could detract from a book like this one. Instead, they add to it an air of genuineness, simplicity and truth.

At the age of seventeen, Alfred Aloysius Horn left England to take a position as assistant to Mr. Sinclair, a trading agent along the West African Coast for an English company. After he gains a bit of experience he is sent on numerous trips inland to barter with the less easily accessible tribes. He learns to enjoy the beauty of the wild life, although his early experiences are not very exciting. But as he continues to penetrate farther inland than any white man had ever gone before, he meets more savage tribes and has to fight his way out of several dangerous situations. On one of his trips, he

hears of an English girl who had been carried off by a tribe after her father and brothers were killed. He searches for her, is successful, and tells her of his intentions to rescue her.

Since leaving England, Horn had maintained correspondence with an old school friend, referred to as "Peru." He tells this friend about the girl Nina, and enlists his support. The story comes to an exciting climax when the two steal Nina from the natives and fight their way to the coast. The "love-interest," or romantic element of the story, is rendered a bit inartistic and unemotional when Horn and "Peru" toss a coin to see which shall marry the girl. Horn loses, but strange to say, is not sorry. He much prefers adventure to the settled existence of married life.

To say that the book is unusual, is not necessary. Anyone can see that. In no respect does it pattern itself after the average novel, except, of course, in that it has a slight plot. The reason it is so different, is because it is a chronicle of the truth, set down just as it happened. The romance in the story is secondary; adventure is the real backbone.

At the end of every chapter, Mrs. Lewis has added some of the old trader's remarks to her about the story, or about something he has already mentioned and wishes to make more emphatic. It is in these monologues that he really shows his personality, his likes and dislikes, his humor and philosophy. Let me mention a few that I thought were particularly good:

"The Americans, a moral people, except when it comes to murder and so on."

"There's no softness about nature. When you're driven from the herd, it's for good. I've seen a beaten old chief weep like a child. No wounds, mind you. But his heart broken. Aye, he knows there's no redress in a state of nature. No newspaper talk to prop him up. He sees *Finis* written all over the sunlight,—same as an old elephant."

Since "Trader Horn" is a book so abundant in adventure, practical and humorous philosophy, beautiful descriptions of the African wilds, and everything else that you like in a story, it cannot fail to please you. By all means read it. I think John Galsworthy, in the Foreword, described it best when he called it "A gorgeous book, more full of sheer stings than any you are likely to come across in a day's march among the book shops of wherever you may be."

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.

## *College Life and The Freshman*



UN for your life! The sophomores are on our heels! College has begun and everyone is "riding" the poor little freshman. In high school the freshie had been a senior, and the four years of academic work had given him an air of superiority. Mamma and papa were proud, as their little Johnny or Izzy marched up to receive the diploma, and they made up their minds to send their boy to college.

If mamma could only see the way those naughty little sophomores at college treat her little darling; if papa could see the radical change in the little "chip off the old block," why! their eyes would pop out in wonder. The first lesson that any freshie must learn is humility. Promoted from high school to college, he finds that he is indeed being demoted from pride to humility. He might have been the "big cheese" in his little home town high school, but when he goes to college he is only one of the potatoes in the sack. The freshies are ridden hard by both students and faculty. With their little "red and blue dinks," they are very evident. From "kid stuff" at high school, they now jump into kindergarten maturity. They must wear nickers and loud sweaters. They make their initial bow into the real social world. They are the targets for insults and miscellaneous comment. "Where is that darn little freshie? Come on, frosh, step on your toes. Let's have a match!" The high school initiation, which might have been a few paddlewhacks and a throwing up in a blanket, is now replaced by a more severe test. But this is not the only part of college life. If people who went to college, merely to be treated like freshies, our higher institutions of learning would be huge jokes. Yet, under all the foolish strictness to which the little freshie must submit, there is a principle. The sophomores put their lower classmates to the test to try their tempers, to teach them their proper places, to teach them to take little things like these without a murmur, in order that, like good sports, they may be able to give and take a joke; and, anyhow, "A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men."

College is the making of a man. The college educates him and fits him for the future, so that he will be in a better position to make a living for himself and family. It is in the freshman year the commencement of the molding of these charac-

teristics takes place; and a student who is in college for all that he can get out of it will evince a great interest in all advice that is imparted to him.

Self-discipline and personal freedom is a problem which must be dealt with carefully. In high school there was always a teacher on one's neck, always eyeing you like a hawk. In college, the high school teachers' distrust of their students dies away, and the student is placed on his own honor. He does not have a bully nor a tyrant telling him to study, nor does he have to put up with many inconveniences that he did in high school. He now is the master of his own destiny, and when he begins to realize the importance of this, he will work out a system by which he will be his own disciplinarian and use the freedom awarded him to the best advantage.

In high school, he probably associated with boys he had played with when a mere tot. In college, he is away from home and is now in a large city where friendship must be acquired very carefully. He's going to "watch his step" in doing this, realizing that "a man is no better than the company that he keeps." Next to friendship, he begins to use his brain to guide him in the selection of his reading. Next to personal friends, the greatest problem that confronts one is, "What should I read?" When one enters college he must rely on his own instincts to guide him, and he must then conscientiously form his opinion as to right and wrong.

In college, the student is the setter of his own time. He can work or he can "loaf." He can pass his exams or he can fail. He can make or break his own future. He must know when it is time to study and when it is time to play, and should use the time accordingly. College is the place for work. College is a place for hustlers, a place for go-getters. "The fearful unbelief is unbelief in thyself," says Carlyle. College teaches one to maintain a limited amount of self-confidence. It teaches the acquiring of egotism, which we must possess when we go out to conquer the world. No matter whether we go to college in a big city, or whether we go to college in some little town "up in the sticks," we cannot help noting the effect of college life upon the freshman. And college itself—long may the college live!

JOHN PIRHALLA, JR., A. B., '31.



## *Barometers of Business—Continued*

### **Foreign Trade**

Statistics on the following subjects, relating to foreign trade, should be watched closely in order to be used as barometers of business:

1. Imports of merchandise into the United States.
2. Exports of merchandise from the United States.
3. Balance of trade.

In compiling imports statistics, a column for "per capita" should be allowed so that automatically the population is taken into consideration. It must be kept in mind that the figures obtained will naturally be lower than the actual imports because the valuation of these imports will be low so as to avoid excessive tariff charges, and because a great deal of imports are brought into this country of which no record is made.

There is one point to be remembered in regard to exports. During a period of depression exports continue usually at a fairly high figure. This is because a great many business houses have prepared for just such an emergency. They have developed foreign markets, and when their surplus production cannot be used here because of the depression, this surplus is sent to foreign markets for consumption.

One of the most important of business barometers is the balance of trade. When we sell more goods to foreign countries than they sell to us, the balance of trade is said to be "in favor of" the United States. This naturally results in the shipment of gold to adjust the difference or the selling in the United States of exchange at a discount if the condition is temporary. The balance of trade does not always determine the debtor country, as there are other factors, such as the sale of American securities abroad, the payment of dividends by United States corporations to foreign security holders, American tourist expenditures, shipment of American products on foreign ships, etc. For this reason, the tabulation also of gold movements is important.

When tabulating only the balance of trade and not the exports and imports, it is necessary also to tabulate the volume of foreign trade. The reason is obvious. It is dangerous to compare foreign trade statistics of other countries with those of the United States because of the non-uniformity in the classification of exports and imports and the methods of valuation.

### **Conclusions**

In all periods, an increase of the balance of trade in favor of the United States signifies prosperity and improvement.

In all periods, a decrease signifies no improvement, decline, or the end of prosperity.

### **Gold Movements**

The movement of gold after having reached the secondary market should be studied in correlation with a study of foreign trade. (Of course, the shipment of gold by the Transvaal region or by the gold fields of Australia and the United States should be considered as the shipment of a commodity rather than a gold movement.) Any difference in the amount of exports and imports between two countries is usually settled by a shipment of gold from one country to the other after taking into consideration the factors mentioned above, such as the sale of domestic securities abroad, payments by domestic corporations to foreign security holders, tourist expenditures abroad, and shipment of domestic goods in foreign vessels.

The habits of people make a great difference in the study of gold movements. The people of France, for example, do not use checks, as do the people of England, and must necessarily keep a larger reserve of gold on hand. In fact, the gold reserve of the Bank of France is the second largest in the world, exceeded by none except that of the United States. The hoarding of gold by peasants and by native grandees of India, as discovered at their deaths, tends to keep a great amount of gold out of circulation and serves as a good example of how the habits of people affect gold movements.

It should be remembered that a withdrawal of gold from circulation over a number of years, and the continued substitution of non-convertible paper as money, will tend to place credit on a false basis, and the tendency will be toward an increase in the quantity of paper money in circulation and a dangerous expansion of credit.

### **Conclusions**

In all periods, an increase in the export of gold signifies that caution should be exercised because of increasing money rates.

In all periods except depression, a decrease signifies lower money rates and may be regarded as a favorable sign.

(Continued in following issue)

SAM EISENSTAT, B. S. in E., '27.



# SANCTUM

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## EDITORIALS

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### *Thanksgiving Day*

**T** is the conventional thing, when the season of Thanksgiving approaches, for papers and magazines to blossom forth with long-winded and often sentimental discourses on Pilgrims, prayers and pumpkins—mostly pumpkins. We read how the Pilgrim fathers, blessed with good crops—and probably having nothing else to do, decided to have a blowout in thanksgiving to God for the benefits they had received. They went out into the woods and shot many turkeys, so many, in fact, that not knowing what to do with all of them, they invited the Indians around to try some good, old-fashioned home-cooking. The Indians, being naturally a lazy people, who were always willing to get something for nothing, accepted. And thus (we read) originated the good old custom of Thanksgiving Day, on which people stow away twice as much food as their stomachs should hold according to all the laws of nature, to show God, no doubt, how much they appreciate the good things to eat that He has given them. Incidentally, and in a perfunctory way, they condescend to say a little prayer of thanksgiving to God for benefits received, if any.

Viewed in this light, the subject has been exhausted; there is nothing further to say on the matter; already too much has been said. But—and a very big but—how many people look to the real significance of Thanksgiving Day? How many writers get away from the Pilgrim and pumpkin stuff long enough to remind us, that Thanksgiving Day is not an anachronism, a musty heirloom dragged out of the past, but a living, breathing, significant, present-day necessity. It

might be called one of our conventions, it is true, but a convention in the sense that it is one of the links that binds our modern times with the hale and hearty beginnings of our country. Without these links to the past no nation can long remain strong and flourishing.

Now, let us stop to view Thanksgiving Day as a day of thanks, a day on which the hearts of the nation should beat together in union and with a universal gratitude toward the Great Giver. Strange to say, gratitude is one of the things often lacking in the human make-up. Is gratitude necessary? Cicero says, "A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues." Christ Himself took pains to impress on man the need of gratitude. Will anyone ever forget the lesson that He taught us by His sorrowful question, "Where are the nine?" Yet people do not realize the gratitude they owe to God. When an ungrateful child spurns his aged parent they cry out, "Dastard, monster, ingrate"; yet how much more reprehensible for a creature to spurn his Creator. This they think nothing of.

"What have we to be thankful for?" is the burden of their cry. The poor cry out for the riches of the wealthy, the wealthy bewail the loss of their digestions and wish for the stomachs of the poor; the people of America shout, "We want whiskey," and bootleggers complain because it costs so much to buy safety and protection from the authorities. All these petty things are brought forward as causes for complaint—Dead Sea fruit—glorious from a distance, melting to putrid ashes in one's grasp.

"What have we to be thankful for?" How can I begin to enumerate our manifold blessings? For the intellect that raises us above the brute, and enables us to appreciate God's glories; to drink in the morning air and watch the sun send its first flaming messengers over the horizon, to bid the whole world awake and offer up its morning hymn to the glory of God; to send out our thoughts into the night, even out to the farthest star, seeking to fathom the mystery of the universe; to hear a symphony, marveling at the glory God has permitted His creatures to attain; to be alive and healthy, or if not healthy, just to be alive, to have the chance of meriting eternal glory; to be able to laugh; to live—but what's the use? No man could ever enumerate all the things we mortals have to be thankful for.



So, then, let us not confine ourselves to Thanksgiving Day as the only time for giving thanks; but let every day, every hour, every second, every breath bear our thoughts of gratitude to the throne of our Creator. As Shakespeare says, through the mouth of Henry VI:

“Let never day nor night unhallow’d pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.”

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

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## *What We Need*

Duquesne's rise in athletic circles has at last begun and it will be but a short time before her long cherished desire is at last realized. The one ambition of John D. Holahan, manager of Athletics, is to book a strong nationally recognized institution for football and increase the caliber of the teams on his basketball schedule.

To realize this ambition, however, there are several necessary requirements, and chief among them is a Freshman rule, which is in force in virtually every school in the country that is recognized as a national athletic power. When these teams begin booking they look for this regulation in their opponents, and in fact most schools demand it.

Duquesne can now afford to begin this system of Freshman rule, because they need have no fear of not having sufficient men, since there are about 35 Freshmen on the present squad of gridders. Heretofore, the authorities have always been fearful of even suggesting it, due to the fact that it might eliminate any promising material entering school the coming year.

A Freshman team would also profit by gaining experience in actual competition and it would give more men an opportunity to participate in athletics. This team, too, would be the seasoning ground for future varsity material and give the coaches an excellent opportunity to sort the wheat from the incoming chaff.

But most important is the fact that Duquesne needs the Freshman rule in order to class itself on an athletic par with every leading institution in the land. Duquesne needs this regulation to get THE schools on their schedule. Shall we have it, you who gave the power to give it?

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

## See Breezes

WE find it quite hard to explain—perhaps the reason's dietetic—why anyone should strive with pain to be a bit poetic. This urge, it seems, comes once to all, and yet about ourselves we wonder; we've got the darn thing in the fall, and that would seem to be a blunder, for Spring's the time for such an urge to fasten on the human soul; it's all right then to make a splurge and formulate a lyric scroll. But anyhow we've got the spell, and it is hard to guess the weaver, unless, perhaps—it's hard to tell—from William Haines we've caught spring fever. One way it may be advantageous to have this spell ere winter freezes: we'll not write odes to spring outrageous, but use our muse to blow these Breezes. So when the turkey's on the platter, if you are far from mother's door, and eat roast beef—what does it matter? You've something to be thankful for.

\* \* \* \*

Looks like we'll need Sir Arthur Conan to solve the Case of Mr. Cronin, who saint or actor must be either, and yet we know that he is neither. It's quite some mystery 'tis true; we'll put the facts in front of you. While he is at Duquesne all day, he's still a couple of miles away; he teaches math, a wondrous feat, but yet he's out on Wilmot Street; up here a textbook is his missal; out there he simply blows a whistle. The whole thing's quite a demonstration of what is known as bilocation. It's quite some mystery, we admit, and we can't hope to fathom it. If he both territories ranges, he sure must make some lightning changes; if he does that it's a confession that acting is his real profession; but he can't thus bring home the bacon; all parts that he could take are taken; for Teddy Roberts still is living and great performances is giving. It's hard to think Pat is a saint; we never heard of one so quaint. Yes,— Looks like we'll need Sir Arthur Conan to solve the Case of Mr. Cronin.

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On the stage through the month there was nothing so much, only musics and dramas and comics and such; the usual bunk that they're writing these days, with little to merit our unstinted praise. We had Blossom Time; Marx Brothers'

"Cocoanut's" too; and the Artists with Models familiar to you; all these musical features, you must surely know; every year, rain or snow, we see them come and go. We had melodramatic intrigues to delight, and shiversome mysteries like "Out of the Night." "Interference," an English play, came into town, and the manager took our whole football team down, for he thought they could use some advice it might give, for in practice they'd looked like a wide-open sieve; but "Suspenders" was hooked when he paid for them all, 'cause the theme of the play wasn't football at all. "Weather Clear and Fast Track" by that sap Willard Mack, came and went, and we hardly think it will come back. (We can call William a sap, for we think no one could write and act in so many plays, still make them good). "The Medicine Man"—it was just so-so, too; but I scarcely need mention that thing called "The Zoo." Michael Arlen, you know, was part-author of that, and Mike is the guy who thought up "The Green Hat." That new operetta we saw—"Golden Dawn," was received by some people with naught but a yawn, though the critics said it was a wonderful hit; it would seem that opinions have differed a bit. Now while we can't agree with those hard-to-please gents who said that the show wasn't worth twenty cents, we can't praise it so much as the town critics, either; our agreement would seem to be given to neither. For when we "Golden Dawn" to our memories bring, our first thought is, those babies could certainly sing; Louise Hunter herself had a voice like a bird, and the chorus and cast were the best that we've heard; there was not enough dancing to please well our mood, and the dance is the spice of theatrical food. "Golden Dawn" was quite good in a great many ways, but in others it will have to see better days. The ads said that it would succeed "Rosemarie"—and "succeed" is the word; it will never be she.

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The movies had a realistic spell, with Emil Jannings "Chang," and "Stark Love" on the list, but though these shows were really done quite well, we must admit that we prefer romantic mist. When we go to the movies, we don't seek to be uplifted, or to learn geography; if we go once, or seven times a week, light, airy entertainment's what we want to see. Not that our mind can't hold the heavy stuff, but it's from that we go to seek relief; in school we students worry quite enough; the movies should give rest, is our belief. Still "Chang" and "Stark Love" do deserve a word for really being realistic reels; "The Way of All Flesh" surely has incurred some ordinary

hokum, so one feels. Romance was plentiful enough, although "The Road to Romance" was not best, but worst. Ramon Navarro's clever; that we know, but this show was so bad we almost cursed the day that pirate ships were first invented. We said the play was trite and bad; we meant it. The show that gave us most of pleasure's zest was "Annie Laurie"; we think it the best for sheer enjoyment of all those we saw, although to many it may seem bourgeois. We never thought that song so sweet before, but now we want to hear it more and more.

Oh, yes, "When a Man Loves" at last arrived; we went to see that one, you may be sure. We'd heard that Barrymore had here contrived to love with love that wasn't—er—demure, but our informant wasn't on the level, or else he never saw "Flesh and the Devil." They may have cut the film—some censor slick; if so it surely was a dirty trick; they left a most artistic murder stay, and what we went to see they took away.

We think it fitting that we take some pains to say a word of praise for William Haines, who goes on giving us the kind of plays that made us happy in our younger days, yet still give pleasure to a mature mind (not ours); we think we'll never learn to hate this kind. "Spring Fever" is his latest, and it serves to soothe the wounded soul and calm the nerves.

"The Magic Flame" and "Barbed Wire" both were good; but many others were just kindling wood.

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If, in the past, you have been pleased by wit, and in the future moan the lack of it, in this, our column, please to be advised, just why our column has to be revised. We'd found the surest way—this may sound looney—to get a laugh, was just to mention Mooney. The truth of this is quite plain to the sight, but crooked politics have lately come to light. By some occult device he got himself to be reporter on the Duke; and now we see the Duke o'erflows with lies and calumny, the most of which are hurled direct at the editorial "we."

There is a nationality which calls Gene Tunney "Tooney," and to this nationality belongs this Martin Mooney. Invectives come quite natural to such men, it is true; can we razz Mooney any more? We leave it up to you.

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.



## *Duquesne Day by Day*



THE Student Council of the College of Arts held its first meeting on the third of October in Room 39, Canevin Hall. Ray Berg presided for the election of officers and the representatives from the four classes decided to let him stay up there. He had no opposition for the office of president. Ralph Hayes was elected vice-president, and two more Juniors were placed in the positions of secretary and treasurer. They are Walter S. Barrett and John C. Stafford. After the election of officers, the constitution of the Council was read for the benefit of those who had not previously served as senators. Each of the three upper classes are allowed five representatives, and the Freshmen three. One of the latter is Miss Helen McCarten, the first of our fair co-ed politicians.

Although this is but the second year of the College of Arts Council, it is already a firmly-established institution. With a year's experience to help us, we intend to improve it and mold it into a body that will last as long as Duquesne itself. We are bound to miss such men as Vogel, Quigley, Rice and numerous others, but there are still enough good men (and women) in Duquesne to help on the march to the top. The Council is the mouthpiece of the college, and it's a mouthpiece that will be hard to keep closed.

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On the evening of the twenty-eighth of September (1927, of course), the Pharmics held their annual "mixup". This is a party given to the Freshmen by the upper classmen, in order that they may become acquainted with each other, and made to feel at home. Entertainers, orators, and most important of all, food, made the evening a happy one.

In our opinion, this "Mixup" party is a fine thing. The others' departments would do well to imitate the Pharmics in this respect. We have known more than one lonesome freshman who found it hard to get acquainted, and whose first days here were none too happy. The Pharmics are to be congratulated on their originality and thoughtfulness.

Election returns from the Freshmen Class were slower coming in this year than those from some of the "Strip" precincts. But at least they (the Freshies) chose a couple of good men. Following the lead of the Juniors, as every good "Freshie" should, they decided to elect only two officers. William Wierauch is president and William Mahler is everything that's left. His official title is vice-president, but in the absence of the customary secretary and treasurer, he will probably add these duties to his own, if any. The Freshmen are to be congratulated on selecting two such capable leaders to guide the destinies of Duquesne's largest first-year class.

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The first meeting of the Father Simon Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was held on Wednesday, Oct. 5, in Canevin Hall. As usual, the first thing on the program was the election of officers. Jack Lambert presided, but he surrendered the chair to John McGrady when the latter was unanimously elected president. John, by the way, is a Senior. Each of the other three classes had one man elected to an office. A Junior named Hayes was made vice-president, since this office requires no brains nor ambition. The secretary is Hogan, a Sophomore, and the treasurer, Jack Burns, of the Freshman class.

Considerable time was spent in discussing the possibility of a play. The matter was finally placed in the hands of a committee appointed by the president. The appointment of four delegates to the Pittsburgh Local Conference meeting, to be held the following Sunday, was the only other important business before the meeting.

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The first Pittsburgh Local Conference meeting of the year was held in the School Auditorium on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 P. M. More than two hundred students from the Pittsburgh district attended. Some unfinished business, held over from the last meeting, was cleared up. This was followed by the reading of the annual report of the secretary-treasurer, Joseph Johnston. Cyril Vogel made a very good speech, explaining that, as a student at St. Vincent Seminary, he must retire from the position of president. The election followed, and Joe Johnston was elected president by an overwhelming majority. Charles Rice's speech of nomination is worthy of mention, and as a reward he was elected secretary-treasurer.

The election of an executive board, on which John Lambert is Duquesne's representative, concluded the meeting.

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The first of a series of Sunday night entertainments was held on October 16th, when the Senior debating team, composed of George Haber, John McGrady and Bill Keown, was awarded a close decision over the Sophomores, Charley Rice, Harry Felich and Steven Grabowski. All did justice to the question, "Resolved, That transoceanic flights should be prohibited by law." The humorous high-lights of the argument were Charley Rice's frequent references to the Eighteenth Amendment, and Haber's astounding statement that Christopher Columbus was still alive. The judges were: Father McDermott, vice-president of the University; Dr. Muldoon, Dean of the School of Pharmacy; and Father Dewe.

This year's debates, instead of being mere side issues of the Sunday night programs, are to be featured. Every year a league, composed of the four college classes and the two Pre-Meds, is reorganized, and this year the rivalry for the supremacy is unusually keen.

The Seniors got off to a good start, but the others' classes will furnish plenty of opposition before the year is over. The remaining entertainments for this month are: 22nd, Freshman-Sophomore Pre-Med. debate, Junior College concert; 29th, Freshman-Junior College debate, Sophomore concert.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.



## Exchanges

WE, the Exchange staff, open our department by admitting our inefficiency at portraying in a few paragraphs the whole literary opinion of Duquesne towards the magazines of other schools. We hope our criticism will, at some time or other, aid in a positive manner the literary publications of other groups of students.

### St. Mary's "Chimes"

We take up St. Mary's "Chimes" first because it arrived at our desk first. The best article in the issue, and the longest, is "Longfellow, the Poet of American History." In the article we are given a fine summary of the origin of literature and the poet's contribution to American History. This finely-woven article is a history lesson as well as a review of the historical poems of America's best and beloved poet. We found the short stories too short. There is little room for plots, as the writers seem to get a running jump and then stop.

The dialogue in "Brown Eyes and Blue" makes the story live and at least one college romance is finished. We really liked "The Sense That Saves" and "Concerning a Strawberry." Both stories, although short, treat of children; the former, in the sense that persons are never wholly grown-up and are always affected by moods, dispositions and personalities; the latter, in the sense that children, too, are influenced by moods, colors, and words. Children are individuals, even in their childishness.

"Resignation" sounded a note that seemed to catch one at the throat and make one's heart ache a little bit. Yet there is great consolation in knowing that we can accomplish even one little thing, to our own satisfaction, better than anyone else.

The verses are positive unities in this magazine. "The Pedler's Song," "My Friends," and "Silence," appear to be the best, with the last two mentioned containing fine sentiment.

The editorial feature, "Family Hospitality," is a lesson and sermon. We liked it and felt good for having read an article so personally wholesome.



### De La Salle "Green and White"

The De La Salle College "Green and White," although not a brilliant school publication, has several commendable points. There is a good variety of subjects, but the absence of humor makes the reading just a little bit dry. The magazine opens with five short editorials, only one of which was outstanding. Strange to say, its subject is "The Ideal Editorial." Two poems that are only fair, and two short stories: one long and dry, the other short and interesting, complete the literary section. In our opinion, too much space is devoted to the juvenile departments, and too little to the literary efforts of the college students.

The parts of the magazine we enjoyed most were the special departments. Three book reviews of good length and a dozen or so shorter ones filled up several attractive pages. Many of the books are not very recent ones, but still were criticised in pleasing fashion. "Peter and Windy" easily took first place among the longer ones, and Chesterton's "Alarums and Discursions" was the best of the "Reviewlettes," as they call the short treatments.

Although we are not at all interested in De La Salle alumni or athletics, notes on those two topics were read and enjoyed. The Exchanges, too, are placed in capable hands.

In case you do not know it, we might say that De La Salle College is located in the Philippines. Therefore, nearly half of the "Green and White" is devoted to a "Seccion Castellana," but as Spanish is not one of our accomplishments, we can only take it for granted that this section measures up to the standard of the English departments.

WALTER S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.



## *Alumni Notes*



IN the last issue of The Monthly there appeared the following article: "Prominent among the names involved in the massive and extensive program of improvement afoot in Allegheny County, is the name of Bernard P. O'Donnell. Having submitted the lowest bids for the work, his construction company was awarded the contracts for the paving of new Grant Street and the new Liberty bridge. We are already able to see what a wonderful improvement his work has made on Grant Street; there is every reason to believe that the other work will be just as well carried out."

The gentleman to whom this article should have referred is Bernard P. Dunn. The editor of this column, to whom lies the blame for the error, wishes to take this opportunity to apologize to Mr. Dunn.

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Paul F. Cain, last year a sophomore in our College of Arts, has entered the St. Vincent Seminary. While a visitor here a few days ago, he gave forth the interesting information that Duquesne Alumni hold such a majority in the Beatty school, that after the elections held there, ex-Duquesne men were found in most of the school offices.

He imparted also the pleasing news that Thomas J. Quigley, who, you will remember, appeared in four of Duquesne's annual plays, scored another great success in an entertainment held at St. Vincent's recently. Among Quigley's classmates in the seminary are the following who were classmates of his while at Duquesne: Stanislaus Anuszkiewicz, Stephen Galizewski, John Hannon, Stanley Pawlowski, Patrick Rice, Mark Stanton, and Cyril Vogel.

Among the others who were graduated from the various departments of the University last June, we have reports on the following:

Daniel J. Dailey, B. S. in E, '27, and honor man of his class, now holds a responsible position with the New Kensington branch of Sully's automobile accessory company.

Louis J. Modisbacher, B. S. in E, '27, is, like his classmate mentioned above, now in the automobile business. He is em-

ployed at the wholesale distributing branch of the Chevrolet Motor Company, located in Center Ave.

Robert E. Philpott, B. S., '27, has entered the School of Medicine at Georgetown University. The other half of that famous pair of twins, James T. Philpott, A. B., '27, has entered our Law School.

James D. Durkin, A. B., '27, who, by winning the essay contest conducted by the Kappa Sigma Phi Fraternity last spring, established himself as a writer of no mean ability, together with David S. Byrne, A. B., '27, and Maurice W. Rihn, A. B., '27, have also entered Duquesne's Law School.

Another intended lawyer is Wm. L. Flanagan, B. S., '27. He has entered the Law School of the University of Pittsburgh.

James Jos. Campbell, A. B., '27, who acted in the part of Prefect on the University Campus for the past few years, is now enrolled in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale, Conn.

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Father Martin J. Brennan, located at St. Canice's Church, is conducting a campaign for a Hospital of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Besides this and his regular parish work, Father Brennan is Spiritual Adviser of the Lyceum and Holy Name Society of St. Canice's Church, and Honorary President of the Canician Club.

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Thomas H. Yeaglin, A. B., '26, who is now a student in Law School, has been appointed special representative of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, with offices in the Farmers' Bank Building.

Joseph S. McDonald, former student of the College of Arts, has been appointed special representative of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, located at 106 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh.

William R. McNamara, twice captain of the 'Varsity football team, is now an accountant with the firm of Rush & McGonigle, C. P. A.'s.

Incidentally, both Mr. Wilfred D. Rush and Mr. J. J. McGonigle are Duquesne Alumni. The former, in fact, enjoys the distinction of having been a member of the first class to be graduated from the School of Accounts. During his career as a student, his efficiency earned for him the position of Secretary to Lieutenant Conright, the officer in charge of the Students' Training Camp here in 1918. After having been

graduated, Mr. Rush returned to the School of Accounts as a member of the Faculty, in which capacity he has served ever since.

\* \* \* \*

Rev. Ralph Reilly, O. F. M., recently ordained in St. Bonaventure's chapel, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in his native church at Emsworth, Pa., on Sunday, October 9th. His pastor, Rev. T. Meyer, C.S.Sp., was archpriest; Father Garrakan, Deacon; Father Imho, sub-deacon, and his brother, Joseph, master of ceremonies. The officers of the Mass were his former classmates at Duquesne. Lunch was served in the parish school, where, too, a reception was held from two to four in the afternoon. In the audience, of course, his parents were conspicuous, as were his brothers, all alumni of Duquesne University: Edward, now a civil engineer on the staff of the Duquesne Light Co.; Paul, who is pursuing a course in civil engineering in Detroit University; Joseph, who has just entered the Franciscan novitiate in Patterson, N. J., and Thomas, connected with a manufacturing company in Allegheny. Rev. H. J. McDermott, C.S.Sp., represented Duquesne on the happy occasion. On the following Wednesday, Father Reilly celebrated Mass in the University chapel for the high school students. He has returned to St. Bonaventure's to complete his theology.

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The Pre-Medical students of last year are very well placed—the majority in Georgetown School of Medicine; others in St. Louis, and the rest scattered through Jefferson, Philadelphia; Loyola, Chicago; and Morgantown, West Virginia. When it is considered that the applicants to these schools are exceedingly numerous, our boys are to be congratulated. Last year, on the 8th of June, there were already on the list 1,756 applications for 160 places in Jefferson College. It is to the interest of the schools to accept only the brightest of students with excellent grades in the sciences.

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Dr. Cyril J. Lauer, after a varied experience in the general practice of medicine in the Lawrenceville district before the war and at the front with an English regiment as long as the war lasted, specialized in ophthalmology on his return to Pittsburgh. During the past year he pursued a course of post-graduate work in his specialty in the University of Pennsylvania. He is now back in our city, where he can be consulted



at 712 Highland Building. His merits have been recognized, and have secured for him an appointment on the staff of the Pittsburgh Hospital, where there is one of the best eye clinics in Western Pennsylvania. He has our best wishes for a distinguished career.

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Rev. Dr. James H. Ryan has been signally honored in recognition of his services to the Church as Secretary to the Bishops' Conference and the Catholic National Educational Association, Washington, D. C., whose annual he publishes, and as professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University, he has been raised to the dignity of Papal Chamberlain with the title of Monsignor. Our cordial congratulations are respectfully tendered.

\* \* \* \*

We commend to a litigious public our fifty-five law graduates of last June. During the month just elapsed they were sworn in by the judges of Allegheny county and of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Many of them have opened offices in this city. Our former athletic coach, Frank P. McDermott, and our genial, efficient professor of mathematics and physics, Camillus A. Rogan, have chosen the turbid coal regions of Eastern Pennsylvania for the display of their forensic talents. Our alumni practicing in Allegheny county total upwards of two hundred members of the Bar. Several of them hold high civic and State appointments. All of them enjoy a commendable reputation in their profession and in public life.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.



### St. Bonaventure 13—Duquesne 0



**A**FTER two weeks of pre-season training, Elmer Layden's Dukes left Pittsburgh to open the season on foreign soil at St. Bonaventure College, Olean, N. Y. The light, but fast, Duke team went down to a 13-0 defeat at the hands of the heavier and more experienced Saints.

The game was hard fought from whistle to whistle, and while the Saints held the edge in the first half, the Dukes played them to a standstill in the second. A few minutes after the opening of the first quarter, St. Bonaventure recovered a fumbled kick and scored a touchdown after a series of line plays. In the rest of the first quarter and until the middle of the second the Saints were held scoreless. After a march of 45 yards they again scored a touchdown.

A chance for another marker was frustrated with one minute to play before the end of the first half, when the strategy of Murphy, Duke quarterback, outgeneraled the Saints.

The remaining two quarters were fought on even terms, each team getting a first down by the overhead route. The Dukes completed a pass, Benedict to Murphy, for 25 yards, while O'Keefe tossed one to Comisky for a gain of 40 yards.

Benedict and Shelton were the outstanding performers for the Dukes, while Flynn, lightweight quarterback of St. Bonaventure's, played brilliantly for his college.

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### Duquesne 33—Broaddus 0

Up from the mountains of West Virginia came Broaddus College with its 1927 edition of grid warriors for the annual battle with the Dukes. The West Virginians found the Dukes smarting under the defeat of the opening game and set only for a victory. Seemingly taught a lesson, the Laydenites dashed, galloped, ran roughshod over the Broaddus collegians. Far

the superior team, defensively and offensively, the Dukes were able to tally 5 touchdowns, while Broaddus could register only 2 first downs.

Starting the game with the second string backfield, the Dukes were held scoreless until near the end of the first quarter, when Benedict plunged over for the first marker. After that, it was only a matter of time until Todd, Shelton, Burns and Velar had crossed the enemy goal.

Coach Layden tried three or four backfield combinations and each worked with the same snap and precision. It was a treat to see the abundance of good backfield material, since the time is not long past when the Dukes were able to muster only a full team and a few substitutes. While speaking of touchdowns, the excellent defensive play of the Dukes must not be overlooked. Time after time the West Virginians found the Duke line a stone wall.

Despite the fact that they fought a losing battle, Broaddus fought courageously. The play of Capt. Talbot and Holt, and Hordman for Broaddus, was exceptional.

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### **Geneva 20—Duquesne 0**

Bo McMillan and the Golden Tornado from Geneva College blew into Pittsburgh October 7th with full hopes of vanquishing Elmer Layden's Dukes by at least 45 points. The tornado met with a windbreak in the Dangerous Dukes, and after an hour of hectic battle were fully satisfied to go back to Beaver Falls with a 20-0 hard-earned victory. Famed throughout the land as the conquer of Harvard and other big schools, the Geneva gridders were heavy favorites. They met with more opposition than they had expected.

The game was a hectic affair from whistle to whistle. The Dukes, a much lighter and less experienced team, held the Covenanters at bay for the first quarter. The steady plunging and driving of Harris, Preece and Sacharine soon began to tell on the Duke forward wall and Preece went over for the first touchdown near the end of the first. The next two quarters were almost a repetition of the first.

A driving rain swept the field in the beginning of the second half, but the downpour did not dampen the ardor of the Duke students, who were howling continually for a touchdown. The remainder the game was played in a drizzle, in spite of which the Geneva team was able to tally two more touchdowns—one, a more or less gift affair, after two long penalties.

To sum up the game in a few words, one might say the Dukes were glorious in defeat.

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### **Duquesne 7—Bethany 7**

The little town of Bethany, W. Va., had hoped that Oct. 15 would be a red letter day in its football history. Dame Fate decreed otherwise. Coach Nuss and his Bison Warriors had full hopes of handing the Duke machine a setback, but found the task too great. After 60 minutes of football, filled with thrilling offensive and defensive play by both teams, the score was deadlocked at a 7-7 tie. The old grads and other Bethany well-wishers who helped the college celebrate its annual home-coming day left the field satisfied that it was the greatest game ever staged on the Bison field.

The Nussmen, pointed since the season opened to the Duquesne game, took the field with the most rejuvenated spirits shown by a Bison eleven in years. But the Dukes were equal to the occasion and started off at a furious pace, smearing play after play of the Bethany backfield. The first quarter developed into a punting duel till near the end of the period, when Rodgers blocked a Duke punt, which Peene recovered, racing 25 yards for a touchdown. Fiers added the extra point.

During the second and third quarters Bethany opened up her bag of tricks and the Dukes found themselves on the defense most o the time, making several valiant stands in the shadow of her own goal post. In the final quarter, it remained for Shelton, playing his usual brilliant game, to grab a pass from the hand of Benedict and race 25 yards for a touchdown. The Buff Donnelly's educated toe added the extra point and saved the day for the Dukes. Kasardo and Roe were the outstanding players for Bethany, while Shelton and Kirby played well for Duquesne.

### **Duquesne 8—Theil 7**

Hey, Hey, was that a game? And who says a Duke team can't fight? After several hundred rooters had left the stands in despair, the Dukes opened up a passing attack that made Theil dizzy and left her on the short end of an 8-7 count. Never before has a Duquesne team staged such a game battle, and never before were they so deserving of victory.

The game opened with Duquesne heeling off to Theil, whose quarterback ran the ball back nearly to mid-field. Theil was stopped after making one first down on a pass, and had



to kick. However, the Dukes couldn't do much, either, and the end of the first quarter found the score a tie, with Theil having the edge, due to its deceptive forward passing.

The Dukes scored first, about the middle of the second quarter, when they rushed Theil back to its own 2-yard line, and after a bad pass from center, Kelleher threw Berkman for a safety. This put new life into the Dukes and the teams battled more or less evenly till the half was up.

In the third quarter the Theil team again opened up its forward passing and worked the ball up to the Duke's 30-yard line. Taking a big chance on the fourth down, Berkman threw a pass to Schilling, who raced 25 yards for a touchdown. Berkman added the point. Theil then kicked to Duquesne and the quarter ended with the ball well into Theil territory.

The first part of the fourth quarter was pretty much of a repetition of the third, except that Theil didn't score—didn't even come close. But the last two minutes. Oh! my. The Dukes had the ball deep in their own territory, and even the most loyal Dukes were losing hope. But not for long. A nice run by Murphy and two forward passes, Benedict to Dufford and Benedict to Murphy, took the ball down to Theil's 40-yard line. But the next pass was intercepted and hope again faded. Theil, as usual, couldn't gain through the strong Duke line, but time was passing fast, and even the best defense can't score points. Theil kicked down to the Duke 40-yard line. Then the fun began. When Murphy threw a 20-yard pass to Benedict, four thousand Duke rooters suddenly went crazy. And then the climax! Murphy, the coolest man on the field, stepped back and threw another perfect forward to Benedict, who galloped the remaining 20 yards to the goal line. Dukes ahead 8-7, and how that crowd howled! Donnelly narrowly missed the extra point, but who cared?

The Dukes, this year, under the Notre Dame system, so successfully installed by Coach Elmer Layden, should go far. They are not going to lose another game, and that's no false prophecy. They have shown the students what they can do; let's all show those hard-working, hard-fighting players how the students can back them.

One minute, before we sign off. To pick out the individual stars in such a game is nearly impossible, but our guess is Kelleher, Murphy, Benedict and Dufford for the Dukes, and Schilling, Berkman and Packard for Theil.

PAUL A. NEE, A. B., '29.

# Duquesne Monthly

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## *Christmas Time*

Christmas time is almost here,  
With noise and Christmas trees;  
And now the season of good cheer  
Comes wafting on the breeze.

With Santas here and Santas there,  
On every busy street;  
The jingling bells add to the air  
Of patt'ring human feet.

The buying spirit now holds sway—  
A worldly spirit. All  
The crowd forgets that Christmas day  
Proclaimed the Saviour's call.

"Come and adore," the angels said;  
"A Saviour here is born,  
To recreate good works now dead,  
And cast off hopes forlorn."

Who ever thought that such a cause  
Would take the Saviour's place?  
Who ever made our Santa Claus  
The hero of our grace?

JAMES BODNAR, A. B., '28.

## *Christmas Music*



FROM the time of the first Christmas, music has always been significantly attached to the observance of the feast of Christ's Nativity. The birth of Christ was heralded by the great chorus of music set up by the angels. The Bible tells us that there was with the angel who announced the tidings of the birth of Christ to the shepherds, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Christmas without its music, without its carols, without its choir of innocents singing the *Adeste Fideles* would be unthinkable.

Christmas music has always been of the folk song type. While there exist such masterpieces of music as the Christmas oratorios of Bach and Saint Saens, these cannot truly be called representative; they only take Christ's Nativity for their theme; their spirit is not really that of Christmas. Christmas music is essentially a music of the people, as we shall see. It might be divided into two types, that pertaining to the Church and to Church services, and that which is purely secular. The hymns and chants on Christmas are an example of the first; the carols which are sung even today in certain parts of Europe are an example of the second.

It is interesting to trace the development of these two forms of song from the time of the first Christmas, down through the ages. In pagan countries, even before the coming of Christ, it was customary to hold winter celebrations around the time of Christmas; for example, the Saturnalia of the Romans, the Druid festivals of the Britains. These celebrations were attended by feasting, dancing and singing. After the birth of Christ, some of these customs attached themselves to the observance of Christmas. Even in the dark days of the persecution of the Church, after the death of Christ, what little flame of joy that remained in the hearts of the early Christians was allowed to blaze forth on the feast of Christmas, in song. During this season they allowed themselves some relaxation from the dread that overshadowed them, and there deep underground, in the catacombs, they would comfort and inspire themselves by singing songs in honor of the Nativity of the One for Whom they were endangering their lives. Thus did music play its part in the catacombs; and thus beneath the palaces and temples of pagan Rome, the birth of

Christ was celebrated; this early undermining of paganism by Christianity being, as it were, the germ of the final victory; and the secret praise, which came like muffled music from the catacombs in honor of the Nativity, the prelude to the triumphant chorus of the present day.

With the accession of Constantine, there came to the Christians release from their imprisonment. And now those worshippers, who had formerly hidden away in the darkness of their catacombs, encouraging each other on Christmas day with the singing of their "Alleluias," now came forth into the sunshine and held their services in basilicas, the roofs of which, says St. Jerome, "re-echoed with their cries of Alleluia"; while St. Ambrose says that "the sound of their psalms, as they sang in celebration of the Nativity, was like the surging of the sea in great waves of sound." It is here, then, in these psalms of the primitive Christians that we have the origin of the first type of Christmas music. What a joyous, festive occasion Christmas was in the lives of the early Christians is shown by the Graduals for Christmas Eve and for Christmas morning, the beautiful Kyrie Eleisons and the other festival music which has come down to us as part of the present day Gregorian chant.

In tracing the history of the carol, we shall confine our endeavors to England for the most part, because English is our tongue and because the development of the carol in England is essentially the same as its development on the continent. England, or as it was then called Britain, was at this time a Roman province. Consequently, Christianity and the observance of Christmas spread into Britain and became quite flourishing there. However, the invasion of the Angles and the Saxons put a stop to this. These barbarian invaders had lived in a part of the Continent which had not been reached by Christianity nor classic culture, and they worshiped the false gods of Woden and Thunder, and were addicted to various heathenish practices, some of which are now mingled with the festivities of Christmastide. For instance, we are all familiar with the expression "Yule" and the customs of burning the Yule log; these are distinctly heathen expressions and practices. Yuletide for the Saxons was the season set aside for the worship of Thor, god of thunder; this season was a time of rejoicing, characterized by singing, dancing and feasting. Thus it happened, that when the monks came over to England to convert the barbarians, they found that the season



which for them was Christmas, was for the Saxons Yuletide, the time for the worship of Thor. The missionaries, being wise men, did not attempt to bring about a revolution in the customs of the Saxons; they did not attempt to abolish the festivities at Yuletide. Instead, they set about changing the significance of Yuletide, making the celebrations in honor of Christ instead of Thor. Thus it came about that in certain parts of Britain, even one hundred and fifty years after the introduction of Christianity, Christ and Thor were worshipped side by side. Thus Christmas, instead of Yule, came to be the chief feast of the early English. It was a time of joy and feasting; great banquets and feasts were held, always characterized by much singing and music, furnished by traveling minstrels and players. Here it must be noted that it was the ancient Saxon Yuletide influence that lent to the music its boisterous, festive note. This music, being of a crude, impromptu sort, not committed to writing, naturally has not come down to us .

The Norman invasion in 1066 marked a new era in the observance of Christmas in England. The celebrations which had before been crude and barbarian, became more refined, took on a higher tone. William the Conqueror, as we know, divided up the land he had conquered among his barons. On these fell the duty of observing Christmas for his own little realm. Each baron had his own miniature court and celebrated the feast of Christmas in the costly Norman style. He invited all the citizens of his domain to the castle, where there would be a general round of merrymaking, and distribution of gifts to the poor. Incidentally, this giving of gifts to the poor is the forerunner of our modern custom of giving gifts on Christmas. At these celebrations music was always a salient feature; singing by all was the heart of the festivities. Longfellow, in his poem "The Norman Baron," tells us that:

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;  
Many a carol old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the song of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly  
Knocking at the castle gates.

“Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger  
King like David, priest like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free.”

From the castles of the barons the joyous celebrations spread to the poorer classes, to the private homes, to the towns. At first all the people would get together and dance in a ring in the public square. This dance was called the carole. Gradually it came to be accompanied by a song or ballad. This was called a carol. In the English of Chaucer, the term “carol” refers either to the song or to the dance. For us, however, it can have but one signification, namely, the song, which accompanied the ballad dance. The practice of carolling became quite universal in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and reached its culminating point in the age of Elizabeth.

Thus we may define the carol as a song or ballad used during the Christmas season, in reference to the festival under one or other of its aspects. In some it is regarded chiefly as a time of mirth and feasting; in others, as the commemoration of our Lord’s Nativity. As I have mentioned before, the old heathen celebration in honor of Thor at the Yuletide lent much color to Christian customs; in the carols we have an example of this. It is to this influence that we may attribute the jovial and purely festive character of many of the traditional and best known Christmas carols. These carols have not, like the hymns appropriate to other Christmas seasons, exclusive reference to the events then commemorated by the Church, but represent the feelings of the populace at large, to whom the actual festivities of the season are of more interest than the event which they are ostensibly intended to recall.

At the same time, there are many other Christmas carols, ranging from an early period, which treat entirely of the occasion, the circumstances, the purpose and the result of the Incarnation. These differ from hymns chiefly in the free ballad style of the words and the lighter character of the melody. Moreover, many of them embody incidents connected with the birth and early life of Christ. For these they are probably indebted immediately to the Mystery Plays, which were greatly in vogue and much frequented at the time, from which Christmas carols trace their descent. Indeed, it seems

probable that the direct source of Christmas carols is to be found in similar compositions which were introduced between the scenes of the Mystery Plays, the great religious and popular entertainments of the Middle Ages. Three such compositions, belonging to one of the Coventry plays, have been preserved, by accident, apart from the play itself, with this note: The first and last the shepherds singe, and the second or middlemost the Women singe. It is easy to see from this how carols relating to the mysteries of man's redemption might become rooted in the memories and affections of the people.

The words of a very large number of these carols, dating from the fifteenth century downward, are extant; the music has not been preserved to us, but it cannot be doubted that the style of tunes was that of the ballad music of the period to which they belong. An example of a strictly medieval carol tune is found in that of the second of the carols introduced into the Coventry play already mentioned: Lully, lulla, thou littel tine childe. This tune dates from about the year 1591. Others, in three or four parts, of the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII, exist in manuscript.

In the time of Henry VII, and later, it was one of the duties of the Chapel Royal to sing Christmas carols before the king; and it may be that this custom gave rise to the elaborate compositions bearing that name, of which three specimens are preserved among the works of William Byrd. These, however, were not carols in the popular sense, or for popular use.

Meanwhile, the older and simpler carol held its place among the lower orders of society; and it reappeared, which these more elaborate and artificial forms of Christmas songs never did, when Puritan censorship was removed. Both before and after the Puritan restriction, books of carols for Christmas Day were printed, with the names of the tunes with which they were to be sung. These are in most cases popular airs of secular character. But gradually, even these musical directions disappeared. During the eighteenth century, the carol literature was of the humblest kind. Sheets of words were printed for the use of itinerant singers; but no musical directions were given. Still the words and tunes have been handed on by tradition; and many of them have been rescued from oblivion, and may even now be heard, in a more or less modernized form. Some of these are: A Babe is Born, Ben

Jonson's Carol, The Boar's Head Carol, Coventry Carol, In Excelsis Gloria, Welcome Yule.

These carols were sung for the most part by itinerant singers, who traveled on Christmas Eve from house to house, with their instruments, serenading the occupants. Sometimes the householder would invite the singers in and feast them; sometimes he would bestow presents on them. This custom prevails even today in certain parts of Germany and France.

Thus far we have directed our attention to carol singing only insofar as it flourished in England. We must not imagine that England was the only country that produced carols. On the contrary, some of the countries on the Continent produced carols that were far superior in structure and music to the English carol. The carol in France was known as the Noel, in Germany as the Weinachts Gesang. However, there is this difference between English and foreign carols: whereas in England the carol was purely of the folk-song type, on the Continent it was seized upon by the masters and raised to the level of an art. The carols in the polyphonic style of Du Caurroy, the motets of Giovanni Maria Nanini and Luca Marenzio are among the finest things in music.

However, in no part of the world has the recurrence of Yuletide been welcomed with greater rejoicings than among English-speaking peoples; and, as a natural consequence, the Christmas Carol has obtained a firm hold, less upon the taste than the inmost affections of the people. Not to love a carol is to proclaim oneself a boor. We have no carols, it is true, like those of Eustache du Caurroy. Possibly it is because the influence of national feeling in early times may have been strong enough to exclude the refinements of art from a festival, the joys of which were supposed to be open as freely to the most illiterate peasant as to his king.

Yet we have preserved for us in the old carols some of the most lovely melodies that exist—real music, not of the super-intellectual type, it is true, but simple, homely songs, folk-songs, songs of the people, expressive of their inmost feelings and affections.

Our ancestors, responding to their natural impulse to sing, to give vent to the happiness which Christmas inspired in their hearts, have poured forth the joy in their souls in the Christmas carols. And thus, music the divine art, which is



yet the lowest and most human of all the arts, since it is in the power of every man to employ and enjoy, throughout the ages has given to man an outlet for his feelings of praise and glory to his Maker, on the anniversary of the event that has brought "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good-will."

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

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### *Christmas Prayer*

Babe most holy, Babe Divine,  
Render Thou these hearts of Thine,  
Pure as the snow, which graced the light,  
On that holy Christmas night,  
When the angels from on high  
Sang in glory in the sky,  
The wish of Christ, now as then,  
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Babe most holy, Babe Divine,  
We thank Thee for these gifts of Thine,  
For these gifts of life and wealth,  
Of parents, Church and boundless health,  
Of happiness in friendship's love,  
And flowing graces from above,  
For Thy guidance in life's lore  
We'll strive to love Thee more and more.

RAYMOND A. BERG, A. B., '28.



short a space of time as possible, we can invariably be found trudging along the streets beside some mailman, helping him to get rid of his burden; for by now the people have quit mailing presents, and are waiting to receive them.

For some reason or other, the Boss always seems to send me out with Danny Carter, who has a route that is a queer mixture of small stores, nice residences, and slums. Such variety must needs lend a never-failing interest to his walks, especially on Christmas Eve; at least, I have always found it so. One particular trip that I made with Dan three years ago comes to my mind.

Because, on the afternoon before Christmas, it takes him about two hours longer than usual to sort and arrange his mail, it is generally around four o'clock when Danny gets out for his last trip. A little after four I think it was on that day. There was no snow, but it was bitter cold. Loaded down to the limit of our capacity, it seemed, we walked out to that point on Merton Street where Dan begins to deliver. Merton Street is the main thoroughfare in that part of the city. Trolleys rumble and automobiles whizz past its butcher shops and bakeries, its grocery stores and five-and-ten-cent variety establishments. Signs attached to poles cry out to take care; a dozen lives have been lost in traffic in these few blocks. The mailman, however, must take his chances, delivering to a few shops on one side of the street, then crossing over to attend to a few on the other side, and so on, until after several such crossings, he has finished with his portion of that street. On that particular afternoon, Danny avoided these crossings by giving me the mail for one side of the street while he took the other. In this way we made double-quick time, our aim being to cover as much ground as possible before dark; delivering mail after the sun has gone down is not so easy.

And so we hurried. The faces of the passersby were ruddy, smiling, joyful. The inevitable greetings came: "Hello, Santa Claus," on the street, and, "Well, well, something nice for me?" in the stores. Here, at a fruit-stand, a man without an overcoat turned slowly from a large, bushy Christmas tree to buy a small, scrubby one; there a child gazed wistfully at some huge candy canes in a window, meanwhile tapping on the glass with a bright new penny. Most of the shop windows were so frosted that one had to go inside to see the interesting things that were being bought—galoshes and turkeys and

kiddie kars and hot chocolates. Nearly everybody on the street carried a package of some sort. Once, in a saloon, I lingered for a moment before a huge iron coal stove; an early Christmas drunk slouched on a chair in a corner, mumbling unintelligibly, while the bartender, imperturbed, whistled away as he polished his glassware.

The second part of the route lies to the right of Merton Street: a long climb up Seventy-third Street, back over a side street to Seventy-second, and down Seventy-second to Merton. The people here are fairly prosperous, and have fairly nice homes, with holly wreaths in their front windows. It is a quiet section; so quiet that we noticed especially the creaking of a front porch as we crossed it, and the banging of the slot in the door after we had shoved in a handful of envelopes of various sizes and colors; these people have many friends, so it seems.

At the top of Seventy-third Street there is a hospital, where our burden was lightened by several pounds. In a hospital one would imagine that Christmas cheer would be lacking, but no; the girls in the office busily sorted parcels and answered phone calls, white-clad nurses passed by with quiet but nevertheless unusually jaunty step. Even an occasional patient rolling down the corridor in a wheel-chair had a happy gleam in his tired eyes. Danny spoke to a stout foreigner who was leaving with a wide-eyed little girl. The fellow, whom he called Alex, was greatly elated.

"This first Christmas she be home," he said, regarding the little girl. "She four years old—born cripple—here all the time—now she go home—for Christmas."

We went out into the cold with our skins and our hearts considerably warmed. As we gradually worked down Seventy-second Street, a lady called us indoors for a cup of coffee. The steaming drink and the chatter of her two pretty little children further enlivened our spirits. Christmas night brings hard work, but it also brings peace and goodwill. We were glad it was Christmas time.

The last, and by far the largest part of Danny Carter's route lies between Merton Street and the river, and involves a trip through what are undoubtedly the slums. It was quite dark when we started down into that maze of narrow streets and alleys, and the flashlight I had been carrying, now came into constant use. Danny needed it to read the addresses; and when he gave me the mail for three or four houses, I



needed it to find the mail boxes; Danny, of course, when delivering to a house on his route knows without looking whether the box is on the right, or on the left, or behind the door.

Slow work we found it, that way. A mailman needs all his hands; so nearly all the time I had to walk beside Danny, holding the light for him to read. Of course, if we passed under a street lamp, that helped; but for the most part they have those dingy, old-fashioned gas lamps down there. An open doorway will send forth a stream of light; but nobody cares to leave their doors open on a night as cold as that one was; all we could do, therefore, was to make the best of the flashlight.

An imposing Santa Claus, faultlessly dressed and bewhiskered for the occasion, strode majestically down the street, followed by a group of children, some of whom gazed apprehensively, while others shouted in derision.

Most of the time, however, we found things very quiet. Occasionally someone ventured, "Working late tonight!" but usually there was nobody around to say it, except when Danny's whistle or the banging of the mailbox brought a householder to the door. The fact that the section is inhabited almost entirely by foreigners who can scarcely speak English does not bother Danny. He knows them all, and they all know him, and can pronounce his name in some way or other. But not even these hardy souls cared to face any more wintry blasts than was necessary. The wind was rattling their windows and blowing chilly draughts through the crevices in their none-too-sturdy frame houses, and that gave them more cold air than they wanted. Certainly I could not blame them, for I was more than glad when we dropped into a little shoemaker shop to deliver a Lithuanian newspaper and to get warmed up a bit.

The shop was a very small one, and had none of the electrical devices so common in modern shoe repair shops. A steamship line advertisement, displaying all the flags of the world, covered the faded wall paper at one point; there was no other ornamentation. The cobbler himself, I was mildly surprised to discover, was none other than Alex, whom we had met in the hospital. Behind the small battered wooden counter he sat, fastening a button to a baby's shoe. Near him were a last, some pieces of leather, and a few simple tools. On

the chair beside him lay what was probably the result of much work in his spare time—a bag made entirely of narrow strips of soft leather, intricately woven together and fastened at the top by a golden cord and tassel. I had a good look at Alex himself as we stood there absorbing some of the heat from his stove. He was big in every physical way—tall, broad, and thick, yet gave not so much the impression of solidity as of stolidity. His face was passive and immobile; pale-blue, expressionless eyes gazed out through gold-rimmed spectacles. Undoubtedly an immigrant who had found the going rough, but who took things as they came, I thought, as we discussed economics with him that evening. Imagine that! Discussing economics on Christmas Eve with a poor cobbler who could use only broken English! But economics in a crude fashion it most certainly was, when Alex said haltingly to us:

“You know, some people get rich today; other people get poor. Butcher—groceryman—today sell more meat, grocery, than any time else. Me—for two, t’ree weeks now I don’t have business. People buy new shoes, or mebbe save money for something else. It be two, t’ree weeks more yet I don’t have business.”

I felt sorry for Alex. He could hardly make much money when business was good, I reflected. But mailmen cannot loaf forever on Christmas Eve, or at any other time. Once again we went out into the night.

On a corner there was a brilliantly lighted butcher shop, where women jabbered in some foreign language on the inside, while geese and ducks huddled and honked in their crate on the curbstone. It was while we were passing here that Alex caught up to us.

“Mister,” he said to Danny, “I forget your Christmas present.”

He held out a shining half dollar.

“Thanks, Alex,” said Dan gruffly, as he pocketed the silver.

Peace and goodwill.

As Alex moved away, I noticed a gold tassel dangling from his pocket. It was such a tiny thing, and he was so big.

It took us perhaps another half hour, working in our slow way, to reach the bottom-most point of the route—the foot of Broad Alley. Only the railroad prevents Broad Alley from

continuing its squalid course into the river. The place belies its name, too, for it is decidedly narrow. At night time it is lonely, positively weird, in fact. I can think of much more pleasant places to be, especially on Christmas Eve. For a person with a vivid imagination to be there alone at night would prove very distressing. Fortunately, I can usually control my imagination. I say fortunately, for I was left there alone.

"I have a registered to get signed for," said Danny, so you take this stuff for down there."

There are about a dozen houses in that last tumble-down row in Broad Alley, but at that time, as is nearly always the case, two-thirds of them were vacant. A little mail for the occupied few was what Danny had given me. With the aid of my flashlight I delivered it; then turned to look for Danny's outline, but he was nowhere to be seen. I did not know whether he had come out of the house or not; or if he next went up the alley, or came down and cut along the railroad to the next street. Certainly, I reasoned, he could not go far without the aid of my flashlight. I decided to wait where I was.

For some unknown reason, the one lamp post down there is located in front of the last house, right next to the railroad. Against this post I leaned. Danny would easily be able to see me there. There was nobody but myself in the alley; no sign of life in the houses; no sound anywhere. Directly across from me were the great hulking remains of what had been a factory; nothing could be seen of it but windows and windows, and nearly all of them broken.

I waited for five minutes—five minutes that seemed a half hour—and still no Danny. It was chiefly the cold that bothered me. Walking around, it had been had enough, but standing here it was unbearable. Five minutes more, and I was just beginning to think the names I had been calling Danny were entirely too complimentary, when suddenly there was a flickering light in one of the factory windows across the alley—a flickering light that promptly went out, and was followed by a short wailing cry.

I cannot say that my blood ran cold; it was already cold; but neither can I say that I was not badly scared for the moment; only for the moment, however, for things began to happen so quickly that I did not have time to be afraid. For a second after the cry there was nothing. Then a man—a

short, thin, wiry man, very fast on his feet—ran out from the factory towards the railroad; ran straight into the path of an oncoming locomotive, was knocked flying back against the lamp post, and lay mangled at my feet. The light had gone out when he hit it, and I turned my flashlight on him. He was dead, no doubt of it, and in his hand he held a bag; a queer sort of leather bag, fastened at the top by a gold card and tassel. With some difficulty I removed it, and quickly slipped it into my pocket.

Voices. Lanterns.

“Tramp, I guess.”

“Yes, looks like it.”

And Alex, looking stupidly, beatenly, down at the dead man.

Somewhere a shrill whistle was insistently piercing the cold night air. Danny, I had forgotten him.

Taking Alex by the arm, I turned up the now completely dark alley. I gave him his bag, telling him how I got it. He told me how he had lost it.

“Every year, same t’ing happen—no business. So every year, two, t’ree month before Christmas, I save what I can, so I can pay bills, buy bread, when I don’t have business. My Missus no want me to keep money in house. She ’fraid for robbers. So I keep bag in box down there where nobody ever come. I have way for get in where I t’ink nobody see me. But that fellow mus’ see me—follow me. Tonight I bring bag out for buy kids toys. When I go back, light match, he is there. He grab money—I holler—he run away. I am slow. I no catch him.”

After thanking me, Alex turned aside at the next street. I went on ahead.

“Thought you were lost,” said Danny.

“Where were you?” I countered.

“Oh, Joe had some Christmas cheer, and nothing would do but I’d sample it. Came straight up here then. I’ve been whistling for five minutes.”

“Fellow just got hit by a train down there.”

“Killed?”

“Yes.”



"Too bad," said Danny. "Seems funny, don't it? That train comin' along just then meant the difference between a happy and an unhappy Christmas for someone."

Peace on earth to men of good will.

Had a slow freight been passing, instead of a fast passenger . . . .

Eventually we finished and returned to the office. Most of the carriers had gone home before we arrived.

"Here's Danny. Now we can sing," exclaimed Jake when we entered.

"Four or five years since we had a chance, ain't it?"

"Guess it is, but here we are tonight."

And so they sang—Jim, the Irish Catholic Boss; Jake, the German Lutheran clerk; Danny, who sings in the Presbyterian Church, and old Oscar, the baker who earns a few extra dollars by sweeping out the postoffice every day. They sang in German, and I couldn't understand the words, but it was all very sweet and peaceful. It seemed strange that this place, which had only a few hours before been the scene of so much hustle and bustle, should now be so quiet. Even the singing was of the quiet sort. I was reminded that I was very sleepy—and hungry. Home, a hot meal, and a warm bed would be welcome.

But now they were singing "Holy Night"—still in German, but I found myself whispering the English words . . . "Sleep in heavenly peace." . . . That was the thing . . . Heavenly peace . . . Peace . . . Peace . . . on earth . . . to men . . . of good will.

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.

## *“Big Bill” Thompson*



IT has become very popular, nowadays, to knock Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago. Every magazine in the country, it seems, has picked up the hue and cry, and in each new issue tells an additional new reason for the condemnation of “Big Bill.” But above all the reasons advanced, to my mind, one stands out, that is, Thompson successfully defied the power of the press. He was elected without the aid of the newspapers; in fact, in direct opposition to them. And for this reason, above all others, he is attacked by them on all sides. Another reason is, Bill attacks things popular with the newspapers and their controlling interests.

Thompson’s facts can hardly be gainsaid; the only weapon left, and the best one, is ridicule. No man is stronger than ridicule, laughter is stronger than all the armies and pens of the world. Laughter has given the coup de grace to more causes than any other force in the world. It killed knight-errantry, it did away with mid-Victorianism and the melodrama. It is most effective against a movement like the one launched by Mayor Thompson.

Thompson’s enemies are not attempting to meet his arguments with reason; they are systematically trying to laugh him out of court. In most of the magazines to date the counts pro and con are just mentioned and laughed at. No attempt at all is made at refutation, for refutation in this case is barely possible.

The Chicago mayor’s logical stand that he would not try to enforce such a ridiculous law as prohibition, in the city of Chicago, is dealt with in all the periodicals attacking him, in a humorous vein, with a timely “wise-crack” now and then thrown in to heighten the effect, but with absolutely no attempt at intelligent refutation. His decision to let the inebriates alone and to go after the murderers and gang men is amusingly presented in the false light of a melo-dramatic gesture to the popular feeling.

In connection with this, Dever, his predecessor, is boomed as Chicago’s best mayor. Somehow or other, the accusers fail to account for the shocking epidemic of gang wars and revolting crimes that made Chicago a synonym for lawlessness and savagery.

In the attacks launched against "Big Bill," early in the fight, it was said that his stand on the water meter question was only a gigantic bluff; that he knew nothing of the water conditions, but again was taking a side that would appeal to the masses. The soundness of his arguments was ignored. Here again no refutation was attempted, but ridicule was once more tried. It, apparently, never has occurred to the misguided writers of these articles that perhaps "Big Bill's" arguments are right after all.

Another fact productive of intense merriment to Bill's opposition is the fact that, although a rich man, he has always, to use a popular phrase, stuck with the hoi polloi. No man is entitled to a pair of wings for doing the right thing, we grant, but very few other men in Thompson's position would have acted thus.

Thompson has claimed the title, "Big Bill, the Builder." Of course our learned scribes greeted this with loud guffaws, but did they adduce one substantial reason to show he is not entitled to it? If they did, it is unknown to me.

The biggest count against him, and the one which they bandy most, is his unceasing war on everything smacking of foreign meddling with American institutions, laws and ideals. In his campaign for election, he declared himself as against the World Court, and all interference of other nations, England in particular, in American schools. He set himself to the task of bringing George Washington, and the other great men, he had been taught to regard as heroes, back to the American school book.

His slogan is: America First. In this he is accused of being illogical because of his stand, in the war, against the United States' sacrificing men and money that England might get several million miles more of territory. Much ridicule and amusement is evoked over the prospect of England coming over to conquer this country again. The average American guffaws at this, forgetting that England has put all her commercial rivals, in the last five hundred years, under the carpet. More merriment is produced from his attacks on King George the Fifth of England, and the heedless citizen swallows the bait and smiles at the vagaries of "Big Bill." Of course some brilliant light had to think of the Irish angle of the situation. The Irish hatred of England is spoken of in a tone suggesting that the Irish do not have good reasons for their hatred.

Thompson has redeemed his pledge to stop the all too obvious infiltration of Pro-English and Anti-American propaganda into the Chicago text books. For those broad-minded, trusting readers who believe that this infiltration exists only in the brain of "Big Bill," the following extracts might be of interest: the Revolution "was a mere difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire," and it was "a much debated question whether the abuses of the King's ministers justified armed resistance." "The Boston Tea Party was the last straw—the colonists had added insult to injury." "Boston was a center of vulgar sedition." The Continental Congress was "a collection of quarrelsome, pettifogging lawyers and mechanics."

Some more gems: "Washington was a tyrant, a dictator and a despot and was called the "stepfather" of his country. "Europe was amazed at England's generosity," and "it was a complete, if tardy, triumph for that feeling of sympathy for men of common blood, common language, traditions and institutions across the seas." The War of 1812 was "an unfortunate conflict between the sister nations of the English tongue."

In these text books, more space and time is lavished on the Battle of Quebec, which made Canada English, than upon all the battles of the Revolutionary War, which made America American and free. All the great heroes, sacred to the American, are belittled and ridiculed. George Washington was a despot, libertine and rebel; John Paul Jones, a pirate and libertine. Patrick Henry was a town drunk and rowdy. Nathan Hale, Commodore Barry, Robert Morriss's financial aid to the colonies, the Battle of Saratoga, and many other historic events and personages are not even mentioned in these, so-called, American History texts.

Thompson has done his best to purge this un-American and unpatriotic sentiment from Chicago schools. But his truly valuable work is being hampered by the ridicule heaped upon him by those unable to refute his statements, and the fear, that ridicule inspires in many who should help him. Even Will Rogers, hitherto outspoken political comedian, whose views seemed to run along the same track as Thompson's, is afraid of being ridiculed and helps the belittlers.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIALS

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### *Christmas Greetings*

Three months of the school year have already passed by. Since last May five issues of the MONTHLY have been brought forth by the present staff; already we have rounded the turn and are on the return lap. Since school started the sultry days of September have given way to the cold ones of December; the trees have been denuded of their foliage; the birds have left for the south; and now, unwittingly and by imperceptible stages, we have crept into the Christmas season.


Already do we perceive in the distance the first white flakes of snow that are to decorate our streets with a stainless mantle on Christmas Eve; already do we scent the pungent aromas of the pines, firs and spruces that are to be our Christmas trees; already do our ears catch the first, faint, sweet ripplings of child laughter, the far-off festive tinkling of the Christmas chimes, the carolling voices of singers, sending out their first messages of cheer. Our newspapers and magazines are decorated with pictures of Santa Claus; that jovial personage himself, a trifle frayed it is true, ornaments the street corners of our city. When this issue of the Monthly shall have reached your hands, there will be only twenty-four more days until Christmas.

Christmas, as you know, is characterized by the exchange of gifts. We ask nothing of you but your support, your cooperation; in return, we pledge our continued endeavor, our unceasing labor to the task before us.

To Duquesne University and all that it represents—officers, teachers and students—to all its schools and departments—to boys and girls alike—A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A.B., '29.

## *Congratulations, Father Danner*

E, members of the Monthly staff, representing all the students of Duquesne University, are honored with the privilege of extending our most sincere congratulations to Father Danner on the occasion of his silver jubilee. We appreciate what he has done for us, and are most grateful. When we say that we appreciate the work that he has done for us, we do not speak the strict truth; we can never appreciate what he has done. We, who have known him but for a few short years, who have not been intimately connected with him in his twenty-five years of service, can not even know, not to say appreciate, the things that he has done.

We can never realize the greatness of Father Danner's work. For, it is a work of sacrifice, a thankless task, expecting little appreciation, receiving less. True, now on his silver jubilee, we overflow with expressions of gratitude and esteem. But it took twenty-five years, twenty-five years of labor, to bring us to a realization of the debt we owe to Father Danner. When this time of jubilee shall have passed, how many of us will continue to acknowledge the things that he is doing for us? In time we may suffer a relapse. Yes, perhaps in our ignorance, we may even feel it incumbent on ourselves to question or criticise the policies and methods, which twenty-five years of experience and service have dictated to Father Danner as the best course of action!

Father Danner's work is a work of service, a work that requires the maximum of unselfishness. He and the job he holds might well be compared to a stoker on an ocean liner; for him are the labor, the perspiration and the toil, not for him are the adulation of the multitudes; these are for the bravely clad ensigns, who promenade the deck, attracting the admiration of the passengers. Yet, let his hand, weary from exertion, falter on the shovel, let his eye for one moment wander from the steam-gauge, let him allow the head of steam for one instant to pass the danger line, and havoc will result, perhaps irremediable.

While Father Danner, in his sacrifice of worldly recognition, would seem to us to have made the poorer choice in life, yet he has shown his essential wisdom by choosing the best course. He is a man who strives "to see big" and not "to look big";

he has passed by the golden casket of illusion for the leaden one containing the gem of ultimate happiness. There is little reward for him in this life; but ah! what treasures of glory he is storing up in the next. Realizing this as he does, it is no wonder that he can perform his duty not only with courage and forbearance, but even with obvious enjoyment! For, Father Danner, thus early in life, has learned the secret of true happiness, that secret which enlightened writers, preachers and reformers for a long time have been trying to disclose to us—that is, service; service to God, first of all, and next service to our fellowmen, even as Christ has said: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like unto this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

I have said that we can neither know, nor appreciate what Father Danner has done for us. That is true. Yet we can strive to understand what he has done, and in our own inadequate way appreciate it. We can look at the school buildings that surround us, material evidence of progress, that have sprung up around us, even in our own times, as if by magic (the magic of hard work) and say, "This we owe to Father Danner." When we see on our fields of endeavor, football and basketball teams, steadily progressing, growing stronger year by year, and fighting onward and upward to the ultimate goal of success, we can shout out, "This we owe to Father Danner." When we notice our school ever expanding, taking on new departments, when we see schools of Pharmacy, Music and Education springing up around us, we can think, "This is Father Danner's work." When on our graduation day we receive our diploma, symbolic of the moral, physical and mental education we have received to equip us in our struggle against life, and when we think how little it cost us in comparison with other schools, and that, perhaps, had it not been for this very fact, we would not have been able to get an education, we can rightly say, "I owe this to Father Danner." And, finally, when we stand at last before the golden portals of Heaven and St. Peter asks us to whom we think we are indebted for our celestial reward, perhaps there are some of us who can say, "Father Danner."

I might go on in this way, extolling the virtues of Father Danner for pages and pages. I might say that his task of keeping Duquesne on a solid financial basis without the aid

of a State appropriation, is a stupendous one, for anyone else but him well-nigh impossible. I might say that he is the best accountant in the city, capable of doing any three men's work. I might say that he is a person of charming personality, ready at all times to receive anyone graciously, be he distinguished visitor or humble student. I might say that as a man, he is the most jovial soul in the University, and as a priest, the most popular confessor, a shining light in a great order. But I will not. Suffice it to say that we can never even begin to realize what he has done for us; but, inasmuch as we do realize the things that he has done, we appreciate them, and from the bottom of our hearts we are truly grateful.

It is our fervent wish that Father Danner continue in the future, just as successfully as he has in the past, in health and happiness, until long after his silver jubilee shall have blended with his golden jubilee, he shall ultimately attain his glorious reward—the reward of service.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

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## *Heroes in Disaster*

When the death of red from the tank of black  
Spat forth its deadly blast,  
When man's servant, gas, by man held back,  
Released hidden force so fast,  
When all hell broke loose in a breath so hot  
It singed all the section for blocks,  
When the walls crashed down and in scores men were caught  
In a trap more secure than a box,  
Then up from the moans and the groans of the crying  
The wail through the city for mercy went flying  
With the speed of an eagle aloft in the sky.  
And first to arrive where the ruins were lying,  
First to administer aid to the dying  
Were the priests and the nuns from the parish nearby.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.





## *See Breezes*

Duquesne University,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
November 27, 1927

Dear Mother :

For once I have all my lessons prepared and nothing particular to do tonight, so I'm going to stay in and write letters. I know it's about time, but really I've been awfully busy, and you got a couple of notes anyhow, which is more than anyone else did. Since the close of the football season we have vacated the gym to make room for the basketball team. Some of the boys, like Jim Brown, whom I spent Thanksgiving with, live in the city, and now they can stay at home. Others have taken to boarding houses, and your worthy son is now a regulation Duquesne "boarder." The Boarders are quite a picturesque lot, but they're all nice fellows, especially since I am one of them. While this place isn't quite home, it's an improvement over the gym, there's a little more privacy, and I don't have the feeling that I'm in a hospital all the time. The meals have taken on a little variety since we've broken training, too. We still get cornflakes for breakfast, but there isn't so much emphasis on the roast beef. I miss your griddle-cakes and bacon-and-egg breakfasts though. There's a popular song which goes, "I miss you most of all when day is done," but I miss you most of all when day's begun, mother dear. We are somewhat restricted here. They give us plenty of time for study and a little for recreation, but we get out oftener than we did during the football season, providing that we aren't cut down to "sixty" in conduct. Of course there's no danger of my conduct being that bad; you've taught me too well. We get up at 6:15 every morning, and go to Mass at twenty to seven. At seven-thirty we get our cornflakes, and then have ten minutes recreation. From ten to eight, until school starts at nine, we study, as well as from four to six, every day except Tuesday and Friday. We are allowed out over the week-end if we want to go. So you see I am conducting myself right

nobly. And your little Willie hops into bed every night at nine-thirty, the same as he always did at home—about ten years ago.

I was sorry that I didn't get home for Thanksgiving, but Jim Brown had asked me to his place and I couldn't very well refuse, for he wouldn't take "no" for an answer. I enjoyed the Browns and their turkey very much. They are nice people.

Contrary to your dire predictions, I did not break a leg or an arm or my head playing football, although some wisecracker said my head was a bit crowded; but you don't think so, do you mother?

I don't suppose I'll see you until Christmas, and I can't wait for the vacation to come. I could run up some week-end, but it would be just turn around and come back, and I can't see the use of spending train fare for that. So I suppose that Christmas it will be, but I'll be thinking of you all the time.

Loads of love,

Willie.

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Duquesne University,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
November 27, 1927

Dear Dad:

Hello. I am eating fine, sleeping fine and feeling fine, and I suppose that you received a copy of my report and know that I didn't flunk anything the first term. I have written to mother. I suppose with Christmas coming on business is picking up a bit and you are kept going. You'd better watch you don't overwork yourself and get sick like you did last winter. Say, Dad, if you have a few extra dollars, I could use them right at this time. We have to see a lot of plays in connection with an English class, and you've no idea how high theatre tickets are. My allowance is enough, of course, ordinarily, but these special things have about wrecked it. Besides, I want to save something to buy mother a Christmas gift.

Your son,

Billy.

Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
November 27, 1927

Dear Sis:

I'm well and I guess you are or I'd have heard about it. You know that fellow we met at camp last summer, the one with the mustache that you thought was such a swell guy? Well, I met him on Fifth Avenue the other day and I think he's just as dumb as ever.

I wrote mother all the news, and can't see any sense in writing it over again, so if there's anything you want to know you can ask her.

So long,

Will.

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Duquesne University,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.,  
November 27, 1927

Professor Ralph R. Hawkins,  
Flipdale High School,  
Flipdale, Pa.

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

I'm pretty well settled at Duquesne by now and thought I'd write and let you know how I'm getting along, as I promised you I would. Our football season wasn't such a great success; we broke even. However, that is the best any Duquesne team has done in years, and the team's supporters are very enthusiastic, as most of the players are freshmen and sophomores. Mr. Layden is a wonderful coach, and his assistant, Mr. Weible, is also very capable. They teach the Notre Dame system, of course.

I suppose your Shakespearean old soul is writhing in anguish that you can't get down for "The Merry Wives of Windsor" this week. I'm very anxious to see Mrs. Fiske and Otis Skinner, and shall try my best to get down to the Nixon some evening. The theatres here have been simply saturating us with musical shows lately, and while "Show Boat," "Criss Cross," the "Scandals," and such are the best things of their kind, one gets fed up on them. "My Maryland" ran four weeks here, and now "The Spider" seems due for a fairly long stay, so we aren't getting much variety.

Did you read Willa Cather's "Death Comes For the Archbishop"? But, of course, you must have. Wasn't it great? I can't remember a book I've liked so well. I haven't read any so good for a long time, that's sure. It's a classic, no less, and I'm trying to persuade everybody I can to read it.

With best wishes for yourself and the old school, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Willis Roberts.

\* \* \* \*

Duquesne University,

Pittsburgh, Pa.,

November 27, 1927

Dear Joe:

I've been writing letters all evening and am pretty tired by now, so my few lines to you may suffer a bit. How's the old gang doing, anyway? Singing and dancing the hours away, as usual, I guess.

I suppose you've been wondering why my name hasn't appeared in the Duquesne line-up oftener. Well, I hurt my ankle once, and by the time it had healed another fellow had the edge for the job, although I think I can outplay him any day in the week. Still he's a good fellow and if Layden thinks he's better, it's all right with me. Whatever Layden says is all right; that's what everyone on the team thinks.

What with being in training and all that, and having to keep pretty regular hours as the Boarders here do, I haven't had a chance to go out much, but I have been to two pretty good dances, and met some nifty bims. I spent Thanksgiving with Jim Brown, a fellow on the team. He sure has one swell sister; boy, she's right up in there. I took her to the "Scandals" Saturday night, and we're going to a dance next Friday, and ice skating at Duquesne Garden Saturday. We sure did enjoy the "Scandals."

They just opened a School of Education here, but there aren't many co-eds as yet. A few of them are rather spiffy, but we have hopes for a bigger and better looking freshman class next year.

How are the Sarkley girls? Is Alice still the town joker? I'm writing them letters, too. Ask them if they got any. Alice will probably show you hers, and Aline probably won't.

So long until Christmas time, Joe.

Your friend,

Bill.



Beetsburg, Bee., Eh?  
Dezember 1927456

Miz Ellis Zarglee,  
Flibdale, Bee, Eh?

Dear Miz Zagrllee:

I regall having made you a bromise to ride you a ledder. Many skies have turnta gray and many moods have pazda way, still I have not forgodden the bromise I made you to ride you a ledder. Now at last I have the obbertunitie two doo zo, to ride you a ledder and avder muj doo and gareful gonzidrayshun, I have choosen the ledder "ecks."

Heer id izz: X.

Zo Zinjeerily,  
W. W. Roberts.

\* \* \* \*

Duquesne University,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.,

Dear Aline:

How are you, Hon? This is to inform you that my love for you has remained unabated thus far, and is likely to continue to do so. Though you may be fickle and inconstant as the moon, I shall always and ever be true, oh you kid! There are a few co-eds at Duquesne, but none of them can compare with you in any way. Still they serve the purpose of reminding me of you and making me realize more and more how nice you really are; and I certainly had quite some realizations along that line before. As a matter of fact, Aline, the only girl I've come across in Pittsburgh who could come anyways near you in any respect, is a girl we studied about in English—one Helen of Troy, whose face launched a thousand ships. The fellow who was writing about her said that she was fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, but I'd just as soon have you, clad in a gingham apron, that's how much I think of you, kid. Anyhow, this Helen's dead. And, furthermore, young lady, don't forget that I'm taking you to the Christmas dance, even if I have to fight off an army of suitors at rapier's end. You'll go with me, won't you, huh? Your image fills my waking hours. I dream of you at night; and in conclusion let me say that x x x x I wish x x x x x that I x x x x were with you now x x x x x that I might give you these x x x x x and these x x x x x in the manner in which we are accustomed x x x x x x x x x.

Love, love, and love, my love,

x x

Billy.

P. S.—Ain't I the awful liar?

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26.

## *Duquesne Day by Day*



ON Wednesday, Nov. 16, a celebration was held in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Father Danner's ordination to the priesthood. Father Danner was the celebrant of a Solemn High Mass at ten o'clock, which was followed by Solemn Benediction. The Right Rev. Msgr. Stadelman delivered a very interesting sermon on the priesthood and eulogized Father Danner's response to the call.

After Benediction, Father Danner was the recipient of two gifts from the High School and University students. He refused to be outdone in generosity, as usual, so he gave the students a free lunch at the cafeteria. Father Hehir completed the program by declaring a half holiday.

\* \* \* \*

The Newman Club held a Hallowe'en dance on Oct. 28. As usual, Duquesne students were prominent in the affair and it was a great success.

The Newman Club can offer Catholic College students more than any other organization in the city. The Hallowe'en dance was only one of a number of social events on the calendar for the year. Members of the Newman Club also get a chance to participate in athletics and dramatics. If there is anyone in the University who does not belong to the club, he should join, because he is only cheating himself out of a good time.

While on the subject of the Newman Club, it would be well to announce that a smoker was held on Tuesday, Nov. 22, at the Cathedral High School auditorium. No admission was charged, so a bigger crowd than usual enjoyed a pleasant evening.

\* \* \* \*

The School of Music held a concert on Nov. 17, both afternoon and evening. The feature of the program was Jacques Jolas, a pianist of national fame, who held his audience spellbound with his masterly playing. The concert attracted a capacity crowd and was a success from both a finan-

cial and artistic standpoint. As the School of Music grows older, its programs get better; this augurs well for the future.

\* \* \* \*

On Friday, Nov. 25, the Kappa Sigma Phi Fraternity will have its opening "Pledge Dance" at the Knights of Columbus Hall. Since this will be the last affair held under the present officers, it is hoped that it will be a big success. The election meeting will be held on Sunday, Nov. 27, and a complete new board of officers will be elected.

This fraternity is now in its second year, and if its first can be taken as a criterion, it should be a great year. It should not be long until it owns its own house and has a national charter.

\* \* \* \*

We have had intra-mural leagues in basketball and baseball before, and this year football has been added to the list. It came a bit late in the season, but not too late to arouse enthusiasm and get large squads out from every school. A meeting was called for representatives of the College, Pharmacy, Pre-Meds and Accounts, and was presided over by John Holahan. A schedule of three games for each team was drawn up, and members of the varsity team were appointed officials. Coach Elmer Layden will be on the sidelines at every game, looking for material for future varsity teams. His presence, as well as keen departmental rivalry, should bring out all the good football in the intra-mural players.

In the first game, or rather lack of a game, the Accounts forfeited to the Pharmics. A week later the Pre-Meds and College played a scoreless tie. Then on Nov. 21 the Pharmics took over the College 6-2. There was considerable fuss about this game. At the present time the Pharmics are leading the league, but the others should cause them lots of trouble before the season closes.

\* \* \* \*

Although it took longer than was expected, to reorganize the Student Senate this year, it is now alive and functioning. A meeting was held on Nov. 2nd. Paul G. Sullivan, the retiring president, presided until Bracken Johnson, a Pharmacy student, was elected president for the school year. The election of the other officers followed: Joseph White, of the School of Accounts, was elected vice-president; A. A. Laurent, a Pre-

Med., and Hugh C. Boyle, a Law student, were elected secretary and treasurer respectively. A regular date for future meetings was held. A number of subjects, including the proposed Year Book, were brought up for discussion, but a lack of time made it impossible to arrive at a definite conclusion about all of them. It is hoped that the next meeting will settle the Year Book issue. If we are to have one, procrastinating and beating around the bush will not help matters any. However, the Senate is an efficient body and no further delay is expected.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.



## *Exchanges*

### Bay Leaf



LADIES first, and so we take up "The Maryland College Bay Leaf." The title is embossed on a nice green cover. The first peep inside reveals an exceptional quantity of advertisements; this furnishes us with a very good idea of the business life of Scranton, Pa. The magazine in general is finely set up and finely balanced. Outstanding articles are: "Exordium on Catholic Education," "Some European Food Customs" and "Summer Activities." "The Revival of An Old Art" shows the author's fine powers of observation, and search for interesting details.

"Louise Comes Home" was only a fair story. It is the old prodigal stuff, modernized, with the boy wending his way repentantly homeward on an airplane. The story was somewhat trite, loosely knit and dragged somewhat, perhaps on account of its excessive dialogue. "Lady's Slipper," another short story, was better, more concise and to the point. We liked "A Dear Old Friend," "Gypsies in the Woods," and the well presented "The Organ Grinder." Query: Are the contributions signed only with initials contributed by instructors?

All in all, the magazine is good. It shows that there is lots of spirit and good-heartedness in the school, although there is quite a lot of frivolous material in this the October issue.



## The University of Dayton Exponent

September's issue had a very good story, "Courage Wins." We liked the singleness of effect. A fine story with interest that is personal and human. Tommy was the hero's name, and Tommy had, what in these days of psychology is called a complex. Tommy's complex was that he liked to see his name in print; in fact, his liking amounted to an obsession. He could not get this out of his head, no matter how hard he tried. Even in later life, despite his success in other fields, he wanted to see his name in print, to be counted among the number of the literati. Needless to say, he finally attained his goal, and was happy ever after.

The "Value of a System" is an article, of course, explaining the title and may be abridged to the two words "Get Organized." The two orations, "America Quo Vadis," and "Our Modern Education," were well constructed. There was evident a parallel plea for the additional "R" in the programme of all training, namely religion.

The outstanding of the short articles was "Wayte a While," but "Soliloquy on a Street Car" had some fine content, as did "Modern Complexity."

The verses, "Trance" and "Gypsies," are very good. Gypsies, of course, have afforded fine verse material for centuries. The editorials were short. "High Pressure Philosophy" is an attack on the public's philosophy today.

The Exponent was finely balanced by Athletics, Alumni Notes, Exchanges, Chronicle and Frolicsome Folly.

W. S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.



## *Alumni Notes*



WEDNESDAY, November 16, witnessed one of the most beautiful, most touching and happy ceremonies ever held in the University Chapel. It was the celebration of the silver jubilee of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Joseph P. Danner, C.S.Sp.

At ten o'clock Solemn High Mass was sung, with Father Danner himself as celebrant, Father Dodwell as deacon, and the Rev. A. B. Mehler as sub-deacon. Father Quinn was Master of Ceremonies. The procession, made up of two monsignors, a provincial, and close to thirty other priests, secular and religious, was led by the Rev. S. M. Zaborowski. An illuminating sermon, eulogizing in the abstract, the call to the holy priesthood and, in the concrete, the wonderful response that the Rev. Jubilarian made to that call, was preached by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William F. Stadelman. The College Choir, under the direction of the Rev. John F. Malloy, sang the Mass, with the Rev. James B. Parent at the organ. Solemn Benediction followed the Mass.

Upon completion of the religious services, two presentations, one by the students of the High School, and the other by the collegiate classes, were made. Charles Connors, representing the former, presented a gold ciborium, while the gift of the higher departments, a chalice, likewise of gold, was tendered by Raymond A. Berg, President of the Student Council of the College of Arts. In the speech of Mr. Berg were given some of the details of Father Danner's long and significantly active association with the University:

Father Danner received both his High School and College education at old Duquesne. After his graduation, he returned for a few years as a prefect, and after his ordination, in 1902, he returned here to stay. He filled, in turn, the offices of Dean of Discipline, Dean of Commercial High, Assistant Treasurer, and Treasurer. It is in the second and fourth of these offices that he scored his greatest triumphs. Figures show that Commercial High, while under his leadership, enrolled, taught, and found positions for more students than ever before or ever since in its history.

The office Father Danner holds at the present time, he has capably filled for the last fifteen years. As Treasurer of the University, he handles all financial and business matters, and his success in this field is mirrored in the stupendous growth of the school in recent years.

Another point brought up by Mr. Berg was the number of students who find spiritual solace with Father Danner. He is a man who "knows the student character, the student mind and the student soul,"—a man whose "glad smile and hearty laugh has lightened the day of many a student when his mind was drab and gray—a man who has, above all, a heart of kindness, a heart that understands."

The Jubilarian, upon accepting the gifts bestowed upon him, expressed his deeply felt appreciation for the kind thoughts and wishes of his friends and announced, not only the Very Rev. President's gift of a free afternoon for the students, but also his own gift of a free lunch in the cafeteria for all.

Father Hehir spoke a few words in commendation of the students' choice of presents to close the formal part of the celebration.

\* \* \* \*

On November 5, while hunting in the woods on the edge of the Shannopin Country Club, Ben Avon Heights, Joseph P. Thornton, who was a member of the Academic Class of 1925, was accidentally shot and killed by a bullet from his own rifle.

He lived at the home of his parents at 639 Tingley Ave., Bellevue. He is survived by his father, P. H. Thornton, his mother, Mary Thornton, three brothers, Thomas, Frank, and Paul Thornton, and two sisters, Mrs. Lenora Grimes, and Margaret Thornton. Paul Thornton was also a former Duquesne student.

On behalf of the student body, the staff of the MONTHLY takes this opportunity to offer its condolences to the members of the bereaved family.

\* \* \* \*

The Rev. Martin J. Brennan, assistant pastor at St. Canice's Church, is the first secular priest in the Diocese of Pittsburgh to preach a retreat at St. Paul's Monastery on the South Side. St. Canice's is the first parish in Pittsburgh to hold such a retreat. All of those heretofore held in the Mon-

astery have been conducted under the auspices of such organizations as the Laymen's Retreat League.

Incidentally, notwithstanding a report to the contrary, published last month in this column, Father Brennan is not engaged in building a hospital; but a campaign for a Chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help has been conducted successfully.

\* \* \* \*

Paul Marso and Kevin McInerny, who were students at Duquesne during school year of 1923-24, are now enrolled in the St. Vincent Seminary at Beatty, Pa. Both students are now taking their first year of theology.

\* \* \* \*

At the historic "Point," where the Monongahela and Allegheny join to make the Ohio River, Pittsburgh is to erect a magnificent monument to pioneer aviators in the form of a powerful beacon to guide fliers who pass in the night. It is said that Langley Beacon will be visible 100 miles on a clear night and 50 miles even in unfavorable weather.

Named in honor of Professor Samuel Langley, a Pittsburgh scientist who constructed the first airplane that actually flew, Langley Beacon is to be a 200-foot lighthouse of native Western Pennsylvania stone, surmounted by a light which is to be more powerful than that at La Bourget Field, France, now the most powerful light in the world.

Raymond Marlier, the architect of this magnificent monument, was an aviator in the World War, and is now President of the Aero Club of Pittsburgh. He studied four years at Duquesne University before taking up architecture at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.







### Dukes, 10—Westminster, 0.

Elmer Layden's fighting cohorts traveled to New Wilmington and saddened the "Homecoming Day" of Dyke Beede's Westminster crew by administering a 10-0 defeat to them. Dufford's touchdown and Donnelly's toe accounted for the Duke's ten points.

The first and most of the second quarters were hard fought and scoreless, both teams resorting to punting, with the Dukes holding the edge. Towards the end of the first half, the Dukes worked the ball under the shadow of the Westminster goal but could not rush it over on three downs. On the fourth, with Murphy holding the ball, Buff Donnelly booted a field goal for the only score of the half.

Westminster launched a powerful offensive during the third quarter, but most of their ground gaining was done in midfield; the Duke defense strengthened when the Beedites threatened to score.

The opening of the fourth quarter found the ball on the Duke forty yard line, with the Dukes in possession. Several line plays were tried, but the Dukes could not gain, so Donnelly kicked. Westminster then launched her aerial attack, having had some previous success in this manner. But the Laydenites were not to be caught napping and Buz Shelton speared a Blue and White pass out of the air and raced to the Westminster seven yard line before he was halted. Donnelly plunged over on the next play, but the ball was called back to the four yard line, because Buff, in his haste, had stepped out of bounds. Murphy then chose to pass, and on the next play he tossed one to Dufford for a touchdown. Fighting hard, in spite of a 10 point handicap, the Blue and White warriors rushed the ball up to the Duke six yard line, but the rally was short lived, as the game ended before they could advance farther.

The whole Duke team performed in its usual scrappy way, with Prokopovich, Kelleher and Dufford playing well. Hall and Lauder were the outstanding Westminster players.

\* \* \* \*

### **Dukes, 12—St. Francis, 0.**

Maybe not Tristate champs, but champs, nevertheless. Beating St. Francis College at Johnstown to the tune of 12-0, Duquesne University annexed the Catholic College championship of Western Pennsylvania. The game was played on a very sloppy field on which thrilling football was impossible. The elements, however, did not dampen the fighting spirit of the Dukes, and they showed great deftness at handling a slippery pigskin. This was the first defeat the Saints have suffered this season, also the first time this season their goal has been crossed.

Although the offense of both teams was slowed down by the condition of the field, the Dukes scored both touchdowns on their pet mode of play, forward passes.

One incident happened during the game which further established Buff Donnelly as the best kicker in the Tristate. On a punt formation, with Buff back for a kick, the ball was passed low and to the left, due to its coat of mud. Donnelly did not have time to change his stance to kick with his right foot because he was being charged, so he booted it with his left and it traveled 30 yards. If that is not versatility, what is?

Due to the conditions under which the game was played, we cannot in justice pick out individual stars, both teams performed as well as could be expected under the difficulties.

\* \* \* \*

### **Dukes, 0—Waynesburg, 18**

The Dukes, heretofore so ruthless in spoiling Homecoming Days of other colleges, tasted its own bitter medicine on Armistice Day, when Katy Easterday's Waynesburg Yellow Jackets administered an 18-0 lacing. The Dukes were victims of circumstance, and the breaks against them reached a climax when a touchdown made by Dufford was called back.

Though the gods did not smile graciously upon them, the Dukes fought the Yellow Jackets on even terms during the first half. The rush and drive of the big Waynesburg backs

began to tell on the Duke forward wall and Waynesburg scored its first marker in the middle of the third quarter. After that it was only a matter of time till they had scored two more.

The game was played before a banner crowd of rooters and alumni; thus the defeat was more bitter. In spite of the beating, the Laydenites showed the fans that they are well versed in the football fundamentals and played a hard, clean game.

\* \* \* \*

### Dukes, 12—Ashland, 13

"When it rains it pours." The Dukes were all set to close the football season with five victories, three defeats and one tie on the books, but Ashland College had something to say about this. The Dukes, apparently laboring under the same complex as beset them in the Waynesburg game, dropped a tough battle to Ashland College by a 13-12 score. The Dukes were unable to find their usual stride and the Ohioans took advantage of every Duke miscue, thereby converting possible defeat into victory. A few misdirected forward passes caused the downfall.

The game was the last for five varsity regulars, Capt. Scaly, McDonald, Maslowski, Velar and Prokopovich. It's too bad the boys must lay aside their football togs after such a hairbreadth defeat. The only redeeming feature of the game was the work of Jack Burns, freshman half back, who turned in several brilliant runs.

Thus the 1927 football season of Duquesne University closes, fairly successful, considering the fact that the system of coaching is new and most of the material inexperienced. The season's summary is as follows: four victories, 4 defeats, one tie game. There's another season, Dukes!

PAUL A. NEE, A. B., '29.



# Duquesne Monthly

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## *A Mystery*

A child was standing near the sea—  
Who puzzled me;  
He held in hand a spoon of gold,  
And tried to empty out the sea  
Into the land.

I laughed, for I could see,  
That but a drop the spoon could hold;  
And how could such a little drop  
Of ocean water make impression,  
Except by Godly intercession,  
Or else by His command?

I laughed again; the child did stop  
And looked at me,  
And then looked at the sea.  
“Why do you laugh?” the child did say;  
His voice as dawning to the day;  
But I gave answer none,  
And once again he had begun—  
“You laugh, but why, you do not know  
And so you are a fool,  
A hardened fool,  
For just today you walked away  
And would not stay  
And listen to your Conscience call;  
What dreadful fate will once befall  
The one who tries to comprehend.  
In all its grand infinity,  
That mystery of Heaven’s blend—  
The Blessed Trinity!”  
He spoke, and raised his hand  
So slow;  
I felt a blessing on my head,  
And rose as if from mem’ries dead;  
I thought how foolish man will be  
To try to understand  
The Blessed Trinity.

JOHN FRANCIS McKENNA, A. B., '28.



## *The Other Cheek*



IT has been less than a decade since the battle-cry of the "War to End Wars" was being shouted in all of the great nations of the world. To optimistical idealists it was the guarantee of international good-will forever. To morbid pessimists it was the greatest fiasco of all history. To the wealthy financier it was the harbinger of either unheard-of riches or utter ruin. To the statesman it was a great conflict between democracy and monarchic imperialism. To the man in the street it was a puzzle. This bit of Socratic wisdom from a popular song of the day, "I don't know what this war's about," well expressed the opinion of the masses. It must pain the intellectual element of humanity to realize that the view of the despised moronia was the only sensible one after all. Even through the perspective of a lapse of ten years, it is difficult to see about what the war was fought. The statesman has seen his democracy triumph, but his next glance sees four dictatorships in Europe that were not there before. The financier has seen his investments saved, but yet he is unable to reap the profits or even collect the money he loaned. The pessimist has seen the most wholesale destruction of human life and property of all time, but he has also seen the crushing of the menace of the most dangerous military power that ever existed. The idealist has realized his most brilliant brain-child in the establishment of the League of Nations, but yet there seems to be hovering over the very peoples who were so capably united and in harmony a few years ago, a sinister cloud of mutual distrust, contempt and hate. Each of the great nations seems to have become the common enemy of all the others.

The new enmity between nations is expressing itself, not in further bloodshed, but rather in a duel of words, a contest in mud slinging. The Frenchman calls America the homeland of Uncle Shylock; the American retaliates with "Ingrate!" The Englishman "pooh-poohs" the characteristic Yankee boastfulness; the Yankee counters with "Snob!" The Russian shouts "Capitalist!" at John Bull; and John returns with a "Red!" Italy sneers at every form of government but her own; the rest of the world points in alarm at *Il Duce* with "Tyrant!" Understanding between nations seems to be the most lacking element in the universe. International good-will seems to have been destroyed, rather than developed by the war.

The fact that it is hardly possible that more bloodshed will result from the unsympathetic relations between the various nations of the civilized world, is hardly a reason for neglecting the matter. Relations by which one merely refrains from shooting one's neighbor would hardly be called satisfactory. Such conditions might be greatly improved without involving the danger of each meddling in the affairs of the other. It is this that seems to worry our country most.

"Europe, keep out of America," was the slogan of a century ago. "America, keep out of Europe," is the slogan of today. We have a holy fear, incited by the war, of getting into European politics. "Don't get too friendly," is the policy, a policy which, as it is put into practice, destroys sympathetic feelings entirely. We can be friendly with a neighbor without paying part of his rent for him, but we seem unable to retain the friendship of the Old World without fighting her wars and helping her to preserve intra-European peace.

At least that is what we seem to believe to be the case. We have seen French sympathy gradually diminish since the American troops left France. We have seen our English, Italian and Russian relations show the same change. We naturally think that Europe has given up our friendship because she has no particular use for us at present. It may be, however, that we are mistaken. It is difficult to conceive of a whole continent merely feigning good-will. There must be something else. Friendship and enmity are not made by a simple "Let us be friends" or "Let us be enemies." Where friendship becomes enmity, or enmity friendship, it is because there has been a reason for the change. American help for the Allies in the crisis of 1917 built up a strong bond of friendship. Now that that feeling has given way to comparative enmity, we cannot doubt that there has been a cause for the new condition likewise.

Just what has led to the strained relations has been a topic of much discussion. Fixing the blame has been the province of countless writers, speakers, conversationalists, philosophers, and what not; but blame-fixing always seems to depend on the fixer. For instance, if you ask a typical American why France is not in the best of humor, he will say that she is just trying to shame us out of collecting the war debt, which is our just due. If you ask a Frenchman the reason for the misunderstanding, he will complain that if the "Sam" of our famous uncle's name is meant to be a contraction

for "Good Samaritan," the Biblical story is evidently incomplete; it ends just before the noble member of the despised race has had a chance to wrest from his unfortunate neighbor the money spent for hotel and medical expense. Similar answers would be obtained from Englishman, Italian or Russian. Each citizen would defend his own fatherland and blame all the other nations,—a worthy stand, perhaps, from the viewpoint of patriotism, but a poor attitude from the side of justice. Justice reminds us that enmity is the result of a mutual disagreement between at least two parties. It prompts us to take into consideration the fact that it takes two to make a fight. It makes us realize that there is blame on both sides.

During the war, America lost thousands of men and millions of dollars. The rest of the Allies suffered losses in a much greater proportion. The war was not even a staggering blow for our country, but for Europe it was almost the end. Ten years have passed with conditions still in a state of unrest. The lower classes in England and the peasantry in the shell-torn districts of France have not yet recovered from the hardships and losses they suffered. While there may be much poverty in America, our prosperity far more than compensates for it. Such is not the case across the water. It is not to be wondered that the English envy us. We need not be surprised when the French deplore our materialism, our worship of the almighty dollar. We need only remember that the "sour grapes" attitude is one of the primary elements of human nature. We need only remember that Europeans are human, and that as such, it is only natural that they should begrudge us our ownership of what they desire, prosperity. Europe is to blame for being envious.

Still, America is to blame for Europe's envy. Following the war, to Americans, the most interesting place in the world was the scene of the great conflict. France was the cynosure of all eyes. It was pointed out that French was the language of the cultured, that France was the home of the arts, the center of civilization. Hearst front pages and Sunday newspaper supplements detailed lengthy descriptions of the riotous cafes and wild night life of Paris. What a place for the tourist! What an opportunity for the greatest of opportunists, the newly-made war rich! The war profiteer saw a chance to do three things at once: he would leave his native town for a time long enough to let the folks back home forget how he made his fortune; he would go to Italy, France and England to become cultured,

so that he could take his place in society on his return; and he could have an hilarious time in Paris on the same trip.

Students of our perennial crime wave point out as one of its causes, the fact that immigration makes America the receiving ground for the riff-raff of the world. They single us out as the cesspool into which drains the sewage of Europe. Significant or not as this may be in its own province, it is a highly significant fact that in the years immediately following the war, the riff-raff of America migrated as a touring expedition into Europe. Those citizens who did nothing but hoard up personal wealth during the war, were received with open arms in France, England, Belgium, Italy,—wherever they went. They were welcomed as spenders and were hailed as Americans. As Americans they lived up to the tradition of the boasting Yankee only too well. They were of the type that inspired Sinclair's "Babbitt." They belonged to the Booster's Club back home, and of course they felt that they were in duty bound to advertise the old home town. They were required to show the Londoner the defects of London. They must point out to the Parisian the disadvantages of not having trees in the back alleys of Paris. They must boast of the new church they are building back in Zenith, while they admit that the Cathedral of Milan is a nice church, too. They must boost themselves and theirs, and everyone and everything else appear small and insignificant in contrast. Is it any wonder that the American tourist became a nuisance in the eyes of the European, even though his pocketbook could not be dispensed with?

Again as a spender the tourist was a success,—flashing money here and there. "Nothing is good enough for me. Give me the best you have. I have the money to pay for it." Such an attitude might be an excellent tonic for the purse of the hotel manager, the shopkeeper, or other merchant, but not for his nerves. He might have been able to laugh at "these Americans" and their oddities for a while, but their bragging soon overwhelmed him. As a friend, he was glad to see that they had money to spend, for it meant money for him, and then, they were his friends. When their boorishness poisoned him against them, and good-will gave way to ill-will, he became envious of them. He begrudged them their wealth. Here were braggarts, show-offs, snobs, while he was impoverished by the war.



On top of this came the war debt controversy. Whatever one might think of America's financial policy toward Europe, as to its display of mercy or lack thereof, there is no doubt as to its justice. A loan is a loan and there is no injustice done in demanding payment. But to the French sense of perception, the matter appeared in a different light: thousands of Americans throwing away money, thousands of the wealthy advertising their wealth among the poor, inciting envy because they enjoy being envied, praising themselves, deriding others; and then to be asked to pay these fools more money,—what a request! Of course the European logic was fallacious in considering these Americans as typical of American life. The war-made baron of America is no more the average American citizen than is Babbitt the typical American business man. One would never infer the latter premise from a perusal of Sinclair Lewis' novel. How can Europe be expected to infer the former from the view of American life she has had? Europe is not to blame here. We are at fault for not having sent real Americans abroad to counteract the evil influences of the others. Our recently discovered ambassador of goodwill, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, by his conquest of Europe and Mexico has proved it. His thrilling flight placed him in the public eye, and when Europe had a good glimpse of real Americanism, our stock went soaring. In him we have found a restorative for goodwill.

Our Ace of Hearts is of a retiring nature. His byword, "We," sounds the keynote of his character. He is a living illustration of the value of the suppressed **ego**. He is great not because of the great things he has done, but because he is greater than his accomplishments. The great are immune from the attacks of their enemies because they scorn them. They receive a petty blow on one cheek and then turn the other. They do not answer the criticism of their enemies with excuses and counter-replies. They weigh the opinions of others on themselves and value them as opportunities to see themselves as others see them. They seek the highest kind of wisdom, self-knowledge.

Had Socrates died upon uttering the aphorism, "Know thyself," his life would not have been in vain. The utterance gives us the formula for greatness. It involves a two-fold study: subjective and objective. Self-study is the former, but the other must be made through our friends or enemies. America can learn much about herself through her critics, if

she but ceases to regard them as mere destructive fault-finders. Patriotism is an emotion to be admired, but it should not be so great as to blind us to our national imperfections. Patriotism is analogous to self-love. When excess creeps in, its value creeps out. If patriotism makes us see our country as already perfect, above reproach, infallible and incapable of doing wrong, it is to be avoided. But if it stirs up in us the desire to see our faults so that we may correct them, we profit by it. Patriotism in excess blinds us. In moderation, it supplies the incentive for improvement. Then, when we welcome criticism, when we turn the other cheek as it were,—then do we welcome light. Patriotism in the true order makes us seek the way of progress. Criticism accepted, makes us see the road. The two together make for national greatness.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.





## *The Comedy Is Finished*

**I**T was a winter night in New York, the night of the last day of the year. As if in harmony with the fact that this night marked the death of the old year, the general air was one of depression. The weather which hitherto had held crisp and cold, had unaccountably moderated. It had become almost warm; warm with the chilling warmth of a tomb. The snow, which before had decked the city streets with such a lovely, white garment, had started to melt and now lay about in slushy, dirty piles and dark, evil-looking pools. All served to carry out the idea of senility and decay. From the dirty masses of melted snow, there had arisen a dense fog, lowering over the city, blotting out the features of the most familiar landscapes.

Against this barrier of fog, the brilliantly lighted lobby of the Metropolitan seemed to send forth its rays of radiance in vain. The dense pall seemed to stretch forth tangible fingers to crush out what little light there was in the glowing electric bulbs, turning what was ordinarily the most brilliant radiance into a ghostly, yellow glimmering. Into the most remote corners the fog seemed to penetrate; it even seemed to dull the brilliantly lighted sign-board over the entrance, which vainly sought to acquaint passersby with the fact that "I Pagliacci" was the opera attraction there for the night.

Despite the heaviness of the night, an apparently unbroken flow of people was making its way through the yellow lozenge of light, into the mysteries beyond. Bejeweled matrons, ponderously descending from elegant limousines; exquisitely gowned and robed ladies, hands resting on the arms of equally well-dressed escorts; men and women, not so well dressed, but (one felt) just as cultured, if not more so, driving up in taxis. Some are laughing and chatting, happy in each other's company; some are filled with happy expectation at thought of the musical treat in store; some are passive, taking a visit to the opera as a matter of course; some are frankly bored; while over all broods the lowering mantle of the fog.

Apart from the main stream, flowing into the main portals, there is a smaller stream, making its way into the entrance to the second gallery seats—people, who cannot afford to pay the high prices, asked for orchestra and first balcony seats, professional musicians, students. These people are more varied, and are more interesting types. Here an over-rouged young girl, dressed in a style, which one might characterize as bohemian or “arty”; there a wild-eyed young man, with flowing tie, to match his flowing conversation; there a stolid, bespectacled young man, one hand clutching a number of musical scores, the other carefully treasuring his ticket of admission. This last mentioned youth espying someone, hastens to meet him, exclaiming: “Hello, Professor, what are you doing here tonight? I thought you’d be over at Symphony Hall, listening to the first performance of your symphony. Do you have your ticket yet? If you don’t, I . . .”

“Yes! Yes!” the person addressed interrupted, adding in a gruff tone: “I’m quite all right. Leave me alone.” Bewildered and hurt, the first speaker turned away, wondering at the rudeness of his acquaintance.

The latter, giving his slouch hat a tug, resumed his slow progress up to his seat in the second gallery. He is not a remarkable individual by any means; of average height and weight, with nondescript features, his clothes and general appearance shabby and characterizing him in some subtle way as a musician. His expression, however, is arresting. It is of a peculiar intensity, the eyes burning with a mad light; the lips twisted in a sardonic smile, that would seem to portray bitterness, rather than amusement. Every once in a while he mutters to himself: “Pagliacci, the Fool, a fit opera for my mood tonight. Fools, all fools.” Still muttering, he took his seat in the gallery, without the formality of removing his overcoat; for up in the gallery, segregated from the light and cheer of the lower floors, the fog would seem to have found ingress, depressing the spirits and chilling the bones of the onlookers.

And here, while the professor awaits the opening bars of the opera, we find time to go back into his history a bit and perhaps find out the reason of his presence here on this night of all nights.

Professor Joseph Means, for that was his name, was, as we have guessed, a teacher of music and arranger of orchestral scores by profession, by choice a composer. The life of



Professor Means, at least in his own eyes, was tragic; he was a failure. Yet judged by worldly standards, he was successful enough; a bachelor of some means, whose arrangements of orchestra numbers were always in demand, and a music teacher with quite a sizable class of pupils. The worst thing people could accuse him of was mediocrity. And yet it was this very mediocrity that galled him; mediocrity was the iron that burnt into his soul. For Professor Means imagined that in his heart there burned the fire of genius; he was possessed with the irresistible desire to create, to write new music such as had never before been heard, that would rock the emotions of people long after he had passed away. To write one worthwhile symphony was all that he asked from life. Money he had no wish for, he could earn more than enough for his simple needs by teaching, and arranging orchestrations. At this he was extremely proficient. His very proficiency irked him at times; that he whose sole desire was to create, should only be successful at the hackwork of his profession. To him, harmonizing other people's melodies, was like a Rodin carving a masterpiece out of cheese. How he hated it!

He would muse sometimes on his failure, and wonder why success so consistently eluded him. He could not fathom the reason of it. God knows, it had not been from lack of endeavor, or even of talent. His mind was teeming with mighty harmonies that sought only setting down on paper; ravishing melodies, such as the world had never heard before were there, as were startling innovations, stupendous symphonies. Sometimes he had them almost at his fingertips, but when the time came to set them down on paper, there was nothing but banalities. What had he not sacrificed at the shrine of music? He reviewed his whole life dedicated to music study and culture. As a child he had never known the joys of childish laughter and play; his time had been spent stooped over the keyboard of a piano. Chasing the will-o'-the-wisp that glimmered on the pathway before him, he had sacrificed everything—his youth, love, even his God. The only romance that had entered into his barren life, he had cast aside in favor of the opportunity of spending five years at a European musical conservatory. When he thought of this lost romance, it was with a guilty conscience. How easily he could recall the stricken face of the girl he was about to marry, when he told her in so many words that the marriage had to be called off because he found it was hindering his career. He remembered how she had

received the news without a word; he remembered the stricken, tear-filled eyes. Had he been right? Sometimes he wondered. What was it that dammed up the torrents of music that he felt were raging in his soul? Could it be that he had sacrificed too much? That he had been selfish in his sacrifice? That he had sacrificed that which was not his to sacrifice? Good music is the expression of life. Could it be that he who had never known life was incapable of expressing it?

At any rate, he had made one last attempt to prove to himself whether he could write music or not. It was a symphony in C Major. He intended it to be the expression of the onward rushing current of modern life, something new, something original. He had started it with zeal, with ideas and harmonies teeming in his mind. Yet when he had finished it ardor had cooled and there had arisen in his mind the inevitable question as to whether it was really as great as he would have liked it to be. Deep down in his soul he had the suspicion that it, too, was mediocre, platitudinous. Savagely he crushed out this doubt and put himself to the task of having it tried out at Symphony Hall. All his money he spent to this end. This, however, was not enough. To make up the deficit he did something that he had never allowed himself to do before; he composed melodies for some jazz ballads that had been submitted to him for that purpose and which he had at first consigned to the waste-paper basket. However, in a burst of ironic cynicism he had fished them out again, and had poured forth in their composition all the trashy and commonplace melodies he could think of. The advance payments from these gave him enough money to have his symphony performed. At thought of how he had got this money, sometimes his conscience revolted. For the sake of money, even for a good cause, he had prostituted his art to the base usages of jazz. He shuddered as some of the words of these ballads ran through his mind: "Just a little petting," "Take me back to my old Virginia Mammy," "Hey, Hey . . . . She knows how . . . . She's some baby . . . ."

Well, at any rate, the job was done now; his symphony was to be played that night, the last night in the year. With a curious lack of courage, he found himself unable to hear his own symphony played, lest he have his fears as to its mediocrity confirmed. He chose instead to wait until he should read the criticism in the newspaper. Meanwhile, in an ironic mood, he had come to hear the presentation of that famous

opera, "I Pagliacci," which means the punchinello, the clown, the buffoon, or in a harder signification, the fool.

Professor Means, in his second gallery seat, pulled his coat collar higher around his neck. When we left him he was calling everybody fools. By this time he had narrowed down his field and was calling himself a fool for deluding himself with vain longings and aspirations, looking to heights that were beyond him.

His meditations were interrupted by the opening bars of the opera; the dingy golden curtains of the Metropolitan arose, and the age old story of Punchinello began to unfold itself before him. With intensity, with a sort of fascination he watched the progress of the tragi-comedy. Who does not know that traditional tale, the story of a clown who is compelled to laugh even though his heart is breaking, and to enact on the stage the very tragedy that is happening to him in real life, and to act it in a burlesque fashion so as to incite laughter. He must play the part of a clown, Pagliaccio in a comedy in which his wife, playing the part of Columbine, runs off with Harlequin, knowing that in actuality his wife is planning to desert him. "Laugh fool, laugh fool," rings out the chorus around the poor befuddled clown. Finally, he can stand the irony of the situation no longer and plunges his knife into the heart of both his wife and her lover. Sobered by what he has done, he drops the dripping knife to the stage and blunders out the words, "The comedy is finished."

Hardly waiting for the end of the production, Professor Means hastened from the theater. His brain was in as bad a muddle as that of the clown in the show; the strain of writing the symphony was beginning to tell on him. In his ears rang two exclamations: "Laugh fool" and "The comedy is finished." He could not seem to get them out of his mind, as he wandered aimlessly along the streets. Strangely enough he found an analogy between himself and the Pagliaccio in the play. He, too, was a clown; he had to turn out music for "She's Some Baby," to laugh raucously, as it were, while his heart was breaking over the defection of his Muse. As he wandered on he began to wonder if his symphony was really a failure as he had expected it to be. He knew the papers would be out in a few hours; he did not know whether he would have the courage to buy one. On and on he wandered. One hour, two hours passed. At length he came to a news-stand and bought

a paper. Turning the pages, he found the item he wanted. A minute's almost listless scrutiny, and he let the paper drop from his hand. This is what he saw: "Means' Symphony in C Major, which had its initial performance this evening, while showing traces of good workmanship and a solid knowledge of orchestration, proved to be banal and somewhat ordinary in its content. Its themes and treatments were marked by a decided lack of originality and we fear that this symphony is fated never to pass beyond the manuscript stage."

For a long time Professor Means wandered the streets; at least, it seemed a long time to him. His brain was in a curious jumble. Everything seemed to be laughing at him, bidding him to join in their demoniac laughter; his lost youth, the love he had rejected, the men who had played his symphony, the critics, all seemed to rise up and point at him the finger of derision. Wearily he wandered on through the fog, every now and then slowly brushing the back of his hand across his forehead as though to clear from his brain the fog that was settling in it. Every once in a while he would mutter to himself: "The comedy is ended. Is the comedy ended? The . . . . comedy . . . . ended . . . ."

At last habit lead him to the door of his apartment. Wearily he inserted his key into the lock. What was this? Lights . . . . a table spread as if for a banquet . . . . people . . . . voices: "Happy New Year. Congratulations, Professor Means. Hurrah! Here's the Professor now. Success." Was this part of his illusion. No, people were divesting him of his overcoat, leading him to the head of the table around which they were all gathered. He saw then that they were his pupils and one stranger. Glasses were raised for a toast. "Wait," he almost shouted, "you don't understand. My symphony was a failure."

"O that thing," voices chorused. "Show him, Al," this to the stranger.

Al arose and walked around to the professor. "Professor Means," he said, "I am commissioned by my company to deliver to you this check for \$30,000, royalties from your song. I am further instructed to congratulate you on your success, and to say that my company is willing to handle any other songs you may write."

"What songs?" asked the professor, in bewilderment.



"Why, 'She's Some Baby.' Let me congratulate you on your success. I . . . ." That is all the further he got. With a convulsive movement the professor snatched the check from the speaker's hands. "Success, you fools. Success," he cried. And then a strange thing happened. Something seemed to happen to the professor; a look of sardonic merriment came over his face and from his mouth there issued gales of laughter. Such laughter!—demoniac—hysterical—the laughter of the Paggiaccio in the play. The guests, silenced, cowered in their places. Still laughing, the professor turned and hastened, coatless and hatless, through the door. Those of his guests who were bold enough to follow him to the door, heard his laughter, high-pitched and eery, long after his form had melted into the fog.

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There is in the Crawford Home for the Insane an old man who has the appearance of a musician. When anyone approaches him he will turn to them with wild eyes, crying out the admonition: "Laugh, fool." He will then follow his own admonition by breaking into hysterical laughter. Just as suddenly as the laughter started, it will cease; the old man will grab your arm confidentially and mutter into your ear: "She's Some Baby," but more often the enigmatical and puzzling words: "The comedy is finished."

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

## *That Innocent Fakery*



MICHAEL AHERN is dead ; there is nothing particularly newsy about that since he has been dead for nearly a year. Mrs. O'Leary's cow is also dead ; she has been dead since 1871 and has been news ever since. Not meaning to infer that there has ever existed any similarity, physical or otherwise, between Ahern and the cow, and hereby apologizing to him for the circumstances which make it necessary for them to be brought together so unseemly, it is well to say for the purpose of the discussion that Ahern was a particularly good newspaper man and Mrs. O'Leary's milch was also a particularly good cow.

Now the point is : two or three years before he died Ahern confessed that he was one of three Chicago reporters who invented the story that a cow, the property of Mrs. O'Leary, had started the great Chicago fire of 1871 by kicking over a lighted lantern, thus absolving the poor bovine of all complicity and clearing up a great mystery.

Even though it is now known for a certainty that spontaneous combustion in the haymow did the damage, and even though it proves the cow now celebrated in song and story guiltless, there is another side to the story. It brings to light another of the "innocent fakes" springing from the characteristic urge of the American journalistic press to make a story better than it warrants, and which even though done in the spirit of play to add to the gaiety of the nation, have also seriously confused history, and more seriously have done great injustices to individuals and causes.

An editorial writer related not long ago that many of the brilliant and witty sayings attributed to the old Congressman during his long term were unknown to the late "Uncle Joe" Cannon until he saw them in print. A like circumstance of gentle fakery.

"Only a few years ago," he said, "this writer heard the former Speaker address a gathering of newspaper men in these terms: 'I owe to the Washington correspondents' corps my reputation as a wit and critic. When I came to Washington I learned that you men possessed the magic power of making fame for men in public life. Some of your number discovered that Joe Cannon enjoyed publicity and would never repudiate any newspaper story. So, for a quarter of a century, I have

been quoted on every conceivable subject, although I have really given few interviews. It has not been necessary for you to consult me as to my opinion. You knew about where I stood and you have made me say what you thought I would say. Sometimes I have been a trifle shocked by the words you have put in my mouth, but I always "stood pat." For instance, during the war, a reporter made me say that the army officers who remained at Washington to conduct the business necessary to the operations overseas, "wore spurs to keep their feet from sliding off their roll-top desks." That little sally went across the country and caused amusement among some critics of the war administration, but it was a deep indignity and complete injustice to hundreds of men in uniform who managed the war campaign from Washington and naturally wore the conventional uniforms of officers.

" 'I regretted that particular quotation,' the aged politician added, 'but until this minute I have never complained to you, the real authors of my fame.' "

A number of historians, and particularly teachers of the subject, openly doubt that many of our glorified characters of the past who so frequently stimulate youthful imaginations with their stirring utterances, ever used the words which we find between the quotation marks of romantic and idealistic compilers of history.

It does seem a bit more probable to the average modern that Mad Anthony Wayne used an inelegant epithet, which would not have looked well in print, when calling for the surrender of Ticonderoga, rather than "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

And without agreeing entirely with Major Rupert Hughes and his "humanized" history of the great man, we can still hold our private opinion of the cherry tree story, as well as the Green Mountain Boy's stirring episode and the likelihood of Molly Starke becoming a widow, her oft quoted husband to the contrary.

More recently, although the writer, along with a number of other modern evils, did not exist at that particular momentous period of our history, take the Spanish-American War. Did Dewey, at the Battle of Manila Bay, say laconically, "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley!"? It is hard to say, and that is another historic incident which has been denied, but of course if you are so minded you can hold to your guns like a modern murder-case lawyer holds to a threadbare story.

And someone will ask: "Did George F. Baer, head of the coal operators during the great industrial conflict of 1901-2, refer to the 'divine right of property?'" Most likely not, is the answer, since he denied it, but thanks to the power of the press, which this discussion by no means wishes to cast into disrepute, he went to his grave known as "Divine Right Baer."

In the final analysis, it would not require the efforts of a genius to prove that all this does not greatly matter, and that whether Mrs. O'Leary's cow or spontaneous combustion in the haymow started the fire is of little moment to the vast majority today, excepting the cases of a few purists who wish things to be told as they are and not as they seem to fanciful reporters. Still, it does prove that some mighty few words have started some mighty big discussions, to say nothing whatsoever of wars. And we might add, that even though a tendency has been shown in that direction, there is still a number of newshounds who could learn that facts and straight reporting produce copy stranger than fiction. The moral being, that the nation must play, at any or anyone's cost.

GEORGE A. KELLY, A. B., '31.







# SANCTUM

## EDITORIALS

### *Education Among the Ancients*



GREEK education was in theory perhaps superior to all other types. Its purpose was to perfect man to his own nature. Therefore, artificiality or unnatural attainment, however prodigious, was not sought. Since the ideal was "to see big," the man should perfect his own attitude towards external objects rather than physically control the objects. By subjecting himself to higher laws he could enlarge his liberty and expand his vision, the depth and span of which were alone important. Although subscribing to Emerson's sentiment: "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind," the Grecian mind was not such an "all in all" as to lead one to spurn action. It led to action; but to an action that would rather bring the external world into conformity with human natural rights, than subvert any part of it in relation to the person acting.

The Roman took a more ego-centric view of education. He was a seeker after the extrinsic in the sense that he over-valued appearance in relation to substance. Impelled by a desire "to look big" he sought control over external circumstances. Virgil was never less a Roman than when he said that all things might be conquered by enduring. Rome placed emphasis upon physical prowess; strength and bravery were confused, as were weakness and restraint. Strength, aggressiveness, craft, determination and, above all, material success were motive purposes of Roman education.

Although Grecian education aimed far higher than the Roman, except in its heyday, it did not strike materially higher.

Its valued theory lacked the will to practice, and for this reason modern America, with its desire of "getting things done" and avoiding "being done," has followed on the road of the Roman, while paying lip service to the Greek.

LEROY MARSO, A. B., '29.

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## *Our University Library*



WHEN we think what an important part a complete, centralized reference library plays in the life of the ordinary college student, we cannot help remarking a deficiency in this regard at Duquesne. Of course, we have a library, or rather a number of separate libraries. These are individually very good, but they involve many difficulties. What an advantageous thing it would be to group all these together under one roof. Recently the university acquired additional holdings in the vicinity. It is to be hoped that in the near future there will be at Duquesne a reference library, completely equipped and easily accessible to all the students.

The advantages of such a course are obvious. Yet it will not hurt to mention a few of the most obvious ones. A library containing the reference books of the entire school would lend itself more readily to cataloguing than the present system. It would do away with much of the bother which separate libraries and different systems entail. Inasmuch as a competent group of librarians could be maintained, it would obviate the annoyance of lost and misplaced books. Every book would always be readily available to the student instead of inaccessible, as is now sometimes the case. Moreover, the space these individual reference rooms now occupy could be used to better advantage for class rooms, or student government meeting rooms, or even publication offices.

It would be well worth the money and time put into the effort, if the various organizations would get behind a movement to promote and help finance a university library. To what more useful purpose could some good American money be put?

As a topic of discussion for the new year, we suggest this to our many campus clubs, fraternities and other groups.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

## Our Reading



HOW to read is as important as what to read. The fact that it is unthinkable to try to read all the books that have been written, makes it necessary that what books we do read be digested. Like so many "expert skippers," we are ever tempted to fool the author by reading only the high spots. Now this scheme might be of use if we are trying to hang up a record for number of books read, but such a course does not offer the fruits intended by the author. We are wise in getting out of a mean situation, but otherwise there is no use in missing things which we shouldn't.

To read well, we must not only understand what is said but we must analyze and compare. What a writer thinks may not be our opinion, and then it is our duty to think out the right conclusion from both points of view.

We must clearly understand the intent of each sentence. How many of us do? We hurriedly read a page and run on to the next. This is typical of a shop-girl reading one of the "red-hot" stories of the daily paper, but it should not be the policy of a college man. If we each had but five or six good books, with no possibility of getting more, then we would read each book right. Every thought contained in these books would be sought out and digested and we would have learned much and well. It often comes to my mind, that although Lincoln had his few ragged books and a dim firelight, he got more from these than we get from our overflowing libraries and electric lights.

EDWARD J. MONTGOMERY, A. B., '30.

## *Duquesne Day by Day*



IN a recent issue of the "Duke," John Stafford proposed a system of rewarding the students who take an interest in student activities, and who are willing to give their time to support anything that will enhance Duquesne's reputation. By this system, anyone who earns ten units or more will be awarded an honorary key. The Student Senate liked this plan so well that it was accepted without a dissenting vote. Possibly a few minor changes will be made, but the plan as a whole is to become an annual thing. It should stimulate interest among those who have not taken student affairs seriously heretofore, and thus relieve the burdens of the score or so who have had to carry nearly everything on their own shoulders. The students who hope to win a key cannot neglect their academic work, for a recommendation from their Dean is necessary for the award.

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Back in the good old days of the American Colonies, when anything of interest or importance happened, the town crier would parade through the streets ringing a bell and cry out, "Hear ye! Hear ye!" Then he would tell the news. Here at school we are unable to do this in the halls, due to disciplinary restrictions, so we have to use pen and paper to distribute the news. We are using this means of letting anyone who reads this column know a few of the details of the Year Book.

In the first place, we are going to have one, and a good one. In the second place, it is to be edited by the Junior Class, although members of other classes will assist. John C. Stafford, a Junior of the College of Arts, has been elected editor-in-chief. He is capable and hard-working and has had considerable experience in journalism, both with the various school papers and with the city daily papers.

White was elected business manager. He is studying Accounts and Finance now, so he should be a good one. He has already completed some of the preliminary work in the business end. No grass under his feet! Dan Makagon, a



Pharmacy student, is the advertising manager. He'll have to know how to advertise when he opens up his drug store, so he may as well get his experience young. These three will select their own assistants, so anyone who wants a place on the staff should apply to them. Those who work the hardest and get the best results will be the ones chosen for the general staff.

This Year Book will be the deciding factor in the question of whether or not Duquesne University will have an annual book. The last one, two years ago, was not successful, and if this one goes under it will probably be the last attempt. There is no reason why this school should not be able to do what smaller ones can, so it's up to every Duke (and Duchess) to help with the best he can offer. We have the officers, we have the students; all we need is the cooperation.

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On Sunday night, December 11, the Senior Class defeated the Juniors in a debate concerning Mayor Thompson's educational policy. The Seniors, represented by Joseph Bodnar and Jack Lambert, defeated "Big Bill's" ideas, and John Desmond and Michael Dravecky opposed them. Even though the Seniors won, they did not have it all their own way; on the contrary, they had a fight on their hands up to the last minute, and many said it was the best debate of the year.

Although debates are held nearly every Sunday night, they are poorly attended, and, unless they are to die out altogether, some way of stimulating interest will have to be found. No speaker can give his best before an almost empty hall. It seems almost a waste of time for a student to spend hours in searching through libraries for material and in composing and memorizing his speech, only to have it fall on the ears of fifty or sixty listeners, many of whom are children. Then, too, the present system of debating, whereby the first speaker on the affirmative is allowed to speak twice, is in many cases unfair to the negative side. That this is the case is evidenced by the fact that the majority of debates are won by the affirmative, often by unanimous decisions. Now this is not the fault of the system; rather is it the fault of the way the system is conducted. The original agreement was that each speaker was to speak an equal length of time. The first speaker on the affirmative, however, was to be allowed to apportion his time over two separate periods; his main speech at the begin-

ning of the debate, his rebuttal at the end. This is absolutely fair, inasmuch as the same length of time is allotted to each side. Furthermore, since every speaker has an opportunity for rebuttal, except the first affirmative, it is only fair that he be given that opportunity. Let me illustrate. Take a debate in which four speakers participate and allow each man to speak ten minutes. The first speaker on the affirmative, however, instead of taking his ten minutes all at once, will spend seven minutes at the beginning of the debate and three minutes at the end, thereby making up his ten minutes. What could be fairer than this? To my mind, it is the sanest system in operation in any college that I know; an original system that other schools would do well to follow. However, our system has fallen into evil ways. The reason for this is that the time limit has not been enforced. Naturally, if each speaker takes his allotted time in the debate, and then the first affirmative is given as much additional time as he wants, there is a strong balance in favor of the affirmative. I have known an affirmative speaker, on making a rebuttal, to use as much as ten extra minutes. This is not just. It is, in fact, an abuse. However, the remedy for it is simple. Force each speaker to stay strictly within the time limit. This will have an additional advantage. It will force the other speakers on the debate to stay within the time limit. Thereby, the speeches will be shorter and to the point, and often the audience will be spared the half hour ramblings of some of our embryo filibusterers. Also, some of the debates will lose much of their boring and soporific qualities. This is a good point to consider. And while on the topic, it might be said that it would be a good idea to choose more debatable questions. If these three things: a lack of interest, an unfair system, and uninteresting subjects, can be rectified, debating at Duquesne University might attain the position and prominence it had several years ago.

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The Duchess Club gave its annual play on Thursday and Friday nights, December 15 and 16. Those who have attended plays in the University auditorium in the past and who attended this play, certainly had the surprise of their lives, what with the new stage, the new scenery, new lights and new orchestra pit. The name of the play was "Sally and Company," written by Kenyon Nicholson. It was directed by Doctor Clinton E. Lloyd, and the cast was much the same as the one which appeared in "The Stone Lady," the Duchess Club play

of last year. Rosemary Hanlon, heroine of the story, gave her usual intelligent and spirited performance. The juvenile roles were skillfully and lightly played. John D. Holohan amply filled the role of a villainous and hard-boiled heavy. In passing, it might be noted that John is certainly growing to fit these heavy roles. Outstanding in the character roles, was the maid who lightened and gave color to the piece by her natural vigorous portraiture of the small town maid. Balance was lent to the whole play by the messenger boy, evidently a gentleman of parts. To be noted in a play, put on in so unpretentious a fashion, were the lighting effects and the "pictures"; the dance scene, particularly caught my eye. A girl in back of me remarked that this was lovely. She was right. The props and stage furniture in general were of a remarkable excellence. I don't think any better could have been had. The scene shifting was done in lightning fashion; and I have it on the authority of Doctor Lloyd, that the intermissions would be still shorter, if the actors could change their costumes more rapidly. The orchestra, in the new pit, under the direction of Professor Joseph Rauterkus, rounded out the performance with an excellent overture and some light numbers between the acts.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.



## Book Forum

### THAT MAN HEINE—By Louis Browne



HIS excellent biography of the Jewish poet, Heinrich Heine, a poet destined to be considered the greatest poet of Germany, has many things to commend it. It is one of the few biographies that has a judicial point of view. It certainly treats Heine in a sympathetic fashion, but the author's admiration does not blind him to the patent defects in the character of Heine. Yet it should be observed that occasionally the biographer lets his bias towards Catholicism leak out and this shows that Mr. Browne himself has his pet aversions.

Hilaire Belloc, in a book treating about Jews, said that one of the strangest characteristics of Jews is their absolute devotion to their work, whether it be poetry, banking, or the junk business. A Jewish banker thinks of nothing but money, and a Jewish poet will ignore all but the poetic muse.

Such a poet was Heinrich Heine. He sacrificed all to be a poet. His life was a life of total misery. The flashes of intermittent joy in his life were few and far between. Scarcely any man today, even the most decrepit and destitute, would have cared to live as did Heine. Much of his misery was due to himself. He was a hypochondriac, a neurotic of the most exaggerated sort. He was a weakling, both morally and physically. The words of Juvenal could aptly be applied to him: "A weak voluptuary strong in lust alone." His early life was far from edifying. The words of St. Augustine come to mind: "O Thou, only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied Providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires." He was caddish, mean, temperamental, servile when necessary, foolish, captious and all that a man shouldn't be. As a man he was a complete failure; as a poet he was a glorious success.

This strange being was born at Dusseldorf in 1797. He was a dreamer from his earliest days. His father was a weakling, but his mother was a woman of great powers of intellect and will power. He attended a Hebrew school and later a



Franciscan one. Thus he was trained in both religions. This was to cause him the greatest misery. From that time on he was an outcast. The tragedy of his life was that "he didn't belong." He was a pariah.

Through the aid of his uncle Solomon, a man of immense riches, and a man who scarcely deserved any of the censure Heine heaped upon him, he was enabled to attend schools at Bonn, Gottingen, and Berlin. He went to these schools to study law, but he spent most of his time writing poetry. Finally the time came to get his degree, and with Jewish expediency he allowed himself to be baptized a Christian. In no other way could he get the degree. All this time his emotional life was colored by "*affaires d'amour*," which he chronically had.

In 1826, he published his "Travel Pictures," and this gained him considerable attention. In them was evident that satirical strain that made him so much like Pope. In his "Baths of Lucca," he descended to great depths of immorality. In 1831, he came to France and was destined to die here. Heine, at this time, expressed an idea common to intellectual fools, anent the "dying" Catholic Church: "We may well believe that the Christian Catholic view of the world has reached its end." Still the old Church moves on in its majestic way. In 1834, a great misfortune happened to Heine; he got married. Her name was Mathilde. She was the direct antithesis of the poet. She was an ignorant, slovenly boor. She was working in a shop, when Heine first met her, and was indeed rather pretty, but later she became unpleasantly fat. She never found out that "her Heine" was a Jew. But with all her faults the poet loved her faithfully. Who can explain the vagaries of genius?

A story is told by a guest of Heine's which explains well the character of dear Mathilde:

"'It smells,' I replied. But the words were hardly out of my mouth before Mathilde, picking up the platter on which the pike was swimming in its gravy, threw it in my face! She might have broken my nose, had not the fish softened the blow. I was speechless.

"'Well,' said Heine, 'she must love you very much to let herself go so far!'

"And Mathilde wiped me off with her napkin, laughed, and asked my pardon for her liveliness. That was the sort of thing she called liveliness!"

The unhappy man's fatal illness first struck him in 1848. Before this, he was at times affected by paralysis of one arm, and trouble with one eye. Now in a miserable hovel he was dying: "One does not recall a single chapter in all the history of letters quite so heroic and sad as this of Heine's last years of literary creation. One eye was totally blind, and the other, already very weak, he could use only when he held up the lid with his fingers. His lips were so paralyzed that, as he himself used to say, he could not hiss at even one of Scribe's plays. His limbs had shrunk till they were no larger than a child's, and he could stir them hardly an inch. Through repeated burnings with poultices and irons, his back had become one great wound into which opium had to be sprinkled repeatedly to deaden the pain."

I admit that his early life disgusted me, but if he lived a coward's life he died a hero's death. His fortitude, in bearing the pains of the damned for more than eight years, took from me all dislike and left only sympathy and admiration. "Between 1849-51, Heine dictated a whole volume of verses, the "Romancere," which proved to be the apogee of his poetic achievement. Every phase of his extraordinary genius was revealed in it. When one realizes that the work was produced by a half-blind man who was almost visibly rotting away to a cadaver, one is overcome with awe."

In 1856, the end came to this fitful wanderer. "The fires died down in his eyes; the bloodless lips no longer curled. The smile of Mephisto was gone, and only the sweet benignity of the Nazarene suffused the face of the poet. For his exile was ended, he was at home at last—he belonged."

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., 28.



## See Breezes



T has been brought to our attention that quite a few of our regular subscribers failed to receive a copy of the **Monthly** last August, which is not strange, inasmuch as no issue is published in August. But why is no issue published in August? The more serious thought and attention we give to this matter, the more we are convinced that a grave injustice is being perpetrated on all concerned. It is unjust to the subscribers and advertisers, who certainly do not get their money's worth in only ten issues. It is unjust to us of the **Monthly** staff, who are thereby deprived of an added opportunity to let off steam, and a possible chance of having someone read what we write. It is unjust to August, a nice, inoffensive little month who never did anybody any harm. We feel that reparation should be made to our readers, at least, and we have therefore, out of the pure charity and altruism of our heart, determined to give you in the space allotted to us here a sort of miniature **Monthly**, in order to bury all hard feelings and let you know of what the August **Monthly** would have consisted if it had been published, and why. Also how.

Our August number will open with a little poem of about four stanzas, expressing the prevailing spirit of the season, and the sentiments it ought to inspire in the poetic soul. The poem will be written by Thomas F. Henninger, A. B., '28, the Editor-in-Chief of the **Monthly**. Since the fade-out of T. Murray O'Donnell, Mr. Henninger has been compelled to write these keynote poem himself. That's a shame, boys and girls! To overwork your editor so! Have you no school spirit?

### To August

Oh torpid scion of a monthly race,  
July has passed. With you we're face to face,  
For man 'twould seem you know just what is best—  
Rest, rest, and rest, calm sleep, and then a rest.  
A month of languid drifting down a stream  
And placid reading on a sun-baked rock,  
And oh! the sorrow when they sound your knell!  
The bell that sounds it rings at nine o'clock!

We have omitted the second and third stanzas at the editor's request. Now it must always be borne in mind that the **Duquesne Monthly** is the work of students; and as if to prove that, we offer next "Rantin' Political Reverberations," by John Murphy, A. B., '28. Probably you know Mr. Murphy? He's the brother of the high school orator. Being an assistant editor of the **Monthly**, he feels it his duty to write something to help fill it up. Regarding the title of his article: if anyone else were to think over the political situation, we might call his thoughts reflections, but when Mr. Murphy's massive brain turns over, there is always a quite noticeable reverberation. You will find no mistakes in his article, although there may be a few omissions.

### **Rantin' Political Reverberations**

Another month, and no metamorphis has yet been observed in the prodigious number of nonentities and morons who perambulate ponderously, their countenances weighted with a mock importance and gravity, through our political forum. They continue in their unobtrusive manner to be utterly impervious to what unprejudiced observers agree should be considered of paramount and prime importance to the realm. From the lassitude they exhibit toward the Central American situation, one would be quite obligated to surmise that they are under the influence of a soporific or a narcotic. Can it be possible that the cogitations and machinations of that insidious group of fanatics, together with their portentous signification, have failed to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the imbecilic consciousness of these deluded egoists? Has their regard for opulence dulled their perspicacity? They represent the quintessence of asininity. They know nothing of philosophy. Transubstantiation means as little to them as does the idea of an anthropomorphic god. We must accept their fabrications with the proverbial saline grain. Whether we are to consider them paretics, paranoiacs, or victims of senile dementia, time alone can elucidate comprehensively—certainly they are past the adolescent stage. Certain it is that they are victimized in some inexplicable fashion, and we, their constituents, are consequently doubly victimized and defrauded when they remain so absolutely imperiously impervious to what is going on in Guatemala—or was it Brazil?

\* \* \* \*

Inasmuch as all European tourists are doing their touring in the summertime, the usual European travel article had to



be omitted. We proceed to a poem by John Francis McKenna, A. B., '28, of Hazlewood and poetic inclinations. We have forgotten the title of this one:

Said Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.  
"Who do you think just spoke to me?  
None other than Pat Clohessy.  
He says he's gonna make a tree."  
"He must be drunk," says Mrs. C.  
"I smelt his breath," says Mrs. B.,  
"Plain halitosis 'twas to me."  
"Well, how the deuce," says Mrs. C.,  
"Does he think he can make a tree?"  
"With hammer, nails, and wood, says he,"  
Said Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.  
Said Mrs. C. to Mrs. B.,  
"Let's go and see, let's go and see!"  
Well, when they found Pat Clohessy,  
There was no sign of any tree.  
"Ha, ha," they said, "Pat, where's your tree?"  
"There is no need of all your glee.  
You know so much, I made the tree,  
But now it's gone and woe is me,  
Now it is gone, and woe is me!"  
"Where did it go?" asked Mrs. C.  
(The same question was on the tip of the tongue of Mrs.  
B.)  
"A great big lumber company came here and took my  
tree from me."  
"You made a tree, Pat, yes, but how?"  
"I made a tree. You ask me how!  
What do you care I made it how?  
My tree is gone, gone is my tree,  
And WHAT PRICE GLORY NOW?"  
Moral: Help preserve our forests.

\* \* \* \*

Quite a bit of our August issue was taken up by a lengthy article by Mr. Charles Rice, A. B., '30. However, on going over the article now, we were able to find, even with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, only one line and a half of printable matter, said line and a half consisting entirely of periods and commas. We forbear using them here. The printer might run short of them. You never can tell.

To fill in small spaces at the bottom of a page, as well as to lend a certain moral tone to the magazine, the poems of Mr. Raymond Berg, A. B., '28, are always useful. So we have his.

### Little Mary

A child on a corner  
I met a-standing there,  
Her eyes were full of teardrops,  
Her little feet were bare.

"My dear, why are you barefoot?"  
I huskily did say.  
"Because it is the summertime,  
And I like to go that way."

"But, child, why were you crying?"  
I asked the girlie then,  
At which the darling little dear  
Began to cry again.

"Oh, take me to my mother,"  
Is what she wailed and said.  
"Oh, take me to my mother,  
I wish that I was dead."

Now, now, ungentle reader, we know that that is no way to leave off a poem, but can we help it if Mr. Berg writes 'em that way? Enough of this quibbling. Let us proceed to the editorials.

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You are all doubtless familiar with the usual editorials by the Editor himself, who, being the Editor, naturally feels that it is incumbent upon himself to write an editorial. For the August issue he had something to say in the nature of a warning for the students; he impressed upon them that, although they might feel lazy owing to the intense heat of the month, they should not forget the nearness of the opening of school, and, if possible, they would do well to look over their books in advance, so as to be able to start right in at full speed the first day.

Next we have John C. Stafford's "What We Need" editorial. Mr. Stafford (A. B., '29) writes these articles with such inevitable certainty that the Editor is thinking of raising them from the rank of editorials to the dignity of a regular department. But don't speak discouragingly to, or disparagingly of,

Mr. Stafford, boys. He's working for your own good and the good of Duquesne. He knows what he wants, and sometimes he gets it. He wanted a year book, didn't he? And he got it, didn't he? At least, he got permission to go and get it. His August contribution:

### What We Need

There is a matter which perhaps has been noticed only by a few, but which is nevertheless of the greatest importance to the athletic future of Duquesne University. It is a condition which must be remedied if our athletic teams are to get the full benefit out of practice sessions and attain the acme of their physical perfection. Unless it is remedied a great deal of the man power of our football squad will be wasted, and a large portion of the Coach's efforts will go for naught. The trouble is this: our field is too sandy. Perhaps you have noticed that fast halfbacks find it difficult to get a fast start, and that kickers are also harassed. We need a covering of turf; we must have it. And now the question is, you who can give it to us, are we going to get it? It will more than pay for itself in the increased quality of the games for the spectators. It is a necessity, and I repeat, we must have it.

And now for the departments. First, "Duquesne Day By Day," which Mr. Ralph L. Hayes, A. B., '29, is required to concoct. Everybody always knows in advance what is going to be in this column, and consequently nobody bothers reading it. And so, dear friends, we won't bother you with it here.

Michael A. McNally, A. B., '28—possibly—sometimes we wonder—is supposed to be the sporting editor of the Duquesne Monthly, but to look at the column you'd never think it. Why? Well, on most publications the editors sit back and tear to pieces what others write. Here on the **Monthly** it's different; the editors do the writing and then sit back and listen to the razzing. Mr. McNally is a curiosity; he does neither. Wherefore the Sporting Department has become somewhat of an orphan, dependent upon the support of a stepfather in the person of the assistant sporty editor, Mr. Paul Nee, A. B., '29—oh, undoubtedly. He offers you the August

### Sports

The College of Arts Intra-Mural Football Team is looking forward eagerly to their forthcoming engagement with the newly-formed School of Education. The boys all feel confident that they will win a clinching victory.

But say—we can't be making sport of SPORT. That's a serious proposition. Nor does it befit us to belittle the Alumni, who, according to the one we heard last November, are about to get behind us. As for the Exchanges, presided over by the worthy Mr. Walter Apple Barrett, A. B., '29, they were missing from the August issue—as usual.

\* \* \* \*

That leaves "See Breezes," wherein some sappy individual, by writing whatever he pleases, however he pleases, about whomever he pleases, manages to produce a conglomeration that has been officially characterized as, and undoubtedly is, nonsense. This person tries to produce laughter by poking fun at individual personalities, which to our way of thinking, is the lowest possible form of humor, and is to be utterly abhorred and rejected by all noble men. Sometimes the author of "See Breezes" attempts to give tone to his work by reviewing plays and moving pictures in such a fashion that you can't tell whether he has seen them or not. He would probably try to review books, but he reads only his Philosophy books, and everybody knows what's in them. The whole column is very vapid—but others get away with it, so why shouldn't we?

There, there, we're on the defensive. We hadn't meant to say that; it just slipped out. It's just as well, though, since criticising our own column is bad business, especially when we have opposition from a couple of Juniors who are selling hair tonic or something. Besides, we can't candidly belittle our work, for we quite agree with Father Bryan, that we are a very remarkable fellow.

\* \* \* \*

When the door opens and we get a whiff of the air outside we can't quite keep up the illusion that it is August. All in all, let's forget what we have said, and here's wishing you all a happy birthday during 1928.

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26.



## *Alumni Notes*



RAYMOND WILHELM, A. B., '25, after completing two years of Theology in St. Bonaventure's Seminary, New York, heard the call to religious life, and resolves to enter the Holy Ghost Order. On Monday evening, December 12, he left for the Holy Ghost Novitiate, Ridgefield, Connecticut. After one year's novitiate he will go to the Holy Ghost Seminary, Norwalk, Connecticut, where he will find former companions and classmates. We wish him every blessing in the life to which he has been called.

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Alfred W. McCann, LL.D., one of the most renowned, both nationally and internationally, of a host of famed and noted Duquesne Alumni, has just published, through the Devin-Adair Company, a biography of the "Greatest of Men," George Washington. Dr. McCann "has ever been a devoted student of Washington. In this book he rivets the Father of Our Country to the pedestal from which he was all but toppled by some fictioneer-thinkers who,—hyena-like,—dig up the dead as a means to an end,—Cash."

The author of this work will be remembered by many as one of the principal speakers at the laying of the cornerstone of Canevin Hall.

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The Rev. Ralph L. Hayes is one of the most eminent educators in the country. The Pittsburgh Press speaks of him as follows: "Father Hayes is one of the twenty-nine members of the parochial school board of the Pittsburgh Diocese. He was superintendent of the parochial schools of the diocese for nine years, from 1917 to 1926, succeeding Bishop Hugh C. Boyle, who was then a pastor.

"Father Hayes was born in Pittsburgh, attended elementary school at Crafton, and was graduated from Duquesne High School and Duquesne University. He also attended the American University at Rome, Italy, and the Catholic University at Washington, D. C."

We are not yet in a position to indicate where all our law graduates of last June are located. We have heard, directly or indirectly, from some, and are pleased to state that they are doing well in the offices indicated.

Joe Doherty is practicing law with Artemas C. Leslie, Esq., located in the Benedum-Trees Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

George R. Isherwood, Charles H. Fleming and Lewis D. Brown have opened their offices in the new Legal Journal Building, at Grant Street and the Boulevard of the Allies.

James J. Lawler has taken a position in the Legal Department of the Pittsburgh Branch of the Travelers Insurance Company.

Frank T. Ebberts, associated with William H. Walker, former Dean of the School of Accounts, Finance, and Commerce, handles the legal work of the Discount Corporation of Pittsburgh.

John H. Evans has been made head of the Trust Department of the McDowell Bank in Sharon, Pa.

Richard H. Wood is in the Patent Department of the Union Switch and Signal Company, located at Swissvale.

Arthur Pendleton has taken a position with a large law firm in Chicago.

Francis P. McDermott is practicing law in his home town, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania.

C. A. Rogan makes his home in Kingston and practices law in Wilkes-Barre with an established lawyer, Thomas Farrell.

Paul G. Schaefer has opened his office in the State Theatre Building, and is associated with John Lauer.


"Sammy" Weiss seems to be a very busy young lawyer, practicing his profession anywhere and everywhere between Pittsburgh and Glassport.

William D. Markel is associated with Mr. Henninger in Butler, Pa.

James F. Harrington, of last year's graduating class, is athletic director and professor of science in the West Hazelton High School, Hazelton, Pa. He has made a good start in life.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.

## *Side-Line Comment*

 HERE has been much speculation lately concerning the grid card of the Dukes for the coming year. That the Dukes will land a place on the schedule of some team really stellar in the football firmament is the hope of all Duquesne adherents. At present rumors are flying to the effect that Washington & Jefferson College beams favorably on meeting the Red and Black next fall. What such a game will mean to the Dukes is readily apparent, and if the Athletic Board of our neighboring school has any foresight they will do well to arrange such a contest. Apparently they have, if the news coming out of Washington is to receive any consideration.

With so many so-called post-season games this year, the football season has become more or less without any definite duration. Football as far as Duquesne is concerned is over for the present year. When the Dukes returned from the Buckeye State, after losing a hard-fought tussle to Ashland College, Elmer Layden disbanded his promising eleven with the admonition to remain in trim as far as possible until the call for candidates ushers in a new season.

The past season developed more real football teams than was the case for quite some time. Gridiron enthusiasts are agreed that competition and rivalry, while perhaps not producing greater teams, did their share to balance the sport all over the country. The record of our own Dukes may be taken somewhat as an average of what other elevens experienced. The Dukes, as already known, gained an even break by winning four contests, losing four, with the Bethany game ending 7-7. That is not a bad record. Last year the Dukes were not so fortunate, winning but two games and tying one. Yet this year's team was so far superior to the one of last autumn that there is no comparison. The same is true of the elevens Duquesne faced this year. They improved considerably, too. When one remembers this, Duquesne enjoyed a very successful season. The Dukes dropped the first game to St. Bonaventure by two touchdowns. This Olean crew then played Cornell's powerful eleven to a 7-7 standstill. Broadus Col-

lege proved no match for the Bluffmen, being outplayed completely. Geneva, the arch-enemy of the Dukes, followed. Bo McMillin had the same team that walloped the Dukes the year before. They were no better than the previous year, nor were they any worse, which is saying something. There was no upset about this game, the Dukes fought hard but were predestined to lose. A last minute touchdown on Geneva's part ran the score up to 20. A week later Duquesne played Bethany to a tie, following with successive victories over Thiel, Westminster and St. Francis. The last home game of the year saw Waynesburg College on the Bluff. Sensing a climax, one of the greatest football crowds ever gathered on the campus turned out for the melee. Waynesburg had previously lost to Geneva by one touchdown and had held Wash-Jeff to a 13-6 score. Both teams played inspired football during the first half. In the third quarter Dufford caught a forward and raced twenty yards for a touchdown, only to be called back. The Bluffmen were not themselves after that mishap and accordingly went down to their third defeat. Bethany later beat Waynesburg. Ashland ended the year for the Dukes with a 13-12 victory. All things considered, the Dukes did remarkably well. Another year under the leadership of Layden and Weible will bring still greater results. Duquesne, finishing second in the Tri-State Conference, shows that the boys are going somewhere.

### **Basketball**

When the varsity opens the season a few days before Christmas there will be many new faces in the line-up. The familiar stance of diminutive Roy O'Donovan, the technique of Dom De Maria, the finesse of Johnny Serbin, and the daring of "Hooks" Schrading will be seen no more. Who will take the place of this sterling quartet is a question for Davies to solve. Knowing Chick, we can rest assured he will have another real quintet on the floor. The practice sessions that are open to the "public" are no tame affairs. With more candidates out for the team than for the Presidential nomination, Davies is finding trouble in getting together a working combination. Rosenberg, bulwark of last year's team, seems the only player assured of a position. With Captain Jerry Reich on the injured list, and Joe Vernon not himself physically, any of a score of players may get the call. Ganzy Benedict, by his work, shows that he will be hard to keep on the bench. Benedict, so far, is the cream of the lot. Lossman and Sil-



verstein are battling for the center position. Not much has been seen of Murphy this year, but on the face of his showing against the Dukes last year, it will be hard to keep him idle. Stephens, another new recruit, is demonstrating again that size has nothing to do with the antics of a cage-man. Collodi has been tried at various positions and has improved immeasurably. Loftis and Vizza are also showing improved form. Klaber, Pratt, Eastlake, et al., may also get in the combination. As said before, Davies has his hands full, but Chick is equal to the occasion. When the players get on to the Davies' system they will be hard to stop.

The intra-mural league in basketball will again throw the teams of the different departments into combat. The Pharmic cup, coveted prize of the last two years, is now in the hands of Dean Muldoon's men. The campaign last year was as bitterly contested as in 1925, the year of the league's inauguration. The School of Accounts took charge of the cup, after finishing ahead of all contestants that year. Night Accounts and Law, after a year of idleness, will again have a team on the court. The schedule that is in the making should be a merry one. It is whispered about that the Co-eds will also put a team on the floor. Twenty-five or more have been practicing daily, so it begins to look that the tip is well founded. The intra-mural league will have stiff competition if the girls take their basketball seriously.

#### DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Dec.	22—Ohio Wesleyan	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	27—Marietta	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jan.	2—Muskingum	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	7—Thiel	Greenville, Pa.
	10—Bethany	Bethany, W. Va.
	18—American U.	Washington, D. C.
	19—Catholic U.	Washington, D. C.
	24—Waynesburg	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	27—St. Francis	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	31—Westminster	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Feb.	3—Geneva	Beaver Falls, Pa.
	7—Waynesburg	Waynesburg, Pa.
	10—Bucknell	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	14—American U.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	18—C. C. N. Y.	New York, N. Y.
	21—Bethany	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	24—Thiel College	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	28—Westminster	N. Wilmington, Pa.
Mar.	2—Geneva	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	6—Muskingum	New Concord, O.

MICHAEL A. McNALLY, A. B., '28.

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## *Footsteps*

Footsteps in the night can mean,  
So very many things  
That I wonder in the darkness  
As each lonely footfall rings,  
Where the maker of those sounds has been,  
And where he's bound.

Past my window, to and fro,  
Up and down the street they go  
Moving onward in the night.  
A steady walk, a steady tramp,  
A lumbering tread, a faltering stamp.  
Some so weak and some so strong,  
So short, so quick, and some so long.  
And softly other, O so light,  
But dimly pierce the silent night.

Oft this thought their steps repeat,  
What destiny can guide these feet  
Moving up and down the street  
Past my window in the night?

There must be Something up above,  
Someone with an endless love  
Who watches every step that falls  
And guides the walker with soft calls  
Of tender, tempered love with might.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '31.

## *Modern Science*



HERE is scarcely any need to mention the great position science holds today. It is highly respected on all sides, in fact, it is extolled above everything, and to be a scientist is to be a member of the most honored profession in the world. Some sentimental editors are prone to speak of scientists as priests sacrificing before the great God—Science. Our age is proud to call itself, “The Age of Science.”

Now no one but a fool would deny that science deserves a lot of credit for its work. However, there is also a lot of things for which science gets credit which it is undeserving of, and these things should be mentioned.

Our civilization differs from past civilizations, mainly by reason of our mechanical achievements. It is these inventions that have given us prosperity and enabled us to have more leisure and opportunities for enjoyment. Yet all these mechanical inventions on which we pride ourselves: the automobile, electric light, wireless, etc., owe their origin in great part to practical inventors, as Edison and Marconi, and to hard-headed manufacturers like Ford. The latter, with his cheap cars, has enabled men to travel widely and obtain new viewpoints. Edison, with his numerous inventions, has alone virtually made modern civilization.

At the bottom of all our progress we find the brains, not of the “pure” scientists, but of the “uneducated” inventors. Men like Edison, Ford, etc., had little or no scientific education. They did have creative imaginations and active hands. The same in the case of Farady, the great founder of Electricity. In a biography of Maxwell, the pure scientist, there is a letter written to him by Farady, asking him to be less mathematical and more practical, in his explanations. Yet these same infertile scientists, who admit that their chief aim is the purely theoretical, have ever looked down upon the active, fertile, creative agents—the inventors. Yet, if it were not for these same inventors, any of the good in the theoretical speculation of the scientists would remain unused and of no benefit to anyone.

Thus, all they do is to give expression to theories, but this would not be so bad were it not for the fact that they propound so many absurd hypotheses on very little logical and rational causes. Yet they are always given the greatest at-

tention. Once upon a time, everything science said was disbelieved. Now everything said is believed. Each extreme is equally bad.

The greatest example of a dangerous theory is the one of Darwin's on the origin of species. The theory, when regarded as a theory, is alright. It isn't so good when it is held as an undisputed fact, for certainly all evidence so far revealed is not sufficient to establish it as a fact. But the matter becomes foolish, dangerous and culpable when attempts are made to push the theory down everyone's throat, and to make it a dogma more binding than any of those put forth by religious bodies. The theory then becomes preposterous.

The theory appears to me to be very negative. I have read considerably and yet have to find a single instance where the idea has been of any earthly use. All it seems to be good for is to cause arguments: make scientists feel very superior, and Protestant ministers very apoplectic and disturbed. Such a condition is very deplorable, indeed.

But the fact remains that the theory has been the greatest single factor in the progress of materialism. Undoubtedly, many simple souls have lost what little religion they had and nothing has been given to them in return. As a result, the Protestant Churches are empty, and ministers have only audiences when they speak over the radio. Also, as a result, we have the ministers in the political arena. This is indeed a terrible evil. At the present time there is scarcely a single non-Catholic leader, whether in science, politics, etc., who believes in any one religious belief. They all say they believe in a certain being called God. Cicero, Plato, Caesar, also believed in God, but they were not Christians. Neither are the aforementioned leaders. Yet this theory, positive in its pronouncements, is very negative otherwise. It destroys much but offers nothing positive in return.

On the other hand, we have the great theory of the abbot Mendel on the influences of heredity. Here is a theory that is highly theoretical, and yet it has become eminently practical. It has been worth countless millions in agriculture and biology. It has become the real theory of the twentieth century, and will very likely have great effect upon the betterment of the human race. Yet how few know of this discovery of Mendel, and how many know of Darwin. The real productive idea is lost before the great barrage of publicity given to that highly unproductive hypothesis of Darwin.



Today, more than ever, do we have quack scientists. It used to be the custom to ridicule the alchemist, but we still have many such. Any reckless proposal put out by a stuffed-shirt with a Ph.D. gets instant attention and first-page publicity: rockets to the moon, creation of life in laboratories, etc. And the so-called twentieth century sceptics swallow all this clap-trap with nary a murmur.

Again we have the intolerance of the "intelligentsia." No opposition to the Juggernaut of science is tolerated. Their motto seems to be "Long live science, right or wrong."

What "pure" science needs is to be purified. It should devote itself to knowledge, let the chips fall where they may. All its statements should be the result of cool, unimpassioned thinking. Its teachings should strive to be positive, and teachings that are negative or that can be easily misunderstood should be, if possible, confined to the circle of savants. With less of this scientific intolerance and dogmatism will come the dawn of a new scientific age.

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.

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### *Nature's Bliss*

I love to list to Robin  
While notes he is arranging;  
To hear with heart a-throbbin'  
Sweet melodies unchanging.

I love to sit with waters  
While babbles they are blending;  
To hear from grassy quarters  
Sweet gurgles never ending.

I love to lie with nature  
While music she's producing;  
To hear in wholesome rapture  
Mild harmonies inducing.

The lore of lusty students  
Has led me on to knowing  
The wonder of God's prudence  
In His own Nature's showing.

GERARD B. SINSZ, A. B., '29.



## *Fate Takes a Hand*

**P**ROFESSOR J. BALTHAZAR SMITH was annoyed—very, very annoyed. In fact, as Dot would have said, he was “hopping mad.” But then, let us not bring Dot into the story yet, but let us allow her to make her own entrance in her own time and way; it might annoy her, too, if we were to drag her on the scene before she had made herself quite ready.

Despite what you may think, it wasn't the Professor's name that annoyed him; he had got used to that. Yet, if the truth be known, the “Balthazar” in his name was the only thing that saved him from complete ignominy; for, be it known that the first initial of his name stood for John. Only by his middle name was he saved from the inglorious fate of being just another “John Smith.”

Another thing, he did not have the appearance which general opinion attributed to a teacher and professor of rhetoric (that is what he was); he was not a gloomy-looking, tubercular individual, untidy in appearance, whose broad forehead harbored an exceedingly narrow mind. On the contrary, Jay—that is what his friends called the Professor—was a good scout, except in his overwhelming and all-absorbing interest in seeing the English language preserved unmutated and inviolate. He was a young man, tall, with the broad shoulders and the poise of an athlete. At school he was an athlete, a star quarter back. Or rather, he would have been a star quarterback, if he had ever been allowed to get off the bench. But, somehow or other, notwithstanding the ardent prayers of Jay—we are going to call him Jay from now on—the first stringers ahead of him seemed to keep their health quite excellently, with never a broken back, or broken head in the lot. All of which was, as Jay himself said, “very exasperating.”

Which brings us back to the fact, that Jay was muttering something of the sort now, as he paced up and down the length of his study, his hands working nervously at his sides, his

face twisted up in a most horrifying scowl. One might wish that he would untwist his mouth from its downward droop, and twist it a bit upwards. One felt that a smile would have made Jay quite handsome. Yet, notwithstanding our feelings in this matter, Jay will not smile for us. Perhaps we can pardon him this time, for as a rule he is a very even tempered young man. Maybe, he had adequate reasons for being angry. Let us see.

It all started a year before, when the B. Pastor Publishing Company put up a prize of \$25,000 for a new text book on rhetoric to be used in high schools. The advertisements announcing the putting up of the prize, said that the object of the publishers in doing this was to make easier the task of securing a foundation in English rhetoric. What they did not advertise, was the fact that their efficiency expert thought it would be a good plan for putting a few shekels in the company's pocket. Jay, fired with the same lofty purpose—the English foundation, not the shekels, although about the latter we can't be sure—forthwith hired for himself a stenographer—a Miss Primm, who knew as much, if not more, about the English language than he did—and set to work. After great exertion and profound study, he produced a volume which he felt was a masterpiece, Professor J. Balthazar Smith's *Manual of Rhetoric for Elementary Instruction*. With great self-satisfaction, he submitted his effort to the judges, and complacently awaited the twenty-five thousand dollars award. What was his consternation, then, when his manuscript was returned with the information, "We have given your manuscript close consideration, and while we find that in itself it possesses very many good qualities, it is much the same as a number of rhetorics now in print. It lacks those qualities of appeal to the beginner, which are our special consideration in choosing the winner of the award."

Naturally, Jay was quite disheartened. However, his feelings were somewhat salved by the fact that the prize was awarded to no one, because the judges felt that none of the entries were sufficiently pretentious to merit the prize. Consequently, they announced that another judgment would be given in six months' time. With renewed hopes, Jay set himself to work. But as he worked he found himself growing more and more despondent; he could not improve on his original version; he could not inject into his rhetoric anything that would appeal to the high school student. How in the

name of the great god Bub (his own words) could he make interesting such things as prospective and retrospective reference, not to speak of euphony and collocation. It couldn't be done.

Jay was on the brink of desperation. He was pushed over the brink the following week, when he learned that his invaluable helper, the ancient and honorable Miss Prim, had unexpectedly secured for herself a husband, and by so doing had left him in the hole—the hole, in question, being the pits of despair—despair, not so much, we are sorry to say, at his inability to lend a hand to prospective and struggling young rhetoricians, but despair at the thought that twenty-five thousand dollars were lost to him forever.

And so we see that Jay had a good reason for getting angry. He paced up and down the room as if gathering courage for some last, desperate act; at last, he seemed to summon that courage. He strode over to his desk, inserted his hand into one of its drawers and drew out something. It was his manuscript. With it in his hand he went to the fireplace; stirred up the embers to a bright glow. Here was tragedy: a young genius about to consign his masterpiece to the burning coals; a shattering of ideals; perhaps, a lost soul. He stooped; his muscle grew taut; closer and closer, the hand holding the manuscript approached the fire. Soon the fire of genius would have mingled with the earthly fire and Professor J. Balthazar Smith's *Manual of Rhetoric for Elementary Instruction* would have been lost to the world forever. Could Fate permit such a loss to humanity? No! As the tragedy was nearing fulfillment, Fate stepped in, as it were, held out her hand, and said in resounding tones, "This shall go no farther." Or, to put it more intelligibly, the door bell rang with such a crash that it caused Jay, as he afterwards remarked, almost to jump out of his pants.

He dropped the manuscript to the floor and whirled around as if ready to repel the attack of an oncoming assailant. Thus he stood for a second. Then, as his wits returned, he grew highly indignant. What mortal had so dared interfere in the working out of destiny? Screwing up his features in a most horrifying scowl, he strode to the door, ready to annihilate the disturber of his peace. Prepared to unloose the vials of his wrath on the unfortunate person who stood without, he gripped the door-knob, ripped open the door of his apartment. But for some reason the vials of his wrath remained corked up,



and Jay open-mouthed and speechless, stood staring out the door. There without stood Dot.

For a few seconds an ominous silence reigned. Dot was the first to speak: "Pardon me, are you John Smith?"

With a start, Jay came to himself, and dragging his eyes from the lovely, petite, blonde vision before him, blurted out: "Why—uh—a—yes. That is, my name is J. Balthazar Smith."

To his consternation, the vision began to cry. Dragging a morsel of lace from a hidden pocket, she applied it to her eyes and murmured: "Oh dear! you're the wrong Smith, too. It don't seem as if I'll ever find the right one."

Jay's rhetorical propensities thereupon asserted themselves and apropos of nothing he observed: "My dear young lady, not 'it don't seem,' but 'it doesn't seem.'"

Bewildered, the young lady looked up. Then, as the incongruity of the remark struck them, they both smiled. A glint of mischief seemed for the moment to shine in her eyes. She said: "Oh, I know you'll think I'm silly; but there are so many John Smiths, and you're the tenth one I've visited today and the disappointment of being fooled again was more than I could stand."

"That's all right," Jay replied. Then, as the young lady turned to go, the thought struck him, that he did not want to see her go, that he might never see her again, that he must detain her somehow or other. "Don't go," he protested, "come on in and rest awhile. I'll call my mother. Maybe she will know the Smith you're looking for." Strangely enough, the young lady without a thought as to the unusualness of the invitation, accepted.

She was duly acquainted with Jay's mother, who, by the way, did not know the address of the Smith in question, had tea with her, and confided to her her troubles. She had come from an outlying town to the city to get a job as secretary to a certain John Smith. However, she had lost his address, and had hit upon the almost hopeless expedient of visiting all the John Smiths in the phone book, thus far without success. Jay was so moved by her plight, that he forthwith offered her Miss Primm's job, forgetting that just an hour before he had foresworn forever the writing of rhetorics. After some persuasion, the young lady accepted, and it was arranged for her to start the next morning.

After she had gone, Jay observed to his mother: "Say, Mother, wasn't she lovely?" Then, after awhile, "Good

Heavens, I forgot to ask her her name, and I wonder if she knows anything about rhetoric and spelling? But, say, isn't she great?" Jay's mother said nothing—only smiled.

The next morning Jay was up bright and early, arrayed in his morning's finest, even to a pair of spats, which he had spent fifteen minutes looking for. Impatiently he awaited the ringing of the doorbell, that would herald the arrival of his new secretary. At last it rang. Jay raced to the door and flung it open. "Enna ole whiskah bottles to sell this mawnin', suh," came a cheery voice from without. At this anti-climax Jay laughed. "I didn't think they made them any more," he said.

"O, yes suh, yes suh, dey makes 'em all right, thank you, suh." The old fellow laughed and walked off. Jay returned to his vigil.

At last, the bell rang again. This time he let his mother answer it, and when his acquaintance of the previous day entered he was busily rustling papers on his desk. "Good morning," he observed, showing her where she could put her wraps.

"Good morning, Professor," she replied, "I'm all set."

"All set," Jay murmured. "O yes, you mean you are ready to work. I say, you needn't call me Professor. Everybody calls me Jay."

"All righty," she replied, "and, by the way, you forgot to ask my name."

"Er—ah—I believe I did."

"It's Anna Agnes Theodosia Miller, but everybody calls me Dot for short."

"Thank you, Miss—ah—Dot. Nice weather we're having today."

"Why, it was raining when I came in," Dot put in.

Jay floundered, "That is—I mean—it looks like we're going to have nice weather tomorrow."

And so the conversation drifted on for some time, till they got the weather settled to their mutual satisfaction. Finally, Dot asked what her duties would be. This put Jay on safe ground; he explained at length and in great detail the situation in which he was placed. Dot gave him her earnest attention, every once in awhile observing, "Oh, my," "Isn't that just TOO bad," "Oh, dear." At length, more at Dot's suggestion than at Jay's, a pencil and pad were produced for the former, and work was begun on the revision of Pro-

fessor J. Balthazar Smith's Manual of Rhetoric for Elementary Instruction, with the view to capture the elusive twenty-five thousand, if that were possible.

As the days went by and Dot became established in her position, it became apparent to Jay that she was not all that might constitute the perfect secretary. Her ideas as to what constituted rhetoric were highly sketchy, and her spelling had leanings toward the phonetic. However, she seemed willing to learn. In fact, she began asking for explanations of the different things in Jay's rhetoric, and taking notes of these.

Notwithstanding Dot's shortcomings, Jay would rather have parted with his right hand than with her. What is more, he took a positive delight in explaining his rhetoric to her, while she took notes. Sad to say, he spent most of the time in this pleasant task, performing the actual revision of his rhetoric manuscript in a more and more perfunctory way. If you have not guessed it by this time, I may as well tell you—Jay was falling in love, and the brighter flamed the fire in his heart, the lower burned that in his brain. Sad times had befallen Professor J. Balthazar Smith's Manual of Rhetoric for Elementary Instruction, or, as Dot called it, Jay's Super-Rhetoric for Stupid Beans.

At length the task was accomplished, and the manuscript was again dispatched. This time Jay was not so disappointed when it was returned. Nevertheless, he was grieved at his ill-luck. That day, when he was dictating some notes—these notes, by the way, did not need dictating; they only served as a pretext to retain the services of Dot—he said: "Well, Dot, I failed again. I wouldn't mind it so much if it weren't for one thing. You know, Dot, since I met you, rhetoric has taken a minor place in my life. It seems a barren field. Why should I write rhetoric books, of which there are already too many, when I could be writing novels or plays? I was hoping to win that prize money; I have a great plot for a novel in mind, and I could give up teaching and devote myself to it. But that isn't the main reason why I'm sorry I didn't get the prize. Dot, if I had that money, I'd build a nice home and buy a car, and—"

"Yes," Dot encouraged him.

"Oh, nothing," Jay answered.

At this point Jay's mother entered with the mail. Jay, for want of something to say, turned to examine it. His eye caught the name of B. Pastor on one of the envelopes, the

name of the firm that was offering the prize. Could it be—? He snatched open the envelope. "Dear Sir: We take great pleasure in informing you that your entry under the title and name of Rhetoric Made Easy, by John Smith, has received the award. A check——." This is all the further Jay read. He exclaimed to Dot: "It can't be. I didn't submit anything like that. There must be a mistake. Some other John Smith."

Dot interrupted him. "There's no mistake, Jay. I have a confession to make to you; I have deceived you something dreadfully. I am not nearly so incompetent as I appeared to be; I am really a highly trained secretary. That day when you corrected my slip in English, an imp of mischief whispered in my ear to string you along, as it were. Later, when we were revising your rhetoric, I conceived the idea of asking you questions, much as a high school student might, and taking down your answers and explanations. I saw that your rhetoric could be made interesting to young students, so I edited and compiled the explanations you had given me, and sent them to the publishers, under the title of Rhetoric Made Easy, by John Smith. And so, there you are. Jay, can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" Jay gasped. "You—you angel."

And so we have the story of how Professor J. Balthazar Smith's Manual of Rhetoric for Elementary Instruction became John Smith's Rhetoric Made Easy; and thus we see how that Fate, which watches over us "poor fish," here on earth, is continually warding off tragedy from our foolish heads, supplying us instead with the proverbial and much sought after "happy ending."

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



## *The Pope Is Interviewed*



IN a most interesting article, headed "The Pope At Home," published in the January 21st issue of the Liberty Magazine, George Sylvester Viereck gave a clear and interesting picture of the Holy Father's daily life and stand on world problems which have been revolving as bones of contention between the Vatican's foes and its defenders.

Mr. Viereck is a well-known interviewer who has met captains, and presidents, and kings without number, but he acknowledged the fact that he felt something of a thrill to meet the spiritual sovereign of 300,000,000 souls face to face.

He goes on to describe the formalities attending his audience with the Pope, and says of the Pope himself: "Achille Ratti, Pius XI, is the two hundred and sixty-first Pope. For nearly 2,000 years the Bishops of Rome have occupied the Chair of St. Peter. There was a time when the monarchs of the world recognized the Popes as their overlords.

"A German Emperor humbly waited barefooted for three days at Canossa before the Pope deigned to receive him. Pope Alexander VI, with a stroke of his pen, divided the earth between Portugal and Spain.

"The year 1870 ended the Pope's temporal power. But to this day no one may approach him except on bended knees. Every visitor, whatever his faith, is required to kiss the Fisherman's ring as a token of respect. The Pope speaks in a low, melodious voice. He has mastered the French, German, Italian, and Latin speech completely. He writes French, Italian, and Latin with perfect ease. His knowledge of English is limited, although before he became Pope he was once in England, where, at a celebration in honor of Roger Bacon, he delivered a Latin speech."

He tells us that the Pope is seventy years old, and that he dresses in white from head to foot, but adds that the white of his spotless garments is no more so than his delicate hands which are those of a scholar.

The Pope's audiences take up the greater part of his day and are public, semi-private and private. The first is that at which the benediction of the Pontiff is given to assemblages of often more than one thousand, the second is granted to groups of visitors especially well recommended, and the last

to members of the diplomatic corps, distinguished ecclesiastics, and laymen.

Mr. Viereck describes in detail the scene of the various audiences and the garb prescribed for them, particularly in the cases of women, where the rule is most strict.

The scene resembles a medieval court, he says, to see the Swiss Guards, in blue, yellow and orange striped uniforms and armed with halberds, the old corridors and ancient art and the splendid magnificence of the quiet Pontiff himself.

Pope Pius XI is a scholar and an efficient administrator, he tells us, saying that he most suggests an American College president for his combination of these qualities. The work of the present Pope which has already been done, and that which is being done under his order for a re-cataloguing of the Vatican Library, has been most efficient and highly scientific throughout.

A short and lucid account of the Pope's life is given in the following quotation which should serve to put a great number of College students on the right track in regard to the Holy Father, since it is no rash statement to say that other than his adopted name, many do not know who the present Pope is or who he was.

"Achille Ratti was born in Lombardy, the son of a silk manufacturer. Only one of his four brothers and a sister survived to see him place the triple crown upon his tonsured head.

"Pius XI received degrees in philosophy, in theology, and in canon law from the University of Milan. Though never neglecting his priestly vocation, his major work was always that of a librarian. He was attached to the Ambrosian Library in Milan, before Pius X called him to the Library of the Vatican, over which he presided from 1913 to 1918.

"Monsignor Ratti always emphasized the international character of the Vatican Library. Nevertheless, the war caused many links to drop. He reassembled those links at the earliest moment.

"Sent as Papal Nuncio to Poland, Achille Ratti secured recognition of the demands of the Holy See from the new Polish state. In 1920, when the Bolsheviks invaded Poland and the Warsaw government fled, he stuck to his post. In April, 1921, he was made Archbishop of Milan, and in June a Cardinal, in recognition of his services, by Pope Benedict.

"Archbishop Ratti had no presentiment that he would be chosen to grace the Chair of St. Peter himself. Being a prudent man, he bought a return ticket to Milan when he departed for Rome after the death of Pope Benedict."

Some of the most strikingly clear and indisputable statements in regard to Catholic doctrine and principles were given by the Cardinal who acted as spokesman for the Pope in the matter, and a number of points which have seemed complicated were made quite plain for the benefit of the public, Catholic and non-Catholic.

After denying that the Church wants temporal power in Rome or elsewhere, and that the Pope claims only freedom to move on his own soil, and that the Church does not favor the black shirts or their opponents, since "The State administers to the needs of the body, the Church administers to the needs of the soul," the Cardinal went on to say that the Pope could not, however, accept Mussolini's doctrine that the State comes first, because his attitude conflicts with "The cardinal doctrine of Christianity," which is based on the doctrine of free-will and on the right of each individual soul to attain its own destiny. Mr. Viereck continues:

"It is sometimes stated," I suggested somewhat boldly, "that the Church modifies its doctrines in accordance with changing standards. For instance, it seems, at least to non-Catholics and laymen, that, judging by certain recent divorces, the attitude of the Church is less unbending than it was in the days of Henry VIII."

"The attitude of the Church," the Cardinal insisted, "has not changed today from its attitude then. The Church faced the loss of all England rather than the surrender of a particle of its doctrine. It is better to be persecuted than to yield.

"If the Church were amenable to influence, it would have granted a divorce to Henry VIII. Today, as then, the Church would rather lose one-half of the world than sanction the infringement of divine law."

The Cardinal then explained that the Marconi case was one in which there was no marriage because there had been a previous agreement that either side would grant a divorce to the other upon request, an agreement which was actually carried out. But it was, however, an agreement both immoral and contrary to the law and public policy and one which invalidated the marriage, since it was contrary to the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. The Marlborough case

was one in which force or coercion was used and in which the girl was under actual physical restraint, said the Cardinal, quoting the records of "*Acta Apostolicas Sedis*," the official organ of the Holy See, which is printed in Latin.

The Pope is said to eat alone, due to the irregularity of his hours, a constant worry to his physician, since he will often pass up his dinner (which is taken at noon as the principal meal of the day) and his siesta for an audience, and he rarely goes to bed before two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes three when he is concerned with some problem of canon law or is writing.

The interviewer's questions relative to the problems of the day, in which the Vatican is greatly concerned, were answered by one of the Cardinals, whose name, it is an iron rule of the Church, never to reveal. Mr. Viereck writes:

"To what extent," I asked His Eminence, "does the Holy Father take an active part in politics?"

"The Church," the Cardinal calmly replied, "is above and beyond politics."

"Does the Pope never interfere in political questions?"

"The Church," responded my spokesman, "does not interfere except in moral questions. It recognizes every form of government based on good morals, law, and order, but it recognizes no moral wrong. It cannot, therefore, recognize Bolshevism."

"Do you ask your people to vote only for Catholics?"

"We tell our people to support men of moral integrity. We do not ask them to support any man because he is a Catholic."

"Does the recent statement by Governor Smith, in reply to a critic in the *Atlantic Monthly*, coincide with the doctrine of the Church?" I questioned.

"The statement of Governor Smith," the Cardinal replied, "is in accordance with the best traditions of the Church."

"The Church is neither royalist nor republican. It is universal. It adapts itself to every legitimate government, but holds rigidly to its own doctrine."

"So long as the State does not attempt to interfere with its doctrine, the Church has no quarrel with the State."

"What of Mexico?" I interjected.

"In Mexico, the State violates the Church. We urge our people to preserve their civic rights. But we do not tell them



how. We do not attempt to influence their action politically. We do not even question the right of a citizen to his own political convictions and the right to shape his actions accordingly, if the man happens to a Catholic priest."

"What is the quarrel of the Church with the Italian government? Why does the Pope still regard himself as a prisoner?"

"The Italian government, after appropriating the Pope's lands and possessions, recognized his extraterritorial status, but it does not recognize his absolute sovereignty."

"But," I exclaimed, "he is sovereign in the Vatican!"

"Unfortunately," the Cardinal explained, "the Italian government does not even recognize his ownership of the Vatican. If the Holy Father, for instance, desired to present a statue from the Museum of the Vatican to Mr. Rockefeller, the Italian government would not permit him to do so."

Finally the interview closed with a review of the Rota question and the stand of the Catholic Church in regard to influence and position.

"How does it happen that the people whose marriages are thus voided are usually persons of affluence and position?"

"The poor," the Cardinal replied, "are more moral. They are less sophisticated. They are not likely to make complicated prenuptional agreements. The poor receive the same impartial justice as the rich at the hands of the Church."

"Can they afford the expense involved in an appeal to the ecclesiastical courts?"

"The poorest man can appeal to his Bishop. The Bishop is compelled to place the matter before Rome. I know a poor laborer whose case was conducted by the most distinguished member of the Rota.

"The Rota is strictly a court, with lawyers, a defense, legal briefs, etc. The Rota has jurisdiction in certain cases. In other cases, another ecclesiastical tribunal, the Congregation of the Sacraments, decides. Influence can reach neither one nor the other.

"Lawyers may charge enormous fees. This is a matter beyond our control. The actual expense of conducting a case before the Rota is insignificant. There is no expense whatever connected with the other ecclesiastical tribunal.

"One of the greatest patrician families of Italy vainly tried for decades to annul a marriage. Year after year they

placed the case before us, without obtaining a favorable decision, because there was no legal flaw in the marriage. Neither riches nor influence can succeed where there is no flaw. Where there is a flaw, the marriage is annulled."

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '31.

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### *The Deserted Mission*

Over the lofty mountain top,  
Along the Blue Ridge trail,  
The rude outline of a Mission Church,  
Stands silent in the evening vale.

The belfry gone, and weeds grown o'er,  
With timbers crumbling away;  
This one time haven of a little flock,  
It seems, had a better day.

I travelled, down a pine-strewn path,  
That oft' the padres trod;  
A path that in those early days  
Had rung with praise of God.

A little babbling brook flowed by,  
With a spirit, light and gay,  
That seemed to breathe the spirit of  
An age that had passed away.

A few birds loiter within the nave,  
And their voices seem to ring,  
With blended sweetness to the memory of  
The Hidden Christ—their King.

RAYMOND A. BERG, A. B., '28.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIALS

### *The Last of the Victorians*



T would ill befit a magazine of supposedly literary pretensions to pass over in silence the death of Thomas Hardy. On January 11, while an expectant world was awaiting the morbid details of the execution of a convicted murderer and murderess, a few persons in Dorchester, England, were anxiously watching the condition of a great literary figure whose death, too, was expected, because he was very old and very ill. He did die that night, but failed to make the front pages the next day; the chair was being made ready, and then again, virtually nothing has been heard of Hardy in recent years.

To many, however, Thomas Hardy was "The Grand Old Man of English Literature," and by many he was undoubtedly regarded as our greatest living writer. And, while we remain unconvinced on the latter point, there is no denying that it would be quite difficult to find a modern novelist who shows such great architectural finesse of design as did Hardy when he was writing "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "The Return of the Native," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Far From the Madding Crowd," and the other works on which his fame rests.

Personally, we have never cared for the deep-rooted gloom and pessimism which pervades not only Hardy's novels, but his poems as well. Furthermore, we rather suspect him of helping to start the present sex obsession in literature. Still, we must remember that Hardy was a Victorian, a contemporary of Charles Darwin and Cardinal Newman, of Matthew Arnold and Francis Thompson; of Thomas Carlyle, William

Morris, John Ruskin, and Coventry Patmore. During the best years of Hardy's life there were many men who spent their excellent literary talents in wondering and wandering, in doubting and questioning; and, sad to say, many of the many ended by losing their bearings entirely. It was an age that produced a literature as confused in thought as it is superior in form. We find one of Hardy's best friends, George Meredith, as confirmed an optimist as Hardy himself was a pessimist.

It may seem foolish to feel sorry for the death of a man who admitted that Life held no appeal for him, as Hardy did. In a late poem he looks back and admits:


"For Life I had never cared greatly . . . .  
In earliest years—why I know not—  
I viewed it askance;  
Conditions of doubt,  
Conditions that leaked slowly out,  
May haply have bent me to stand and to show not  
Much zest for its dance."

Still, we hold Hardy in tender regard, and cannot help regret his passing. For us he represented the glamor of the past. We associated him with Browning and Tennyson and the other bearded authors who gazed so benignly down from the walls of our classrooms in grade school. His picture accompanied those of greater men in the literature books of our childhood. He was a connecting link between the present and the golden, glamorous, pleasantly misty days and years gone by.

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26.

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## *American Dementia*

T seems to be characteristic of the American people for waves of prejudice, patriotism, mawkish sentiment or some other emotion, to sweep over and take hold of them from time to time. As soon as one wave recedes, another takes its place, and so forth. Shortly before and during the late war, a feeling of intense militarism and aggressive patriotism was engendered, which made the American warlike and belligerent. Immediately after the conflict, an opposite sentiment of equally intense pacifism followed.



All over the country people condemned war and said there should be no more fighting. They also said, "No more boys shall be slaughtered on the altars of the bloody god of war," and many other fine things, which were all very beautiful and very true. But the ways which were advocated for following out such designs were hardly the best obtainable. The conclusion was arrived at, that if the United States were to squander enormous sums by scrapping good battleships, and by disorganizing and neglecting its army and other military units, and were to act, in general, in such a way as to leave herself open to attack from any and everybody; ipso facto, all war would be done away with.

In a way they were right. It takes two to make a fight, and had their way obtained this country would be in such a condition that it could make resistance and defend itself against no one. Our young men would not have to go to the trouble of fighting to be killed, they would be killed without it.

One good could and should have been gleaned from the horror of the war, and that was a realization of the value of military preparedness. The shameful waste of the lives of Americans could have done some good. They could be said to have died not entirely in vain if they thereby might save future generations from a like unhappy fate. But, strangely, this was entirely missed by the unthinking of the pacifists. Men who imagined themselves great-souled, big-thinking "he-men" would think of "our silent dead in Flanders fields" and contemplate a move which would have the effect of consigning many more luckless Americans to the same miserable end.

No one denies that war is evil and that it should be done away with. No one denies that a complete disarmament would be of incalculable benefit to humanity. But all partial disarmaments are sure to fail dismally. As sure as there are pacts and treaties there will be trickeries and evasions. As sure as there are promises there will be broken faiths. All half-way plans to end war must inevitably result in war.

This wave of unthinking and asinine pacifism seems to be abating on account of recent developments in international circles and revelations concerning previous disarmament attempts. The last disarmament conference, which luckily broke up before any damage was done, was an open farce. (I use open advisedly, the other attempts were farces, though hidden.) It had the salutary effect of waking up some of the people.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

## *Duquesne Day by Day*



HIS has been a short month, as far as school activities are concerned. Christmas vacation took up more than half of it, and as a consequence, so little happened that there is almost nothing to write about. The one outstanding event was the Golden Jubilee Dance, held at the Schenley Hotel on January 13, under the auspices of the Kappa Sigma Phi Fraternity. It was a fine social and financial success, and this can be attributed mainly to the fine spirit of the organization and the work of Chairman Michael Moll. Sylvester Wittig's Blue Circle Orchestra provided the music, making it an entirely Duquesne affair.

It has been stated above that the dance was held in honor of the Golden Jubilee of Duquesne University. In the fifty years of its existence, the institution has grown from a comparatively small college to one of the largest Universities in Pennsylvania. Probably the greatest advancements have been made in the last ten years, in which time Departments of Pharmacy, Preparatory Medicine, Music and Education were added. The achievements of the University speak volumes for Father Hehir and the many other priests and laymen who have sacrificed so much for the school. Every alumnus and undergraduate owes them more than they will ever be able to repay.

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The Year Book, or "Monocle," as it has been officially named, is coming along fine, but still Editor John Stafford is not receiving all the co-operation from the students that they can give him. Contracts have been signed, and if we live up to our end, the "Monocle" will be ready for release May 1. The chief difficulty thus far has been in selling advertisements. In spite of the tireless work of Dan Makagon and his assistants, the ads are slow in coming in. More men are needed. Besides helping the school, anyone who sells ads receives ten per cent of the amount turned in. This should be an inducement, for with a little labor, one can earn a sizeable bank roll.

However, even if the money is coming in slowly, it will come in eventually, and everyone on the staff feels sure that

the book will be a success. The editor has been looking over books from other Universities, rejecting the ideas he doesn't like, and getting hints on many favorable points. If the present plans are followed, and there is no indication that they will not be, Duquesne will have an Annual that ranks with the best.

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Has anyone heard anything about the Junior Prom? Since time is getting short, and as each day passes, will get shorter, it is about time that preliminary arrangements were begun. A successful Prom cannot be put on in a couple of weeks. It takes quite a long time to complete arrangements for the many little necessary details.

Duquesne's Junior Proms have always been social successes in the past, but they have not always been fortunate financially. Last year's Prom left a deficit of about eighty dollars. They, in turn, I believe, had to make up a deficit of the preceding year. A dance of such magnitude is hard enough to manage even when you are not in a hole at the beginning. So it is up to this year's Junior Class to get to work early and put the Prom on a sound financial footing.

\* \* \* \*

It has reached our ears that work has been started on a new play, under the direction of Dr. Lloyd. Rehearsals are being held several times a week. With this play, which, we learn, will be presented some time this month, Duquesne University will officially open its dramatic season, and as well, for the first time, will offer its rejuvenated "little theater" for our approval. We were surprised at the changes seen in a previous Duchess Club presentation, "Sally and Co."; we will be amazed at the finished theater, repainted, redecorated, with its new stage, orchestra pit, scenery and lighting facilities—all this effected at the expenditure of a great deal of money. To offset this expense, plays will be given from time to time; all actors in these plays being chosen from among the students. So, we will have the first of these plays this month. We are not yet authorized to disclose the name of the play and the cast of characters, but we are informed by reliable persons that it will be something "different," a revival of a drama that had very great success several years ago. We are further informed that it will be a "he-man" play with men who are men, and women who are—women. The presentation

will be elaborate, far exceeding anything hitherto attempted. Watch for this play, and take a tip from us—if you want to see a good play, well presented, by all means be in Duquesne's "little theater" the night of its presentation.

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As regards recent elections, we have two items this month. At a recent meeting of the Student Senate the following officers were elected to the staff of the **Duquesne Monthly** to fill vacancies due to various causes: Assistant Editors, George E. Kelly and Howard Haller, of the Arts and Accounts schools, respectively; Exchange Editor, Ed. J. Griffin.

Second, on Wednesday, Jan. 18, officers for the Sodality of the Holy Ghost were elected by members of the Senior Class, College of Arts. The fortunate officers-elect are as follows: Prefect, John F. McKenna; First Assistant Prefect, Joseph Mulvihill; Second Assistant Prefect, Joseph Bodnar; Secretary, Augustus Marzhauser; Treasurer, John McGrady; Standard Bearer, Charles Mullan.

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Before this issue comes out the quarterly examinations will have come and gone. We had intended to dwell on this item, but the editor on looking over our column caustically remarked, "What's the idea in bringing that up?" So we will leave it at that, with the hope that when this issue reaches you, the examinations will be a thing of the happy past.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.





## Book Forum

### RED RUST

Cornelia James Cannon



EWLY published novels are not usually very alluring to the casual reader. This month, however, we are privileged to urge the reading of the first novel from the graceful pen of Cornelia James Cannon in nothing less than "an epic of the soil," and a book well worth thinking out at leisure.

Mrs. Cornelia James Cannon was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and lived in that State during most of her girlhood, and for that reason alone she is ably fitted to recount the trials and hardships of the Swedish immigrants with whom she was familiar and about whom she heard much from her lawyer father. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College, class of 1899, and a member of the governing body of that college. In recent years Mrs. Cannon has lived in the East, and is the wife of Dr. Walter Bradford Cannon, who is George Higginson professor of Physiology at the Harvard University Medical School.

The book will not be published until the eighth of this month, but after having enjoyed one of the most delightful novels in recent years, I do not hesitate to say that it will have sales far beyond the "best seller" mark of any recently published novel.

"Red Rust" is the simple and well-told story of the struggles and dreams of Matts Swenson who, because his knowledge and dreaming nature raised him above the stolid level of the other boys and young men of New Sweden, was reputed to be queer and to have a great capacity for idle and useless dreaming.

But, deep down in the homely philosophy of Matts' nature was the mind of a world benefactor striving with his limited knowledge to produce a perfect wheat. Poor Matts' thirst for knowledge was like the hungry breath of the forest fire, unquenchable and colossal.

The observant nature of the boy made him a never tiring source of interest and information to the "more fortunate"

boys of the community. Matts' wonder at the struggles of the farmers of his community to conquer the weather, the soil, the chinch bug, the mildew and the red rust, and his subsequent desire to plan to help them was born of his thoughtful nature and his thirst for knowledge.

A subscription to a farm paper gave Matts his first conception of how he might be of aid to the farmers of New Sweden and of the world. Excerpts from the works of Darwin taught him that he might cross some of the hardy wheat of Sweden he had often heard about with the large glumed wheat of New Sweden.

Year after year, throughout his life, during the time of his marriage to his beloved Lena, and his careful watching of the children of Olaf Jensen who had been killed while working with the threshing crew, Matts planted, sorted, and replanted his seeds, ever seeking to evolve the perfect and rust-proof wheat.

Matts' character can best be gleaned from the pen of the author who draws so sympathetic a picture of the fair-haired young farmer. His philosophy concerning cold hands and cheeks and the difference in climate between his old home in Sweden and his new in Minnesota, is a barometer of his nature shown to the reader as he is first met driving his heavy sled. "But no one," he thought to himself, "ever remembers being cold after he has once been warmed. I probably froze my cheeks then as often as now."

His thirst for knowledge from the printed page was not even stopped by difference of language, for when given the opportunity to read German books he set himself the task of learning that language. Even when hauling water in the torrid summer days, when the wells had gone dry, he lost not a single moment, staying at his beloved task even under the difficulty of having to read atop a rumbling ox-cart.

The author gives an enlightening picture of the light in which the hard-working Matts was held by those who did not understand him, in the following conversation:

When August went back to his work, his father asked, "What was Matts doing, all bent over that box?"

"He was reading the German bible," answered August, with a laugh. "Old Burghardt lent it to him. He reads it all the way to the lake and back again."

Lindblom grunted. "Swenson's got hard luck. Only one boy, and him cracked. When Matts was young, he was so tall and strong I thought he was going to be a smart lumberman and make money in the camps. But I guess he's turned out to be no good."

August protested. "Matts is all right. He's a good fellow. He doesn't run around after the girls, anyway. You ought to like that," he added, smiling slyly at Lindblom.

After his marriage to Lena Jensen, and in the happy companionship of her understanding nature and the affection of the children, Matts' life was one of serenity and absorption in his plan to give the world a better wheat. But trials ever conspired to shatter his dreams and topple his castles to earth.

"One morning in July Lena was carrying some scraps from the house to the pigpen by the barn. She thought she noticed something in the light about her, as if a thin cloud had crossed the sun, and looked up to make sure. She stopped abruptly, appalled at what she saw. Clearly visible against the brilliant background of the sun, millions of tiny winged creatures, like a dark mist, were flying across the sky from the northwest. She called to Matts in sudden fear. He had been hoeing in the field and was just coming back to the barn. They both stared at the strange sight, knowing only too well that it meant misfortune for them."

"My wheat," moaned Matts. "They will destroy my wheat."

Lena seized his arm.

"We can cover it with sheets and save it that way," she cried.

Matts looked at her with gratitude for her quick wit, that there was no time to express.

"Bring the sheets," he shouted, running toward the barn. "I will get the other things we need."

Calling the children to his help, Matts gathered together a spade and a hoe and a heap of small logs of wood. They all carried what they could and ran to the field where the wheat stood, tender and green in the warm sunlight and full of rich juices to tempt the flying horde above it. By the time they had reached the little enclosure, the grasshoppers had begun to drop. Great clouds of them, still on the wing, were moving to the east high over their heads, but increasing numbers at their feet had begun to climb up the wheat and settle on the stalks and leaves.

Thus it was that the wheat was saved for the great day when it flourished full and vigorous, alone untouched, while every crop for miles around was blighted by the red rust. But while it flourished waiting for the harvest, an object of wonder, which farmers traveled from all points of the compass and from every quarter of the surrounding Red Skin County to see, its creator lay cold and unknowing in the little churchyard at New Sweden. Living, Matts knew what he had done, but never saw the result of his labors; dying, not an old man, but young and in the bloom of health, he gave to the world the Swenson Wheat.

Inspector Noyes, assistant to the chief agronomist of the Minnesota Agricultural Bureau, was speaking to his chief, after having discovered the wonderful rust resisting wheat:

"You know I said when I came in I wanted to work for a better America. Well I do. What makes me feel bad is to think of a man like Swenson, who could do such wonders, left there alone with nothing to help him and no one to understand him. Just think what he might have done if he'd been found and given a chance. It's all very well to build railroads and open up mines and cut down the forests, but here is something that's priceless, right at our doors, and we don't even look at it. I'll never be satisfied with my country for all its boosters until we take time to pick out the really great ones in our midst and give them a chance. I'm tired of our pampered mediocrity."

"Don't get excited," said the chief, soothingly, taking the bolus of wheat from his mouth. "We'll call this the Swenson Wheat, if that'll be any comfort to you. Your Swede might have done bigger things, but I'd die happy if I'd made this wheat. No one will remember Swenson, but as long as a plow is used on the soil of the State this wheat will be growing there. That's about as much glory as anyone needs."

It is another book like "Jalna" or "The Hounds of Spring."

I urge you to read "Red Rust" and I think you will feel, as I do, that it is likely to be one of the conspicuous successes of 1928.

DOROTHEA BROOKER, A. B., '31.



## See Breezes

(Ta-ta, Mr. Mayer; we have to get our ideas SOMEwhere.)



Y dear, I'm on the VERge of a collAPSE. I mean I'm HONestly WHIPPED down to a NUB at this point, because WHAT do you suppose has HAP-pened? My DEAR, you'll be the most S'PRISED person in the WORLD when I tell you, because I can asSURE you that I was COMPLETELY enGULFED in asTONISH-ishment, no less, when MOTHER sort of CASurally broke the news to ME that she had SUDDenly deCided that I was in NEED of a little HIGHer eduCation, so to speak, and that she had acCORDingly made arRANGements to ship me off to my AUNT here in PITTSburgh, where there are three COL-leges I could CHOOSE from. Of course, my dear, there are MORE than THREE COLleges in PITTSburgh, but I mean there are ONLY three COeduCational instiTutions, and I wouldn't THINK of atTENDING any OTHER, because I HON-estly think that COeduCATION is a GREAT BENefit to MODern huMANITY, because it makes for eQUALity of the SEXes. I mean, I think it is POSITIVely perVERTed for a GIRL to grow UP, my dear, without coming into CONtact with the OPposite SEX. Well, ANYways, my dear, you may be SURE that ARab was PRACticably READy to ROLL over and BUTter himself with disMAY when he HEARD I was LEAVing, but I'll TELL you, my dear, I REALLY THINK that MOTHER's supPRESSED REason for SEND-ing me OFF was that she is TIRED of having that per-VERTed little PIPsqueak hanging aROUND the HOUSE.

Well, anyways, my dear, I have ENtered DuQUESNE UniVERSity, because I heard the BOYS at DuQUESNE are MUCH more FRIVilous and PLEASure loving than those at PITT or TECH, do you know what I mean? And I've EN-tered the COLlege of ARTS, because I've ALways been IN-t'rested in ART, my dear, and I know SEVERal ITy BOYS of that NAME. So I INterviewed Father HAIR, and Father CARroll, the DEAN, and I'm now a full-fledged STUdent, can you BEAR it, my dear? So far, my dear, I've found COL-lege life PERFECTly THRILLing, and only ONCE have I been

NEARly exPELLED. There are LOADS of PERFECTly LOVELy BOYS here, and one in the acCOUNT school, named MARKED WHITE, is just the IMAge of John GILbert, no less. I was very FORTunate, my dear, to meet right off this Joe McDONald, who is one of the most POPular HEROes of the CAMpus, and he took me in HAND, so to speak, and put me WISE to quite a LOT. And there is the CUTest little RED-headed SOPHomore, named BREEN, who according to McDONald always introDUCES himself to every attractive GIRL as soon as he SEES her, and starts a conversAtion. Well, my dear, the first MORNING this Jack BREEN was exPLAINing to me in the HALL that the School of AcCOUNTS is so called because all the FELLows there are STUDying to be COUNTS, because they are aLREAdy DUKES. I thought it was simply TOO THRILLing, and, my dear, it became even MORE so in a moment, because Father CARroll came along and asked me not to TALK to the BOYS in the HALL. About this time I met this odd BIRD or BIRG individual, who is a STATEly SENior, and, my dear, he LOOKS like NOTHING HUMAN, you know the TYPE. He told me that the REASON BREEN is that way is because he is a BOARDer, and sort of HINTed that it might be of BENefit to me to be NICE to himSELF, because HE is the PRESident of the STUdent GOV'erment or something, and he said that they are THINKing of holding a CAMpus Week, and that he might FIX it for ME to be QUEEN of the MAY or something, can you BEAR it, my dear? But I MUST tell you about my little RUN-in with the FACulty. Of COURSE it didn't amount to MUCH, but such things are ALways int'resting, don't you think so, my dear?? Anyway it started on a FRIday afterNOON, when I met a GROUP of these STATEly SENiors, who told me they were CUTting CLASS to go to the PENN TheAtre, and sort of HUMorously sugGESTed that I go aLONG. Well, I was feeling sort of canTANKerous, and went WITH them, much to their consterNATION, and my DEAR, at this PENN, they have the CUTest ORganist, with BLONDE hair, who IMPRESSED me so much with his PLAYing that I went DOWN there aGAIN the next DAY to SEE him. But on MONday, my dear, I found that those FRIVilous and hiLARious hours in the THEatre were to have a PERFECTly luGUbrious AFTERmath, for I was called into the OFFice, where Father CARroll poLITely but FIRMLy told me that he DIDN't care to have the MORale of his de-

PARTment disTUBED, and that he considered my ACTION RATHER unLADylike, to say the LEAST, and he FURTHER suggested that I may have been BRED in old KentUCKy, but I was only a CRUMB up here, so wouldn't I Please be-HAVE? Well, my DEAR, I was all of a DOO-dah, and I sinCERELY PROMised to conDUCT myself less proMIScuously in the FUTure and he sinCERELY wished me sucCESS in the atTEMPT.

Being STRICKEN by the PANGS of CONscience in this manner, I reSOLVED to show some SCHOOL SPIRIT, and become-athLEtic, you know the type. And, my dear, this thought probably ocCURRED to me because I had MET a little fellow who is the very IMage of ARab, except that this HANZel has RED HAIR. Well, this ODD soul HANZel suggested that I go out for BASKetball, because HE is the COACH, can you BEAR it, my dear? Well, anyways, in my sudden OUTgushing of SCHOOL SPIRIT I accepted the CHALlenge, so to speak, and HANZel said he was QUITE sure I was JUST what he WANTED on his BASKetball team, and told me they were playing at Mount MERcy ACADemy that afterNOON, an would I PLEASE be THERE, and he would have a Uniform for me. Well, my dear, I apPEARED at the BASKetball floor at the apPOINTED TIME, and IMAGine my consterNATION when I found that the Uniform he had seLECTed for ME was of a COLOr enTIRELY un-SUITed to my TYPE and when I exPLAINED that I couldn't POSSibly WEAR it, the perVERTed little PIPsqueak said that I couldn't PLAY withOUT it, because I wouldn't be able to MOVE ABOUT with suffiCient ceLERity, can you BEAR it, my dear? And when I SCORNfully sugGESTed that the CHARLESton required as MUCH aGILity as BASKetball, and ASKED him if he'd ever SEEN me in the CHARLESton, the imbecilic soul reTORTed no, but that he HAD seen MARion DAVies in THE FAIR CO-ED, and he rather thought I'd look better on HIS team in a BASKetball suit. So my dear, we SPLIT on the Uniform question, and I deCided that I DIDN't want to go out for BASKetball, as this HANZel is a most rePULsive individual ANYhow. My dear, I thought I understood MEN, but since coming HERE, I REalize that COLlege men are QUITE a BIT DIfferent, and I shall have to start to make a THORough STUdy of them; I mean I ACTually DO!

GEORGE HABER, A. B., '26.

## *Alumni Notes*



JOHN P. EGAN, ESQ., has come in for considerable newspaper notice in connection with football during the fall season. Mr. Egan is a Duquesne University product. He made his high school studies here, his college course, and subsequently his law course. He won the gold medal for oratory in his sophomore college year, and served on the faculty, later on, as an efficient professor of mathematics. He coached the Minim Football Team that became distinguished for an unbroken string of victories for three years. The Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph of January 2 had the following to say about him:

“John P. Egan, ace of the local football officials, who has come forward with a rush in the last two seasons, is a versatile man of affairs. He is an attorney and a teacher in law at Duquesne University, as well as a demon grid official, his activities reminding one of the favorite rhyme of the children: ‘Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief.’ John isn’t all of these, but he manages to keep busy enough with the duties he has in hand. He has been named linesman for the Pitt-Leland Stanford Tournament of Roses game at Pasadena, Cal., New Year’s Day, an assignment which is considered quite an honor, but is only in keeping with the other high-class assignments that came his way throughout last season because of his recognized ability. He was referee of the Carnegie Tech-Westminster game at Youngstown, to open the season; umpire of the Geneva-Bucknell game at Lewisburg, Pa.; linesman of the Pitt-West Virginia game at the stadium; referee of the W. & J.-Carnegie game at Forbes Field; referee of the Lafayette-W. & J. game at Easton, Pa.; linesman of the Syracuse-Nebraska game at Lincoln, Neb.; field judge of the Pitt-W. & J. game at the stadium; referee of the Syracuse-Colgate game at Syracuse; linesman of the Carnegie Tech-Detroit game at Forbes Field; and field judge of the Nebraska-New York University game at Lincoln, Neb. Now he tops off the big season with the trip to the Coast for the blue ribbon feature of them all.”



On January 9 the School of Drama and Speech Arts established several extension courses in Cleveland, Ohio. Coincidental with this announcement of the further broadening of our University's geographical, as well as educational scope, came the news of an appreciable increase of the size of the faculty of this department. Among the six new members are numbered three Alumni: Mercedes M. Hoffman, Clement M. Strobel, and Paul G. Sullivan.

Miss Hoffman will long be remembered for her histrionic ability as shown in several of our annual plays. This practical experience, together with the years that she spent as a student in the department in which she now teaches, will well serve her in her new capacity as assistant in makeup.

Mr. Strobel, in his student days, was also quite active. Student Manager of Athletics, actor, and honor student throughout his collegiate career, represent only a few of the functions in which he served. After being graduated, he soon became an instructor in the University High School Department. He is ably fitted for his new position as assistant stage director in our beautiful new theatre.

The third of these new instructors needs no introduction in these pages. His manifold activities bring his name into this column almost every month. Mr. Paul G. Sullivan is now assistant in pageantry.

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While speaking of Paul Sullivan, we notice that he and the Rev. John F. Malloy, '05, composer of our Alma Mater song, are collaborating in writing a pageant to commemorate the golden jubilee of the University.

The prologue and second episode have been completed and a skeleton outline of the whole allegory has been worked out by the co-authors, but as yet, no title has been selected.

Fifty years of the University's development will be treated with a history of each department, and it is planned to have every school represented in the cast selected.

No other details of the pageant are known as yet, and final announcement of the complete allegory and selection of the cast will probably be made some time in March.

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Mead Mulvihill, Esq., has transferred his legal activities to Salt Lake City, Utah. We wonder if in his new connection he will come into contact with James Burke, erstwhile student

at Duquesne and formerly of the South Side. Mr. Burke has for several years been one of the leading contractors in that city of the far West. May Mr. Mulvihill have like success in his endeavors.

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J. Frank McKenna, Esq., Lecturer in the Law School on Equity and Orphans Court Procedure, has been appointed to the Board of Law Examiners. During his college days, Mr. McKenna made quite a name for himself as a baseball player, starring around first base for the Varsity for several years.

Mr. Strassburger has had a similar honor conferred upon him.

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Dr. Andrew J. Dzmura, M. D., former Duquesne student, has made his mark in the world of medicine. He is now generally regarded as one of the best, if not the very best, of heart specialists in Pittsburgh, Pa. Dr. Dzmura's offices are located in the Physicians' Building.

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Another Duquesne trained, successful attorney is Bruce A. Sciotto, Esq. Just as in his student days he, as a catcher, brought his pitcher through many a crucial point in the games in which he participated on the diamond, so today, does he, as legal adviser, safely pilot his clients through struggles in the courts. His headquarters are in the Weamer Building, Indiana, Pa.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.





### Ohio Wesleyan, 36—Dukes, 23



OR three glorious years a Duquesne varsity quintet never tasted defeat on their home floor. Hard and tough teams were played: Muskingum, Penn State, and others, but always the Dukes came out on top. However, this state of affairs was a little too close to the ideal to keep up, and Duke fans saw their beloved team lose a game.

A powerful Ohio Wesleyan five came out of the West, or somewhere, and chalked up a stunning, paralyzing 36-23 score, having accomplished which, they went away again, of course. These boys deserved everything they got, and since the Dukes were destined to lose, it was best that it was to such a good team. A well-balanced combination, perfect passing, superb shooting, and a defense something like that of Chick Davies, only more so, did the business. They could cut through a hole, about so wide, without any trouble.

A score of 15-11 in the first session was not quite so bad, but when Hnizder, Wesleyan forward, started chalking up the first of his six field goals, the game took on the aspect of a well-ordered and good-natured massacre. That twenty minutes was very long to many Duke fans, as the Wesleyan boys seemed intent on bigger and better baskets. The Red and Blue machine got rattled, then scared, passed erratically and shot poorly, and lost ground every minute. Ganzy Benedict, in this, his first game, was rather wild in his work; Jerry Reich shot poorly. Jock Rosenberg held the team together, playing a cool, heady game. The little Brud Stephens was in the tilt; he played heads-up ball. The score was mounting rapidly when the gun sounded, and all concerned breathed a sigh of relief.

### **Marietta, 16—Dukes, 42**

This tilt came as a blessing to the tired and frazzled Dukes, it gave them back the confidence which had oozed out as a result of the Wesleyan trimming. Marietta was very bad but the Dukes were good; they piled up their points with ease. It was just a mild workout, very interesting to the rather small crowd that witnessed the tilt. From the Duke viewpoint, it was from one basket to another. Benedict, still showing a little wildness, stepped out as the leading scorer with six hoops from the field. On the whole, the game was dull, though serving to raise the drooping spirits of the Duquesne stands. But with all its aids, psychological and otherwise, to the Dukes, it brought disaster with the injury of Jock Rosenberg, who, with a game knee, missed the four games following.

\* \* \* \*

### **Muskingum, 32—Dukes, 20**

Another defeat, but a glorious one. Muskingum, touted to win in a walk, came here with the same team that won the Ohic Conference last year to meet a team which had lost four first string men by graduation. In the first half it looked like curtains for sure; the toss up, a swirl, a jump, a few passes, maybe a long shot; it didn't matter, they put them all in, and Muskingum had two points. Ten points were chalked up without a return, but the Dukes never quit fighting. Playing bigger, older and more experienced men, they never balked, but kept boring in. At the half, it stood 22-8 Muskingum.

Chick Davies had a few words to say in the interim, and a determined Duke quintet came out for half time. Jerry Reich got the ball on the tip-off, and after a few passes it was hooped in. They struggled and fought and threw in basket after basket, but for every one we got, Muskingum also got one. The Muskies just had to throw the ball and it was in; the Bluffmen missed heart-breaking throws right under the netting. But in that last torrid half the smaller, inexperienced Dukes outplayed their bigger, huskier and sager opponents, and emerged defeated but game to the last second, on the short end of a 32-20 score. Rosenberg, hurt in the Marietta game, worse than at first thought, was out. Stephens, diminutive Duke, at guard, held down the mountainous Harrop and kept him busy all of the time. Benedict showed



up exceptionally well, his passes were still a little wild and erratic, but he looked as if he were finding himself. Losman showed some nice shooting, caking three, Vernon and Reich outdid themselves in this tilt. Collodi, substituted for Stephens when Brud got four personals, held down his own end nicely. A very good game, though played before the smallest house ever to witness a Duke-Muskingum tilt in Pittsburgh.

\* \* \* \*

### Canisius, 35—Dukes, 25

A rather rough game, with ragged playing by the Dukes, the score should have been much more in their favor. Canisius possessed the very estimable quality of not knowing when it was licked, and holding a ten or eight point lead as nothing. They would brush it away in a few minutes. They had plenty of fight; too much in fact, as Jerry Reich will tell you.

At the half, the score read 17 all, after Canisius had just gobbled up a nice Duquesne lead. Benedict and Burd starred with five field goals apiece. Ganzy showed uncanny foul shooting ability, hooping five out of six.

Stephens again functioned at guard in this tilt and did very well there. Joe Vernon at center played a nice, steady game.

\* \* \* \*

### Thiel, 31—Dukes, 35

A game nearly ending in disaster for the Dukes. Thiel breezed into the second half under a nine point handicap, on the short end of a 21-12 score. While the Dukes were sleeping, they ran the score up; the Bluffmen pulled away but were caught up with again and the score stood for a minute or so at 28-26 Dukes. Chick's charges ran their end up to thirty-five, but a long shot by Berkman gave Thiel 30, and a foul tossed while the cannon was in the air, made the final 35-31. Chick Davies saw the boys after the game, it is not on record what he said but it was hot and to the point. They all went good in the first half, but slowed down considerable defensively. Silverstein started the game at forward, but after making a brilliantly executed tackle, which was out of place, however, he was withdrawn from circulation and Pete Collodi sent in. Pete, playing nearly the whole game, turned in a bang-up performance, offensively and defensively, looping three field goals. Ganzy and Brud, the offensive twins, performed well.

Captain Jerry Reich played a very good defensive game. In the last three games he had been performing with a broken rib and did not know it.

\* \* \* \*

### **Bethany, 20—Dukes, 34**

At last! A truly wonderful exhibition. The Dukes out-passed, out-shot, out-everythinged the Bisons. On a small floor, in an unfamiliar place, they played twice as well as at any other time during the season. Every man played faultless ball. Chick's words of wisdom after the Thiel tilt did them lots of good. Their passing game had the Bethany stands hanging on, they passed in and out and around the Bisons and hooped them in at will. Joe Vernon at center played the peppiest game of his life; he had more fight in that game than ever before. He out-jumped and out-shot his man consistently; he was the aggressor always. Benedict and Stephens turned in a wonderful game apiece—Ganzy, especially, his passing and cutting was a treat. Bethany acclaimed him the classiest player seen on their floor for quite some time. C. Hamil turned in the nicest performance for the Bisons. Reich, still playing with a broken rib, unknown to himself or anyone else, played a smashing, scrappy game. He was in the game every minute and played his best game of the season. His rib is now healing pretty well and will not keep him out of any more games.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

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### **Dukes, 34—American U., 29**

The Duquesne University basketball team, fresh from victories over sectional rivals, set out Jan. 17 for new fields of conquest in Washington, D. C.

The first game played was with American University, a school which gives its home as Washington D. C., but we think some place in Virginia, or points south would be more appropriate. The Methodists dropped a hard-fought game to the Dukes by a score of 34-29. The game was not decided until about one minute of a five minute extra period had been played, in which the Dukes showed their real form.

As the game started, the strain of the over-night ride was evident in the Duke's play. The fact, too, that both teams used

the same style of play, so well known to Duke followers, helped to keep the score close. The real scare of the game was given Duke rooters (we mean ex-Duke students now at colleges in Washington); when, with about five seconds to go, the Dukes were trailing by one point. The timekeeper was just raising the gun in the air when Benedict was fouled. He made good the foul goal, and the score at the end of the forty minutes was tied. With the start of the extra period, the Dukes displayed their real form and were complete masters of the affair. They scored five points while their opponents were unable to score even one. Thus ended the first night of the invasion, with one more on the credit side of the ledger.

\* \* \* \*

### Dukes, 25—Catholic U., 28

The next opponents of the Duke basketeers on their eastern invasion was Catholic University. The Cardinals were on the long end of a 28-25 score after 40 minutes of fast and furious basketball.

It would be impossible to try and describe the game at the C. U. floor. The young Duke team was battling a team rated by an eastern critic as the best college team in the east, if not the best in the country. The Dukes fought as only a Davies' inspired team can and gave a brilliant display of well-drilled offensive and defensive work.

This game, like the initial tilt in Washington, was one in which the teams were never separated by many points, except, perhaps, by a six point lead the Dukes held at the opening.

The Cardinals found Duquesne's defense rather hard to solve, and had to resort to long shots most of the game. Both teams displayed a brand of ball that would do credit to any college in the country. The fact that C. U. has played and won ten games (D. U. game included) made the defeat less bitter.

I think we can truthfully say, with due credit and respect to our conquerors, that had the game been played in Pittsburgh, on the home floor of the Dukes, the outcome might have been slightly different.

PAUL A. NEE, A. B., '29.

# Duquesne Monthly

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## *Work*

The daily labor that is all men's lot,  
The tasks that occupy the hand and mind  
Are not a cruel curse laid on mankind  
To bring his hopes and plans of joy to naught.  
Man's work's a help, by Heaven's wisdom wrought  
To aid him in his search, that he may find  
His end—the happiness he once resigned  
And which unceasingly since then he's sought.

What earthly satisfaction can compare  
With that which comes from work that's rightly done?  
For work is life. The man who does not care  
To work must fade and die. And e'en that one  
Oft quickly dies who can no longer bear  
The burden of the work he has begun.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



## *St. Patrick*



O Patron Saint, of any country, has the whole-hearted, widespread homage which the Irish give to Saint Patrick. There is something real and living about this veneration of the Irish, which is equaled by no other race. It is as if the Saint were a living and concrete person to them, not merely a hazy, traditional character: The personality of the man has come down through the ages. He has left such an indelible impression on every phase of Irish life that he can never be forgotten. His spirit still lives in and animates his people, it seems. You can touch on none of the traits of the race without meeting traces of his influence.

The faith which he gave them has withstood the buffetings of fifteen centuries, and is as strong and pure as when they first received it. They kept it undimmed by the abuses which were prevalent in Europe. It never became the tool of prince or king and was kept free from all political interference. St. Patrick and his successors did not want the Church to be either the master or the servant of the state.

He gave them a sensible, as well as a deep and fervent faith, and we never find the Irish going off on a wild rampage of foolish fanaticism like other nations. For example: During the time of the witch craze, it could be said that for five hundred years no Irishman stained his hands with the blood of a witch or wizard.

This strong, fiery faith was spread, throughout the length and breadth of the country, in less than a generation. From this, do not gather that the task was exceptionally easy; other men tried and failed. The Irish people are not, and never have been, accustomed to change convictions and opinions, religious or otherwise, easily. But under the influence of St. Patrick's personality and character they took Christianity to their hearts. There was no such thing as a violent persecution, either of Christians before the establishment of the Church in Ireland, or of Pagans afterwards, such was the personality of the Saint.

He recognized the good points and the beauties of the old Pagan customs. He appreciated the old language, literature and music, and encouraged their preservation. Not alone did he preserve the old, but he fostered the creation of more literature and art. He introduced the Latin language into Ireland, where it was preserved during a time when it was dead else-

where. He introduced and fostered the art of illuminated writing which the Irish monks later developed to such perfection.

He encouraged the other arts in Ireland, working in bronze and gold especially, and was a factor in developing the Irish smiths to the point where they produced some of the most beautiful jewelry in the world.

The Saint has been identified with the Irish contribution to poetry, the invention of rhyme. His tolerance and aesthetic sense in this matter has had a tremendous influence on the Irish race. Their love of the beautiful, and desire for learning and literature, are in a great part the result of his policy.

St. Patrick is renowned not alone as a man of God, and a patron of the arts, but also as a lawgiver. He was the motivating spirit in the revision of the ancient laws of Ireland, which was made in his lifetime. This revision turned the old Pagan statutes into the great Christian code which was the law of Ireland until the eighteenth century. He displayed tolerance and moderation in this, as in all else, and insisted only on the modifications which Christian morality made necessary, keeping much of the old code, and adding some practical reforms.

This code of laws not only settled disputes that arose, but accomplished the aim of all law, the installation of a love for justice, equal and exact. The character of this code, the wisdom of its provisions, its system and organization, entitle St. Patrick to a place among the lawgivers of the world.

The Irish independent spirit was fostered by the Saint, who always lead, instead of driving his people. He helped them build up a system of Christian culture as unique and separate from the influence of the outside world as had been their Pagan culture. He left their spirit free and wisely refrained from trying to coerce them in any way in regard to anything, religion, art or law. He added to their own culture and took none of its good points away.

He had the true spirit of kindness and sympathy for the suffering and afflicted that is characteristic of the Irish even today. He denounced slavery, which piracy had introduced into certain parts of the country, and he finally uprooted it.

Is it any wonder that the memory of such a man lives on in the hearts of his people, undimmed by the passage of fifteen centuries and the ravages of seven hundred years of unre-

mitted persecution and horror? That spirit which sustained St. Patrick and enabled him to overcome and remedy all the evils and difficulties which opposed his work, remains with the Irish at the present day. That spirit which brought them through trials, that would have crushed many an other people, with undiminished faith and courage, still inspires them, and one day must surely triumph.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

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### *A Thought*

The deeper the darkness,  
The brighter the morn;  
Oft laughter and gladness  
From sorrow are born.  
The fiercer the tempest,  
The sooner the calm;  
The sharper the wind,  
The more soothing the balm.  
The brightest of blossoms  
Lie close to the sod;  
The lowliest hearts  
Are dearest to God.  
The heaviest cross  
That to earth bows us down,  
If patiently borne,  
Wins a glorious crown.

J. P. RADOMSKI, B. S. in E., '29.

## *Big Pete's Philosophy*



EWILDERED and amazed, I stood within the gates which surrounded the sacred precincts of the H. J. Brown Rolling Mills. I who had thought that there was little left in the world that could cause me astonishment, stood rooted to the spot not fifty feet from the gates through which I had gained admission, wonder-struck, overcome by what I saw and heard, knowing not what to do nor whither to turn. In one of my hands I clutched a piece of paper, stating that I had been successful in obtaining the position of laborer in gang number four, which gang I was trying to find. Not fifty feet from the gates I had lost myself. I had read of factories and seen pictures of them, but they were never anything like what I saw stretching before me. On all sides of me, as far as I could see, were dirty sheds, shacks and buildings, heaped one on top of the other in hopeless confusion, each having its big, black smoke-stack sending forth unceasingly columns of smoke or steam. Connecting these one with the other was a maze of narrow gauge railroad track, over which bustled scores of busy little engines, hauling coal, wood, cement, bricks, molds, red hot ingots, that had just been stripped of their molds and were being sent to the soaking pits in order to be reheated for the final rolling process. A train of these ingots was approaching me. Fascinated, I watched them as they came nearer. However, when they were about fifty feet away the waves of heat they cast out were so great that I had to flee precipitately in order to save myself from being scorched. I next looked into some of the yawning caverns that were the entrances to the steel sheds. The sights I saw gave me the impression of another world altogether. Invariably the places wherein I looked were quite dark—with a darkness tinged red by the blazing fires: yawning red-mouthed pits wherein were being lowered ingots of steel, machines, great grinding steel Titans, belching forth columns of fire and smoke, turning over in their fiery jaws choice morsels of red hot metal, mauling them, shaping them, accompanying all this with the most hideous groaning, grinding and pounding. Everywhere I looked it was the same: laboring steel monsters tended by grimy slaves, heat, fire, smoke, darting donkey engines, and over it all the everlasting, unceasing pounding, a subdued roaring as of the surf on a distant beach. I was getting a bit alarmed by all this. I had lost my way and did not know what to do. The steady



pounding seemed to enter into my brain and find an echo there; my head was in a whirl; things began to lose their material aspect and assume the appearance of some dread place of torture; any minute one of the steel monsters might reach out and clutch me in its cruel embrace. I turned toward the gate which afforded a retreat from that huge red inferno into the safety and quiet of everyday life; something seemed to say to me that I had better hurry or it would be too late. Faster and faster I hastened toward the gate, which, like in a nightmare; seemed to recede farther and farther away. Panic was clutching at my heart. Suddenly a peal of laughter sounded out right behind my back, the deepest, richest, most melodious laughter I ever heard in all my life. In a flash things seemed to come back to normal. I turned and there, standing right in back of me, laughing as though he would break a windpipe, any minute, was a big Negro. Head and shoulders he towered above me, his splendid body, his broad shoulders shaking with uncontrollable mirth. The smooth, black ebony of his face afforded a glistening background for the dazzling white eyes which shone therefrom, and for the open pink cavern of his mouth in which were implanted thirty-two pieces of snowy ivory. Gradually his laughter diminished into disconnected chuckles, interrupted by humorous wags of the head. It ended finally on a surprisingly high pitched giggle.

"Eeh, hee, hee. White boy yo' seem in a pow'ful hurry. Where yo' goin'?"

I indicated the slip that I held in my hand and told him my mission. He took the paper, wrinkled his brow over it in intent study. "J-O-E W-A-R-N-E-R," he spelled out. "Dat's yo' name, is it?"

I answered in the affirmative. He extended a monstrous, pinkish-black palm and squeezed mine in a crushing grip. "Glad to meet yo', Joe."

"How do you do?" I replied. He was again busily poring over the paper I had given him. At last his face lighted up and he looked at me in delight. "Why dat's de very same gang what I'm in. I'm going dere mahself, an' I'll take yo' with me. Let's hurry up. We're late now." He walked on a few steps with me and again started chuckling. "Yo' sho did look funny beatin' it foh dat gate. How come yo' was in such a hurry?"

"Well, you see," I replied, "I felt sort of alarmed. Everything and everyone seemed so busy I didn't know what to do,

so I thought I'd get out."

"Well, yo' sho was gettin' out all right. But, I don't blame yo'. Dis certainly am a busy place. I reckon dis heah mill am about de workinest place in de whole world." Again he began to laugh, and this time so infectiously that I had to join him.

That was the first time I saw Big Pete.

It seems that for some reason or other, Pete had formed a liking for me right from the start. Consequently, he took me under his wing, showing me around the mill, helping me out, giving me all kinds of advice. In time he became one of my very best friends. A more charming character than his would be hard to find. His big body harbored a mind, comparable in simplicity, naivete and spontaneity with that of a child. He had a heart that matched well his big frame, a heart that was kindness itself. However, he liked nothing better than to cloak his kindness of heart in the pretense of cynicism. Somewhere he had picked up the idea that he was a philosopher. He delighted in proclaiming it far and wide that the only thing in life he cared for was his own material welfare. One of his pet sayings was: Charity begins at home. Never was he louder in his protestations than when lending someone a quarter or giving someone else a helping hand. Pete liked to argue on all sorts of topics. At one time I recited the Greek alphabet for him. This convinced him that I was the smartest man in the world, that I was the embodiment of all the knowledge that could be had by mortals. Thus it was, that he often came to me to settle points about which he was in doubt, whether it was religion, booze, ethics, women, or politics.

One day a group of us laborers were talking about God. A Mexican in our gang had just expressed the opinion that there was no God; he had got hold of some socialistic and Bolshevik propaganda somewhere and had stuffed his brain with all kinds of atheistic facts and figures. After hearing me argue with him for some time, Pete evidently thought I was getting nowhere, so he decided to take a hand himself in confounding the arguments of this agitator. The Mexican had just said: "Of course there's no God. If there was a God, why he not just, why he not make us same as rich man? Rich man live in big house, have lots of money, drive big car, eat chicken every day, drink good booze, happy all time, never have to work; you live in old shack, wear old clothes, eat cheap stuff, drink cheap gin, work all day, never get no

rest, never happy——”

“Yo’ look here. Who’s not happy. Why I’m de contentenest man in dis yere town. What’s dat got to do with God anyhow. Ain’t de Bible done say dey’s a God?”

“O you, you crazy, believe in Bible, fairy tale, fool people.”

“Yo’ look heah, who’s crazy an’ don’ yo’ say dey’s no Bible. I knows dey’s a Bible. Didn’ de preacher say dey was?”

“You don’t understand, you not educated, these things too deep for you.”

“Who’s not educated? Looka here you white guy, I been to school up to de fifth grade and I’m educated, I am.”

“Never mind that. They ain’t no justice in the world. All people ought to be alike. No rich people, no poor people.”

“Say, boy, yo’ look heah. If dere was no rich people, where’d our wages come from? Tell me dat, will yo’? I guess dat ought to hold yo’ for awhile.” Big Pete burst into his melodious laugh, winding it up with his usual high-pitched cackle.

“Well, let that go. Anyway, there ain’t no God. If there be God, he afraid to show Himself. I not afraid of Him. Let Him kill me now if He can. I dare Him.” At this, the Mexican with true Latin fire extended his arms in defiance to the heavens.

Pete only laughed. “Man yo’ got a lot of nerve. Think God has time to monkey with small fry like you. Let me tell you, boy. Yo’ jes wait till some day God gets aroun’ to noticin’ you and then yo’ll get it right in de neck. Yo’ can’t tell me dey’s no God. I knows dey is. My preacher jes done tole me so las’ Sunday. Anyhow, if dey’s no God, who makes de thunder and de lightnin’.”

At this the Mexican gave up in despair. Pete turned to me chuckling. “Dat’s de way to argify with dem, Joe. Tryin’ to say dey’s no God. Dat guy’s plumb crazy.”

A few days later Pete came up to me and said: “Well, I been to Church meetin’ last Sunday. Dat preacher of ours was talkin’ ’bout heaven. Dat’s a pretty nice place. Say, Joe, do dey have gin in heaven?”

“No, Pete,” I responded, “up in heaven are the angels, who play harps and sing and are very, very happy.”

“Dat’s too bad, no gin. But I sings pretty good; I sings bass down in de barber shop. I wonder if dey needs any bass singers up dere among de angels. Yo’ know I been wonderin’ and wonderin’ cause I ain’t never seen no black angels in heaven. Maybe us black folks won’t go to heaven.”

"Oh, yes you will," I answered, "only when you get to heaven you will be white, just the same as I am."

"Doggone it! Is dat so? You know I thought maybe God would send us black folks down to de devil. You know all dem devils is black on de pictures."

"No, Pete, you have the wrong idea. It isn't the skin that determines whether you go to heaven or not. It is the heart that determines that. If your heart is right you'll be sure to go to heaven."

"Well, my heart's fine. I jes' been to de doctor last week and he say my heart was fine. But, you know, Joe, I been thinkin' dey ain't no hell at all."

"How's that, Pete?"

"Well, how's God gonna get all dat coal to keep dem fires hot so long? De good book says de fires will burn forever and ever and yo' knows yo'self dat dey ain't coal enough to keep burnin' forever nohow."

A few days after that, after a particularly hard day at the mill, I was sitting in the shed in a very gloomy and depressed state of mind waiting for my car, when Pete came up to me and said: "What's de matter, Joe? Ain't anything de matter is dere?"

"No, Pete, I guess I'm just sort of tired. That's all. You look spry enough. How is it that you always manage to keep so jolly? You know, Pete, lots of philosophers have said that the object of life is the pursuit of happiness. What makes you so happy?"

"Dat's what I is, a philossifer. I don't know what makes me happy. Maybe it 's cause I'm so contented. I'm the contentenest man I know."

"But what makes you contented. You don't have much in life. There are so many things that you could have, comforts, pleasures."

"Dem things don't bother me none, Joe. It's easy to be happy all de time. Jes find out de things you can get and be satisfied with dem, and all de other things dat yo' can't get, all you have to do is not want dem. Ain't dat easy?"

In much of his conversation I found that Big Pete had the heart of a poet. I found him one day staring at the molten steel that was being poured from one of the ladles into an ingot mold. As I approached him, he said to me: "I wonder what dat steel'd say if it could talk? Seems to me it would be pow'ful mad, bein' stiff and strong and all dat, and den bein'



melted up and made wishy washy jes like any old dish water." Again, we chanced to be on night shift together one night. We were shoveling coal. After awhile he started slowing up in his work and started looking up at the stars. "Pow'ful little dose stars," he remarked, "and purty, too."

"Pete, some of those stars are bigger than this world of ours," I told him.

"No suh, no suh," he answered, "dat caint be, dat caint be. Why if dose stars was so big, how would dey all fit up dere in de sky; dey wouldn't be enough room for all of dem. My mammy use to tell me dat dose stars were little holes in de floor of heaven, where de carpet is worn through."

Pete had sound doctrines about economics, too. Here are a few of his ideas on overproduction. When I first started to work at the mill, I plunged into the work with might and main. Big Pete stopped me. "Easy, Joe, easy," he used to say "yo' workin' jes twice too fast. Dere'll be lots o' dat work heah when you're dead and gone. Yo' jes watch me. Use yo' handkerchief more instead of yo' shovel. After a shovelful take out yo' handkerchief an' wipe yo' face as if yo'd been workin' hard. Den after about twenty shovels, go over and get yo'self a drink. Dat's de way to do it."

He would favor me with countless bits of advice—from the correct kind of gloves to wear in handling rough lumber, to the proper and dignified way to chew tobacco. The latter, despite his earnest and ardent coaching, I never learned to do, greatly to his disgust. When first I went to work I used to carry a thermos bottle with me. When he saw this for the first time he said: "Don't bring dat to work with yo,' Joe. All dese fellows aroun' heah are crooks. Dey'd steal it in no time. I'm different from de rest of dese guys. I'm honest, I am. If I was gonna steal it off you, I'd let yo' know first I was gonna steal it."

I started out to tell you about Big Pete and his philosophy, but having gone thus far, I find that I cannot lay my finger on any definite starting place in his system. As I said before, the one thing he was always talking about was his hardness of heart, his ability to resist all kinds of appeals for charity. One day as he was taking a cinder out of the eye of the Mexican I have mentioned previously, he said to me: "See here, Joe, you be jes like me. Always keep your nose out of other people's business. Jes look out for yo'self and let everybody else look out for theirselves. Charity begins at yo' own door. Remembah dat. Always look out for number one." That

was his philosophy. Did he shape his life according to it? Let us see.

Pete and I were in the roller shop one morning, helping to move castings from one end of the shop to the other. We were doing this with the aid of a traveling crane. We had a chain fastened to the hook on the crane; this we would fasten to the casting to be moved and the operator would hoist away and carry it to the other end of the shop. The chain we were using that morning was rather rusty; however, Pete decided it would do well enough for our purposes, so we already had signalled the operator to hoist away. Contrary to the rules, I was standing directly under the crane, absent-mindedly absorbed in something that had caught my attention for the time being. Suddenly I heard a shout from Pete and was at the same time pushed off my feet. I arose rather angrily to reprove him for his horseplay. To my chagrin, I saw Pete lying just where I had stood, the blood welling from a gash in his forehead, across his arm lying the chain and casting which had evidently fallen from the crane above. His arm was evidently crushed. I rushed to him. He was unconscious. I exerted all my energies on the casting, and at length got it off his arm, just as the ambulance rushed up.

In the hospital, to my relief, Pete was found not seriously injured. When he was on the road to recovery and could receive visitors, I was the first to see him. I went in, not knowing what to say. I grasped his good hand and said: "Pete, I can never thank you for saving my life; you're a hero, Pete, and if ever——"

He interrupted me, "Aw, go way, go way, Joe. What yo' talkin' 'bout?"

I didn't know how to express my appreciation to him, so I just let it go at that and started to poke fun at him: "Say, Pete, how about that charity begins at home stuff and all that, what about looking out for yourself first. Why didn't you let the chain fall on me and save yourself?"

He looked offended and rose up in his bed slightly. "What's charity got to do with dis?"

I hedged. "Well, charity ought to begin at home."

He looked still more offended, turned his big white eyes pleadingly towards me and then asked rather plaintively, "Ain't I yo' friend?"

Before Pete had a chance to regain his health completely I had left the mill and returned to school. Since then I have not seen him often. However, separation has in no way

lessened my regard for him, and as long as I live I shall consider him among the dearest of my friends. His philosophy of life was very weak, it is true, but his code of action was that of a gentleman.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

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### *Daddy's Caddy*

(With Apologies to Barrie Payne)

McDuffer had a little laddie,  
Whose eyes so bright were very keen.  
"Ha!" said daddy, "here's a caddie,  
To chase my ball around the green."

Daddy's sharp-eyed little laddie  
Learned to swear and cuss around;  
While acting as his daddy's caddie,  
When his papa dug the ground.

In our laddie-caddie's daddy  
Every fault of golf was there.  
"If I avoid each dub," said laddie,  
"Then I'll be a golfer fair."

"Every caddy," thought the daddy,  
"If he be a golfer fair,  
Has a chance, though but a laddie,  
To become millionaire."

So McDuffer, laddie's daddy,  
Gave his son, the golfer fair,  
All his clubs, and soon the caddie  
Won the title, "Champion Play'r."

Then so proudly, laddie's daddy  
Brought around a Mister Pyle,  
Who should make for daddy's laddie  
Gold and silver in a pile.

Thus to riches came the caddie  
Recommending soap and shoes,  
(And McDuffer was so glad, he  
Entertained his friends with booze.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.

## *The Fate of Booth*



RESIDENT LINCOLN was shot by a miserable, half-crazy actor named Booth on April 14 1865. The wretch fell to the stage in trying to escape and broke his leg. He was soon caught in a barn in Virginia and shot." Thus the murder of Lincoln is recorded on the pages of history, and according to historians it is true. But is it true that Booth was soon caught in a barn in Virginia and shot? This statement has been doubted by many. No less than three books have been written which seem to disprove that Booth was shot in the barn. The books are: "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln," by Bernie Babcock; "Escape and Suicide of Booth," by Finis L. Bates; and the "Wanderings of Booth," by Campbell. The book, "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln," discusses the subject as follows:

A plot was formed to kidnap Lincoln and carry him to Richmond as a hostage of war. However, the untimely surrender of Lee caused a disruption in the original plans. Instead, Booth, the main leader in the plot, and perhaps the instigator, shot Lincoln while he was attending Ford's theater in Washington. The plans were well laid and it was not hard for Booth to make his escape from the city. Leaving Washington by the East Potomac bridge, Booth first stopped at a Dr. Mudds, where his injured leg was dressed. Next he went to the home of one named Coxe and was conducted to a safe hiding place; all the while being accompanied by a young man named Herold. At Coxe's place, a hired man named Jimmie was assigned to conduct Booth across the Rappahannock river. Booth, traveling in the wagon of a Negro, concealed himself on a bed of straw and was then covered with boards. After crossing the river, Booth missed several letters and photographs, part of a diary and a pocket compass. Jimmie was sent back to recover these articles and Booth set out for the Garrett home. The fugitive was not here long when he was forced to flee because Federal soldiers were on his trail. Jimmie returned to the Garrett home with the articles lost by Booth and was given shelter in the barn with Herold (the young man accompanying Booth). The Federal soldiers arrived in due time, and the Garretts, thinking Booth was in the barn, directed them there. It was now that the man called Jimmie was shot in the barn instead of Booth. The soldiers, in their frenzy to capture the slayer on whose head there was a \$200,00 reward, failed to identify Booth before they shot



him. Herold, the aid, surrendered. The supposed body of Booth was taken from the barn and, on being searched, the possessions that Booth had lost in crossing the river were found on the body of Jimmie who had been sent to recover them. This proved to the soldiers beyond doubt that it was Booth that they had shot. The body was taken to Washington, and there are four different stories as to how the body was disposed of. At no time did anybody get the chance to identify positively the body of Booth.

In the meantime, Booth was fleeing further Southward. The supposed dead man appeared next in Kentucky, where he stopped for a rest at the home of a relative. Next Booth found shelter in the mountains of Tennessee, and in the cabin of Sojer Tom Willsin's he read of the killing of Jimmie and the capture of Herold, and further of the disposition of his body. After reading this, Booth, with a sigh of contentment, said, "I am now dead." But was Booth dead? He had fled from the soldiers but he had not fled from the spirit and shadows of Lincoln which continually haunted him. Booth had now come to Arkansas. At each new place he stopped he assumed a new name. His stop **here** was short, however. The assassin now left for Indian territory, accompanied by a Cherokee Indian.

On his way to the territory, he came upon a newspaper giving the story of the trial of the conspirators who assisted him in assassinating Lincoln. Among these, was a Mrs. Surratt; according to Booth, she was guiltless. He, sensing the injustice that was being done to this innocent woman, thought of sending a telegram which would free her. Later he came across another newspaper which gave an account of how she met death. This affected Booth very much; so much, indeed, that he was forced to flee lest the Indian become suspicious. Leaving the Indian territory, he came to Salt Lake Valley. Here his occupation was a mule driver. His stay here was not long, however. Shortly afterwards, a Jim P. Holmes appeared at Salt Lake City and inquired for a letter at the post office. This was a letter to Booth from his mother, making arrangements to meet him later in California.

On a December day in 1865, John Wilkes Booth, the supposed dead man, met his mother, Mrs. M. A. Booth, in San Francisco. Booth, in a few words, related to his mother the story of his escape and the hardships connected with it. After seeing his mother for a short time he decides to leave America for Europe and, "Stay Dead."

Next Booth finds himself on board a ship bound for Shanghai, China. Stopping at Shanghai for a time, he then went to Pelew Island, under the guise of an English writer making a trip around the world. Coming next to Mexico, with a troubled mind and conscience he makes a confession to a Catholic priest. In 1872, Booth appears in a Texas town under the name of John St. Helen, and in a short time a close friendship grows up between him and a young lawyer named Finis L. Bates. While on the verge of death, during a sick spell Booth confesses the crime of killing Lincoln to Bates. The murderer does not die, however, and when he is well he relates to the young lawyer the story of the murder, his escape and the different places he has traveled in trying to live down the crime.

In 1899, while living in El Reno, Okla., he again is on the verge of death, and for a second time he confesses his crime, to a Mrs. Harper. He does not die, however. Leaving El Reno, the living dead man goes to Enid. At Enid, despair and discontent almost overcome the man. It seems his days are numbered. At the height of his despair, Booth makes a mental picture of the events of his life since the fatal day. At this time his story, "The Story of a Living Dead Man," was supposed to have been written. He begins with the fact that he is a murderer, not of one man, but of seven persons, three women and four men. "A Man Without a Home" is a chapter in the book; "A Man Without a Name" is another, and on and on. All the names he used in his wanderings appear before him, Boyd, Robert Jones, Joe Vicks, John St. Helen, Smith, Bertner and others. David E. George was perhaps the last name he would use. Feeling a fit of depression coming on, he goes to a corner drug store and purchases some Lilac perfume and enough headache powder, "to keep his head steady on a long trip," perhaps a trip out of this life.

The next day Booth is found in a dying condition. To the people who are attending him he confesses that he is the murderer of Lincoln, the best man. Both then, in a feeble voice, tells of the two others who know the secret. With the word "Mother" on his lips he dies.

Thus did the slayer of Lincoln die, not in a barn in Virginia, but in a hotel in Enid, Oklahoma, some thirty years later.

THOMAS MULVANEY, B. Sc., in E., '29.



# SANCTUM

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## EDITORIALS

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### *Potential Energy*



WE live in a world of knockers. One after another the inspiring idols of our childhood chip away before the ceaseless hammering of the scandal-monger. His work is far beyond the need of supplement, and so promiscuous are his accusations that the whole field of criticism has fallen into disrepute. Decent citizens hesitate to comment upon even the most obvious misplacements of human adulation, so keen is the fear of being classified with slanderers.

Yet, in a time when praise is so rare and meaningful, it is well to see that it is not misdirected; for it would be a pity to spend our small capacity for appreciation on an unworthy object. Accordingly, then, with no prolix apology, we can dare to question the unrestricted praise which is commonly bestowed upon ability unutilized. "Knowledge is power", chants the popular voice, a voice to which "power," no matter how idle, signifies all that is desirable in man. Keyed to this idea of attaining vast power and capability, rather than working on accomplishments, we spend our lives in preparation and not in action.

Hence we see a long line of beings, masters in their subjects, who spend their lives in amassing knowledge, skill, or physical energy, rejoicing in its mere presence, and seemingly without a thought of ever using it. Prominent among them is the dim-eyed scholar transcribing phrases from one book into another, and without the slightest dream of ever turning from study to the world of action, delighting in the convolutions of his brain. Civilization has presented few more tear-

ful tragedies than this. He may print a few paper-covered monograms for the lock cases in the research library; but, for the most part, he simply garners bits of information as a miser gathers coins.

The over-studious individual is but one of many who offend against the law of action. The athlete who drills like a Trojan for the gridiron, or runs his distance each morning during track season, is too often found sprawled down in crowded street cars, while grandmothers and even cripples tug at straps. And sometimes the zest with which he celebrates the after season lapse of training leads suspicious souls to wonder whether he really intends to use his physical training for a healthy life or whether he simply plays to gain his grain of glory. In other words, there is a danger that his physical training may become a mere thing to boast about, and not a means whereby he can more readily fit his place in life. In all walks and branches, we acquire ability, boast about it, and augment it to no purpose, like full-fledged eaglets without the heart to fly.

What a near-sighted view of preparation all this is,—to continue piling up more and more untried capacity for decades that may never come. The statesman who conciliates two nations at war, the laborer who digs a cellar or a sewer, are a dozen times more in tune with their spirits than the erudite but passive Hercules who could outdo them both. Children admire and old men deprecate the brilliant cynic who could do anything but never does, who could gaze on the Yosemite valley while cupping his hand to a yawn, who glorifies in a life of sideline speculation, aloof and unilluminating, like a dark star.

Life has set a challenge before us. It offers to play the game of our own choosing, offers to engage in any contest, as we like; and we stand around like wallflowers. The mad world itself, in framing a competition for every temperament, considers each of us a being worth living.

By all means return the compliment. Think of the world as a universe in which it is thrilling to move. It is wonderful in youth to look eagerly forward to a life brimful of combat and conquest, while the passion for vital adventure mingles with all our shifting dreams of greatness, with visions of independence and power. It is satisfying in age to contemplate again the stirring turmoil of the years before; to feel again the flush of every achievement and the sting of every blow.

L. M., A. B., '29.



## Symphony Concerts



It seems rather ridiculous that a group of well-educated citizens should endeavor to place a ban on a movement which would help to put Pittsburgh on a par with other great cities of the United States. Yet such is the case.

A short while ago, a society was organized in Pittsburgh, out of which grew the determination to produce a Symphony Orchestra. This orchestra was to hold Sunday concerts for the enjoyment of the people. When a concert was given, the law, goaded on by a group of supposedly intellectual men and women, intervened. Those sanctioning this concert were tried before an alderman and fined for disobeying the State Blue Laws.

It was only a harmless step in the progress of the city, yet it was retarded for several months. And now, after a lengthy struggle at law, those in favor of these Symphony Concerts have been successful. Yet, the instigators of this arrest, determine to go farther if it is legally permissible. They have decided the question among themselves and are determined to have the State Supreme Court embrace their decision.

The outcome is yet unknown, but it is generally conceded that the majority of the population of this district is in favor of these concerts. Other cities have them. Then why should they be prohibited in Pittsburgh? There is no pecuniary profit obtained from them. Are they, then, a violation of the Blue Laws? Are the working people of our city to have no means of enjoyment and enlightenment? Are they to continue working six days a week, and then, on their day of rest, remain at home, with no means of enjoyment except books, which often become monotonous, or their own thoughts? It is true, many great men have found more enjoyment in their own thoughts, whose greatest entertainment was obtained from their own minds. There always have been a few of these, and there are some such men living to-day, but these are the minority.

It is conceded, by many great minds, that the effect of the highest class of music, such as is produced at these concerts, is inspiring, uplifting, and restful to the minds of the hearers. It is inspiring! Who can listen to the beautiful compositions of Wagner, Beethoven, Herbert, and others, with-

out obtaining inspiration from them? It is uplifting! Who can hear these marvels of symphonic beauty without being stirred, and lifted above the cares of the world? Worries and troubles are forgotten in the desire to hear more of that which is so beautiful to the ear. It is restful! Only those who have heard the work of the great masters, only those who have listened to them for hours, can realize how restful and soothing such music really is.

Yet, there are those who would do away with these. They would take them away and leave the workingman seek rest in idleness. It is a greater sin to be idle than to seek harmless enjoyment. Idleness is the cause of the atrocious crimes we read of every day. Those who commit these crimes have too much time to think and plan, they do not have sufficient activities to occupy their minds. Symphony Concerts would furnish diversion to those who would otherwise have little to do.

There are sound arguments against Symphony Concerts. That is, they are sound, if true. That the decision favoring them would lead to a "wideopen" Sunday, is a sound argument. Whether it is true, remains to be discovered, but there is no reason for such a consequence. The Legislature, alone, can repeal the Blue Laws, and this is very improbable.

It is my opinion, however, that these concerts should be sanctioned and even aided by the authorities, for, in aiding them, they are aiding in the progress of the city and its people.

REGIS M. SCANLON, B. Sc. of E., '31.

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## *The Economic Motive*



HE belief that all men are selfish is supported by an array of evidence so extensive and imposing that we hesitate to admit an exception even on the most convincing testimony. The evil that men do is facilitated by the thought that it will bring to them some bit of gain; the good they do is usually motivated by the hope of a reward still more persuasive. In the realm of earthly gain and satisfaction, a few men are enamored of the gift of eloquence, of musical attainment, of repartee; they would prize gifts of personal skill more than material property. But to

the majority, happiness is representative of food, entertainment, a motor car, and the billion other things that may be purchased through the dollar.

Indeed, so universal is this lust after financial acquisitions that the whole science of political economy is based upon it as the primary axiom. Individuals rely implicitly and absolutely upon it in their dealings with one another. Even the few who do not prize money above personal accomplishments are not at all unskillful in collecting it. The only persons who seem really immune are those who have gathered together in religious communities, taken the vow of poverty, and are assured against the necessity of age.

This universal gold hunt teaches one to have a high respect for the instincts of the human family. The man who lives under the precarious necessities of the animal, in constant need of shelter, raiment, and his daily rations, exhibits a tendency that we cannot but admire, when he seeks to obtain as great a hold upon creation as it is possible to get. As long as he is willing to abide by the rules of the game, we care not how seriously or how relentlessly he may play. Nature has demanded a certain toll. He must acquire the wherewithal to satisfy that requirement, or he shall be a burden to the race.

LE ROY MARSO, A. B., '30.



## *Catacombs*

(Inspired by a visit to the newly opened Catacombs at Old St. Patrick's)

How oft we read in musty tomes  
Of dark, deep-buried catacombs  
Where far below earth's mouth or sky  
The hallowed dead in slumber lie.  
Each niche the torches ghostly glare doth show  
In damp and fearsome mein, while slow  
With trudging step and accents faint  
The sexton points the bed of martyred saint.  
The unstirred dust, the mortal part of man who dies,  
About the gruesome chamber lies.  
Low-spoke, the faintest whisper grown  
In volume, rises to a moan  
And fills the cavern halls  
As though the unshriven dead would shake their palls,  
And rising up would seek the prayers  
Of visitor, and sexton and of saint; the flares  
Etch out in wavering shadows midst the gloom—  
Faltering emissaries to the tomb.

And now in regal splendor 'neath the nave  
Have risen up grim chambers of the grave.  
Amidst the city's roar and blackening breath so vast,  
The dead have come into their own at last.  
The ghostly torch, the taper's waving light,  
As spectres move in the eternal night  
That shrouds the inert forms themselves  
Which tempt the ghoul and mock the living from the  
shelves.  
Carved from the rock a vast and unseen world  
Opens before the leathery skin and gnarled  
Hand of him who holds the trembling key  
To what men before have been and once again shall be.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '28.



## *Duquesne Day by Day*



THE annual retreat for the members of the College and High School departments was conducted this year by Father Thomas Naughton. It began on Tuesday of the week following the examinations, and was concluded Friday afternoon. The students attended Mass every morning, and as all classes were postponed, spiritual reading sessions were held between sermons. On Thursday all went to Confession, and the next morning to Communion.

Father Naughton has for a number of years been a member of the Holy Ghost Missionary Band, and is well fitted for the work of conducting retreats. His sermons were both pleasing and instructive, and his evident joy in his work made him doubly interesting to the students.

\* \* \* \*

The big Football Luncheon, held on Thursday, Feb. 9, at the William Penn Hotel, was a great success in every detail. A large crowd attended, and no one was disappointed. The big feature of the day was an address by Knute K. Rockne, the nation-famous Notre Dame coach, and erstwhile "boss" of Elmer Layden. Mayor Charles E. Kline was toastmaster. Shortly after luncheon was served, letters and sweaters were awarded to the varsity men and the captain of next year's team was announced. He is none other than "Buff" Donnelly, the varsity's regular fullback and sensational kicker.

Such a splendid affair will bear repetition. It affords a chance to put the University in the limelight; it is a reward to the players for three months of work and devotion, and provides a good time for all. Now that the football luncheon has been inaugurated, let's make it permanent.

\* \* \* \*

The Intramural Basketball League is going into its third year, and although started late, seems to be making up for lost time. At the present time the College team leads the other three teams. John Weibel was chosen as head of the league.

This year, although the league seems to be functioning well, a late start made a short schedule necessary. Nothing

was done about the popular sport until Jan. 18, almost the middle of the season. The best intramural league the school ever had was three years ago, when the boys organized before Christmas and played a long schedule. The moral of this story is, get started early, so if there is to be a successful track or baseball league, it seems that the students or the Senate should soon get busy.

\* \* \* \*

The first meeting of this year's Junior Prom. Committee was held in Canevin Hall on Feb. 10, when five representatives from the Junior class of each department were called together. The first business, of course, was the election of officers. John White, of the School of Accounts, reaped the reward of three years of whole-hearted activity in Duquesne affairs when he was elected chairman, which is about the highest award, in a social way, that can be bestowed on a College student. The other officers were Margaret Kauffman, School of Music, treasurer, and Ralph Hayes, College of Arts, secretary.

At a second meeting held the following Wednesday, Mr. White appointed his sub-chairman. John Stafford will have charge of the Entertainment; Mr. Dailey, a Pharmic, is in charge of the Tickets and Program; Jack Burns, Pre-Med, is chairman of the Reception Committee. Paul Nee will solicit the patrons, and Regis Foley will select the favors. Chairman of the Door and the Publicity Committees will be announced soon.

The Junior Prom is an affair without which no University is socially complete. We all want to see this one succeed in every way, not only for its own sake, but also that the next Junior class will not be faced with the proposition of paying off a debt left over from the previous year.

\* \* \* \*

Work on the Monocle has been progressing in a most encouraging fashion. The pictures have nearly all been taken, John Stafford has the book planned, and subscriptions are coming in daily. But there is one obstacle yet to be overcome, and it is by no means a small one. Advertising is one of the most important factors in any publication, and at the present time Advertising Manager Dan Makagon is faced with the problem of doing a lot of work with very little help. He would appreciate it a lot if a few Dukes with some spare time on their hands would join his band of advertisement collectors.

Besides helping the staff and the school, there is a ten per cent commission paid for every ad secured. Get to work and put the Year Book across with a bang.

\* \* \* \*

Although co-education at Duquesne is a fairly recent institution, the girls are losing no time in getting to the front. Earlier in the year a basketball team was organized, and now they have formed a sorority. The club has been named Alpha Phi Omicron, and has been officially recognized by the faculty. Helen Jacobson, School of Accounts, was elected president; Mary Abel, School of Education, vice-president; Margaret Nussbaum, Accounts, secretary; Dorothy Kelley, Pharmacy, treasurer; Ann McDonnell, Education, reporter; and Betty Dailey, Accounts, social chairman. Besides these, there are sixteen others from all departments pledged as charter members.

We wish them the same good results in their work that Duquesne fraternities have had.

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The most recent addition to the faculty at Duquesne University is Rev. Michael A. Kelley, C.S.Sp., Ph. D., who was until recently Superior of the Holy Ghost Mission Band. For a number of years Father Kelley has been prominent among the leaders in missionary work. His brilliance as teacher, orator and writer make him the most valuable acquisition to the University faculty in years. Duquesne, and the College of Arts, in particular, is fortunate in having him.

\* \* \* \*

On Thursday evening, February 16, the Duquesne University School of Drama staged Augustus Thomas' comedy-drama, "In Missoura," in the new auditorium. The play was a great success; it was acclaimed by all who saw it as the best thing played on that stage in years. The audience, however, was disappointingly small; something will have to be done about putting over the efforts of our school players. The play was exceedingly elaborate. It was in four acts, and for these, three different settings were used—one of them a blacksmith shop. This blacksmith shop was just the same as any blacksmith shop in reality. There were on the stage a forge, with real fire, an old-fashioned bellows, an anvil—everything, in fact, that goes to make up a blacksmith shop, not excepting a real horse and a real blacksmith. A horse was actually shod

right on the stage, something that has not been done for thirty years; a wagon wheel was also repaired. Thanks are due to Mr. John Kelley, who furnished all the blacksmithing equipment, including the horse. He also played the part of Cal, the assistant blacksmith in the play. In the fourth act, bread was actually baked on the stage. The play is chock full of laughs and thrills. Much credit is due Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, who directed the play in such great fashion. We all hope that it won't be long before he puts on another of like caliber. This time we will all be sure not to miss it.

The cast included the following: Nellie Cheesbrough, Madeline Skelly, Walter Barrett, Charles Mullen, Thomas Henninger, Raymond A. Berg, Gabriella Benzing, William E. Burns, William J. Keown, William Cushing, John Kelly, LaRene Leonard, George Haber, Jake Olko, Gerald Sinsz, Joseph Bodnar, one horse named Bill, and one dog, name unknown. The orchestra, as usual, furnished excellent music.

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On Sunday evening, February 19, the Sunday series of free entertainments was again begun. This was the first Sunday entertainment presented since the renovation of the auditorium. Also, the renovation of the theater has brought with it a remodeling of the policy in presenting these entertainments. For the last couple of years attendance has been falling off from them, due no doubt to the inferior variety of amusement presented there, and to the long-winded debates. Now, however, things will be different. A really worthwhile one act sketch will be presented each Sunday, with the proper costumes, settings, and lighting effects. The female parts in the plays will be taken by real girls from the school. Let us hope that we will no longer see these pseudo-feminine "What-is-its" cavorting on our stage on Sunday nights. The debates also have been curtailed in length, and an effort has been made to improve their quality. The orchestra is there every Sunday, turning out the best in overtures and other selections. Admission is free. We hope that soon The Duquesne University New Little Theater will draw a capacity crowd every Sunday evening to witness some excellent entertainment, as it did in the days not so long passed.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.



## *Book Forum*

### THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON

By Charles Merz



ONE but the raking eye of a newspaper reporter could have achieved this volume as it is. Perhaps some academician could have produced another volume replete with high-sounding verbiage which would have been as Shakespeare wrote, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

Perhaps he might have done this and then gloried to see his name stamped upon the cover thereof in gold letters, and feel a smug complacency of incipient genius, vaunting himself before a supine retinue—an author. All this he might do until the reviews, and the lack of royalties and the accumulating copies of unread volumes impressed upon him that the public looked unkindly upon his product, and therefore would not buy.

The above is only to impress the fact that such a volume as "The Great American Band Wagon," would be impossible to any but a newspaperman and would be improbable in any other than his language. The book is not a collection of academic bromides, but a pulsing compilation of modernistic essays which reflect American life in the same typical manner as do elevated railways and beauty contests. And speaking of beauty contests, if one may be permitted to diverge in this manner, a promoter told the writer recently that numerous as they have grown to be, the public will never reach the saturation point in regard to them. And that observation is one you can readily believe after reading "The Great American Band Wagon."

Charles Merz, the author and erstwhile newspaperman, has not produced a classic mayhap, Harvard University already having a corner on them, but he has produced the nearest thing to a prose epic the American public will ever be privileged to read. The New York Times loosened up with a complimentary review of this book, and the Herald-Tribune also gave it sweet praise, neither with a tongue in their cheek.

Both of these were short, it is true, but this is not one of those books over which you go into metaphorical seances for one or two columns. It is a volume you read and want to tell the world about but fear to start lest, the spirit taking hold of you, a volume be written under the lash of pure enjoyment, in passing on superb humor and excellent human observation.

It would be a surprise to nobody in particular, or perhaps "the old lady in Dubuque," as the New Yorker says, if this book had quite a showing from *The Bookman* or the *Forum*, or even H. L. Mencken's vehicle, *The American Mercury*, which just eats up the sort of subtle passes one finds coming from Mr. Merz's facile pen. Such passes are aimed at such things as the labor weeklies call the "Sacred Cow," and the tabloids call "the beef trust," and the home daily sheets call the public's attention to, and the street gamins call "bull," and the whole American race forgets about in a week, allowing for the dubious possibility that they ever comprehended in the first place.

There is humor to burn in "The Great American Band Wagon," but nobody will. That is, they would be downright foolish to thus do away with so scarce a commodity in these days of morticians' conventions and mine strikes and finales of oil scandals brewing for years, and fickle presidential possibilities, and anything and everything else ranged as pungently lachrymose, from flunks to washed-out proms ad infinitum.

Mr. Merz starts out by heading his first chapter "The Once Open Road," and proceeds to explain that (to Europeans) incomprehensible characteristic of Americans of pulling up stakes and going off on hegiras of barnstorming or other kinds of travel in the recently revamped flivver, by going back to the early history of our country and making it appear as a hang-over from the pioneering instinct.

His second chapter is aptly named "Caravan." And not because it has anything to do with gypsies or those soulful Saharan love-trysts and idylls, but because it thoroughly expounds the pleasures and much more thoroughly the vicissitudes, with a word or two upon its ultimate advantages, of that great American industry called auto-touring.

The third chapter, as one might well guess, is guilelessly named "Sweet Land of Secrecy," and explains to a heretofore wondering public why men leave home and the accompanying blankets of a frosty night arrayed in the family bed-sheets,

or play soldier with a fez and halberd, or address the local druggist with a list of Spanish-length names in a Joe Humphry's voice and a Clarence Darrow manner. And, according to the author, here is why they do it with the how prefixed:

"You knock three times; pause for a heart beat; knock three times again . . . . the panel opens wide enough to disclose a lawn tie and two waistcoat buttons . . . . 'Advance stranger and give the countersign!'

"A whispered word . . . . The door swings slowly upon its hinges.

"It will continue to swing as long as life is drab enough for grown men to play Indian."

But it would be impossible to give even a resume of each delicious chapter of this, as the editor of *The Woman's Home Companion* or the *Society Index* would say, perfectly luscious book.

There are chapters on colleges and correspondence schools, bootleggers and bankers, youth, the urge to travel, our prize fighting industry, the cinema business, heroes of the headlines, and everything else that is a part of the cosmopolitan, metropolitan life that makes up the daily program of events, and fills the yearly calendar of happenings for the United States of America. Anything that is ballyhooed from "The Great American Band Wagon," leading the parade to our forty-eight ringed circus is in the book.

Everything is there, dare-devils, heavies, ingenues, heroes and heroines, clowns and freaks, and anything else one might expect, with a goodly portion of that which one might not expect, to find even in a circus sixteen times larger and funnier than the ordinary trouping crowd. And it is all written with the author's hands deep in the rich soil, feeling the throbbing pulse of the nation's heart-beat.

The solution to all this being possible, lies in the fact that the academician cannot have the common touch, and that the one-time newspaperman cannot lose it. And if, being from Missouri or points west, or being of a mathematical turn of mind, you must have proof—why read the book.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '31.

## See Breezes



NCE more we are confronted with an equinox; once more the seasons change. To the mariners, upon the seven seas, the equinox may bring fears of a dreaded "equinoxial." For the college student, adrift upon the stormy sea of youthful pleasure, the equinox holds no terrors, unless, perchance, he fears that it may cast him against the rock-ribbed shore of education. For it is the vernal equinox that is coming, and bringing Spring with its sunshine and robins and soft breezes and pleasant dreams, and perhaps in a few cases, the realization of those dreams. Nor are we referring especially to the gentleman in the Junior class who is supposed to be engaged.

Even closer, surrounding us in fact, yesterday, today, and tomorrow, we have another season—the Holy and Penitential Season of Lent. It is a time, we are told, to review the past, to see our mistakes, and to resolve to correct them in the future. New Years, also, is a time for that. So is September, when school starts, and the beginning of each succeeding scholastic quarter, as well as June, when one leaves school to step out into the world. There are plenty of occasions suitable for retrospection and resolutions, so there is no particular reason for our having chosen the present one—for retrospection, that is. We just thought it a good idea. Our column is very staid and sedate this month. We are setting that fact down here in order to give anyone who wishes to do so an opportunity to turn immediately to the sporting page.

\* \* \* \*

We suppose that, in the beginning, there were a few persons who expected this to be a Joke Column—and you can take that any way you please. Personally, however, while reserving the right to write about anything we wished, we rather intended chiefly to discuss books and plays, and, in our present moment of retrospection, it would seem to us that we have been prostituting our art. Like the girls in the opening chorus of the "Scandals," we have been giving the public what they want. Little has been seen in our pages of the many modern heroic attempts at literature, or of the various dra-



matic entanglements unravelled upon our stages. Our ideal column would discuss such things. It would express an opinion on Sunday night debates and entertainments, and on class and school plays. Its scope would include even such affairs as the "Golden Jubilee and Football Luncheon."

\* \* \* \*

The luncheon came off just about as expected. Coach Layden began his speech by being reminded of a story; Father Hehir received a large measure of praise; Father Bryan had a hard time finding a seat; Joe Bodnar didn't eat any of his soup; Jack Lambert and Mike McNally didn't get anything to eat until it was all over. Just an ordinary, conventional luncheon.

There were a few humorous incidents. For instance, Mr. Mullen, who has the honor of owning the Irishest face in the Senior Class, listened passively to "Brue" Jackson singing "Macushla," and when "Brue" began "Just a Cottage Small by a Waterfall" for an encore, the long suffering Mr. Mullen announced that "as long as he didn't sing 'That Old Irish Mother of Mine,' I guess I can stand it."

But by far the best one of the day was pulled on the elevator going up to the scene of the festivities. It was a case of two elevator-loads piling into each elevator on the ground floor and tumbling out a couple of seconds later on the eighteenth. Anyhow, as our particular elevator whizzed past the fourteenth floor, a wee, small, frightened voice in one of the back corners politely asked, "Second, please." We shall not mention the rather short fellow with the protuberant nose who perpetrated that one, for he might get swell-headed if he saw his name in print, and then what would Father Bryan do with two of us in his class at the same time?

Note: Some day we are going to write a book, in which the hero, upon being elected football captain at an elaborate banquet, will sally forth to address the assembled guests, and will declare that the honor came as no surprise to him, as he fully expected it and deserved it, too. Our book is sure to attain a wide popularity, due to the fact that it will be very realistic and true to life.

\* \* \* \*

We are becoming quite obsessed of late with the idea that perhaps our existing standards of judging plays and whatnot are all wrong. We calculate that we have spent about one hundred and eighty-seven hours (provided we didn't cut

too often) in various English courses under several different instructors, all of them purporting to teach the Drama in some shape or form—in addition to the many, many hours spent in absorbing the general dramatic information one gets from any English course, and all that we learned during all those hours from all those instructors should have thoroughly convinced us that plays of the type of, say, "Old Heidelberg," are not really good plays, and that in musical comedies the plot is always negligible, and, therefore, draw your own conclusions about "The Student Prince," or, much worse, any moving picture that would be based on that popular but certainly inferior piece. Moving pictures, you know, always cheapen and spoil a good play when they get hold of one, by tacking on inappropriate happy endings and by other indelicate and uncalled for mutilations. When a person with a proper dramatic sense witnesses a moving picture adaptation of what was once a good play, almost invariably he is horribly shocked and disgusted. What, then, must be his sentiments upon viewing something that wasn't even good in the first place?

After all, what does it matter what the cultured critic's sentiments are on seeing "The Student Prince"? It was a very good picture. Even though all such plots are highly improbable and untrue to life, what of that? They are the most entertaining kind, and ten times as many people will be pleased by such romances as will enjoy a dose of realism. The movies serve the people of today as an escape from reality for an hour or two; they don't go there anyway and pay to see what they can see for nothing outside. There was a lady behind us at "The Student Prince" who was greatly distressed at the troubles of Karl Heinrich, and kept murmuring "Hut-tut-tut"; we didn't see her, but we imagine she was shaking her head, too. The point we wish to make is that, in our present state of mind, her reactions do not prompt us to wax derisive about the moronic quality of American audiences, but prompt us rather to deride those who would deride her. We can quite understand the feelings of the other modern young lady behind us who was so startled and annoyed at the denouement of "Man, Woman, and Sin" (a good picture, despite its name), that as the words, "The End," gradually wormed their way into her incredulous consciousness, she inadvertently exclaimed in deep chagrin, "Oh, doggone it!" We laughed at her, but at the same time, we quite agreed with her.

Just now we even object to the unhappy ending of "The Student Prince." Had we directed that picture, we would

have worked it out quite happily, much more satisfactorily, and yet withal logically. We would have had Ramon Navarro, as the youthful king, in a deeply poignant scene suddenly hit upon the solution of his problem. With confidence and fear alternately displaying themselves on his handsome countenance, he would grab the first train for Heidelberg, where he would meet his beloved Kathie, embrace her ardently, and order her to pack her duds quickly, that she might accompany him back to Karlsburg. Back in court, the fair Miss Shearer must be clothed in the most beautiful dress that the King's money could buy; she should then look something like she did last year, when playing with Oscar Shaw in "Upstage."

We are now ready for the big scene of the drama. Having called together all the people of his realm, the King would step out upon a balcony of the Palace and address the multitude, telling them that they must make a decision, for he, their King, had fallen in love with a maiden who, though not of noble birth, yet had a soul nobler than the noblest. At the proper psychological moment, the fair Norma—or Kathie, as you wish—would step out on to the balcony beside Ramon, and would bestow upon the assembled populace her sweetest smile. Then, while his subjects were still gasping, Karl would put his arm around Kathie and proclaim, "This is the maiden whom I love, and whom I would make my wife and your queen; tradition would forbid her being both, but I am determined to make her my wife, so it is for you to decide: Shall we both go, or shall we stay?"

Human nature, so they say, is the same the world over; we know that no crowd of Pittsburg's common people could resist the boyish Ramon and the beautiful Norma in such a situation, and we therefore feel safe in asserting that the good people of Karlsburg, when they recovered their senses, would burst forth into such a roar of acclamation as would be heard back in Old Heidelberg—yes, and farther. Then, indeed, Karl and Kathie and our theatre audiences could rest happily ever after.

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26

## *Alumni Notes*



R. STEPHEN A. YESKO writes from the Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota. As we stated in a previous issue, Dr. Yesko, immediately after being admitted to the practice of medicine, was offered an assistant professorship in the Georgetown University School of Medicine, the institution from which he was graduated. Surgery was his field. He accepted. To qualify for advancement, he resolved to take a three year course with the Mayo Brothers in the University of Minnesota. Of his work there he writes as follows:

"Since my arrival at the Clinic, I have been assigned to surgical research on dogs,—a rather good assignment, as only two of the graduates are assigned to this work each year. The work comprises all major operations on the dog, and we have a huge operating room for that purpose, a trained anaesthetist, and a group of nurses. We do all our operations aseptically. We have about one thousand dogs at our disposal, one hundred monkeys, and thousands of guinea pigs used for general research work. After I complete my services in the Research Institute, I will be transferred to the Clinical work in Surgery at St. Mary's Hospital. This is a five hundred bed hospital conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis, and it is here that the Mayos operate. Recently I finished a sixty page article on 'Development of Therapeutics.'"

\* \* \* \*

J. R. McNary, Esq., head of the claims' department of the Philadelphia Company, is described by the Pittsburgh Press as one of the best known attorneys in Western Pennsylvania. Born near Steubenville, Ohio, he attended a country school, then Valpariso University, in Indiana, and subsequently entered Ohio Northern College, where he was graduated in 1900. After two years' experience in teaching, he was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Pitcairn. Next he became identified with the Westinghouse Airbrake Company and, in 1906, with the Philadelphia Company. He entered our Law School in 1914 and was admitted to practice in 1917. He served in the law department of the Philadelphia Company until 1926, when he was appointed



manager of the adjustment department. Mr. McNary is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Allegheny County Bar Association, the Homestead-Brushton Board of Trade, and the National Electric Light Association.

\* \* \* \*

Having completed his theological course, the Rev. Howard J. Carroll, D. D., returned to Pittsburgh from Fribourg, Switzerland, on February 3. Father Carroll was enrolled in our College Department for two years, received his B. A., and then entered the Seminary at St. Vincent's, in Beatty, where the degree of Licentiate in Philosophy was bestowed upon him. He was then sent to Switzerland, and was a student in the University of Fribourg for four and a half years. Early last summer he was ordained to the holy priesthood and he celebrated his first Mass in the Fribourg Cathedral. He now returns, a Doctor of Sacred Theology, to undertake regular parish work at Sacred Heart Church, East End.

\* \* \* \*

James F. Harrington, B.Sc., '27, is athletic director and teacher of science in the West Hazleton High School, Hazleton, Pa. His ambition, he writes, is to train scholars and athletes for his Alma Mater.

\* \* \* \*

Harry Smith, '85, is actively engaged in the concrete business. Though he makes his home in Steubenville, at 424 Washington St., most of his work is done in Wheeling and throughout West Virginia generally.

\* \* \* \*

Robert F. Maloney, for years President of the Pittsburgh Kennel Club, is keeping up his record as an owner of prize-winners. His two pointers, Moscow Jewel and Herwithen R. P., received the highest awards at the annual Westminster (N. Y.) Kennel Club show, the largest dog show held in the United States.

\* \* \* \*

Regis Leheny, of Oakland, is now with the Pirates in their training camp. Though only nineteen years of age, he is a southpaw of great promise. He consistently puzzled the club's best batters during practice sessions last season.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.



**S**OMEWHAT downhearted, but nevertheless determined after a heart-breaking defeat at Beaver Falls, Chick Davies took his varsity crew to Waynesburg, Pa., and administered to the Yellow Jackets of Waynesburg a 28-16 lacing. The Dukes entered the game as the underdog, and true to form the underdog emerged victor. The odds were heavy against the Dukes, who had such a hard time defeating the Yellow Jackets at Pittsburgh a few weeks previous. The game was fast and hotly contested, and never more than a few points separated either team till the latter part of the game, when the Dukes, through a spurt of their true form, pulled away from the Jackets. The work of the team as a whole was praiseworthy, in particular the work of Joe Vernon, who had just been playing up to his usual standard in the last few games.

The next game was played at the Duke Gym against Bucknell College. I think we can truthfully say that this was the most exciting game played on the Duke Court this year. It had all the thrills of a Horatio Alger story plus. The Dukes managed to maintain a small lead throughout, but this lead was cut down, till near the end of the game the score was tied. At this juncture, Ganzy Benedict, coupling his football ability with his basketball talent, speared a "basketball forward pass" (bringing back reminiscences of a Murphy to Benedict forward pass of Thiel fame) from "Jock" Rosenberg, and looped the ball for the 32-30 victory. During the latter part of the game the play was so close that "jump balls" were frequent, and the ten men were most of the time huddled in a bunch. Every rooter in the Duke stands was sweating almost as much as the players by the time the final gun was fired.

Whether the Dukes were taking a rest after the strenuous Bucknell game (and they deserved it), or not, the Dukes were

surely off form in the American U. game. Despite the fact that they played a listless game, the Dukes were able to eke out a 24-18 victory from their guests from the Capitol State. It was the second victory the Dukes have gained over American U., having beaten them at Washington 28-25 while on their eastern jaunt. The game was the exact opposite of the Bucknell game, perhaps the reaction. Paragraphs could be written concerning the bad points each team displayed, but little could be written concerning dazzling form displayed. In fact, the only time the five men in red and blue uniforms looked like a Duquesne team was when, in the second quarter, they displayed for two minutes a bit of speed and Benedict, Rosenberg and Vernon annexed baskets in succession. Let's hope they improve before they reach New York!

\* \* \* \*

Our wish has been realized. The Duquesne Dukes, who have the habit of playing their best basketball when on foreign courts, traveled to New York and defeated one of the strongest teams of the East, New York City College, 28-24.

The Gay White Way did not seem to phase the Dukes any; on the contrary, it seemed to inspire them. By beating the City College of New York, the Dukes boosted their stock in eastern basketball greatly. The New Yorkers thought they would have an easy night of it and were sorely disappointed. The Dukes played masterful basketball throughout the whole game, and especially in the last half did they display their coolness and ability. The entire team played a wonderful game, and Benedict was high scorer with six two-pointers.

\* \* \* \*

After returning from a rather successful stand on the road the now decidedly dangerous Dukes took on Waynesburg on January 24. It was a rather interesting contest from the sidelines, but it would be stretching a point to call it a basketball game. In the first half the Yellow Jackets played basketball and were trailing 14-7; in the second half they didn't and lost the game 30-21, anyhow. If one were to believe certain scribes, the visiting quintet played a nice, hard, rugged game of ball; it was hard and it was also rugged. Neither side showed much basketball, but the game was interesting. Hap Frank, husky and very rugged guard, might have made

the game a little different if only he had spared enough time off from pulling Jerry Reich's pants. It was hard to judge just how the team was shaping at this juncture, and the game contributed little towards getting a line on the boys' form for the all-important Westminster tilt.

\* \* \* \*

The Saint Francis quintet, accompanied by Wild Bill Donahue, came and went, and left us with as much information as to the condition of the varsity as before. The Loretta boys were a young, eager lot, but did not seem to know their basketball. They began fine, a difficult shot from the side and they were two ahead, but they stopped there. It afforded something of a warm-up for the Westminster game, and gave everybody a chance to see service.

\* \* \* \*

The gym was packed, every available inch of space was taken up, except the window sills and the rafters. The fans were clamoring for more and more basketball, and the fatal game began. "Was it a dream? Was it a dream? No! Gentle reader, it was a nightmare." Five big boys from New Wilmington ran wild. They were on, nothing they tried could miss. A toss from them in the general direction of the hoop was good for six points, while all Duke tosses were in the general direction.

Right away they stopped the pivot play and closed up that shop for the evening. Then an athletic young man named Ayers amused himself by getting the ball off the banking board each and every time and relaying it to one of his teammates who rang up two points. One out of every two Westminster shots went in. Cogitate on it!

Brud Stephens had a hard night of it, with a big raw-boned boy standing up to his full height, smiling benignly at him and throwing the ball where it did the most harm.

A young man from Homestead by the name of O'Donovan had a nice time of it running up and down the floor knocking down unwary Dukes and hooping baskets. All to prove that he did not need his brother's reputation! He didn't. The brother of this young person could have been used to good effect that night. The Dukes played the best game they could and showed that they were sports, and that is all we ask of



them. We all have off days, and it is just tough if our opponent happens to have his on days at the same time.

\* \* \* \*

Another nightmare, but one that was a heartbreaker. A game in which the Dukes dropped behind at the start to stay there till shortly after the start of the third quarter. Then to forge into a tie, to fall back again to stay tied, to slip ahead, to miss cinching goal by means of a foul, to lose by one meager point. Oh! my!

PAUL A. NEE, A. B., '29.  
CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.



# Duquesne Monthly

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## *Twilight*

At eve, when the work of day is done,  
And gray skies follow the set of the sun,  
The cry is heard of the whip-poor-will,  
As it lolls and circles the distant hill.  
The rough outline of fleecy hue  
Slowly changes from red to blue;  
Dusk settles, and from the lofty height  
The evening star now greets the night.  
Quiet and dark o'er the fading crest,  
Twilight brings peace to the troubled breast,  
Setting the cares of the day apart,  
And granting content to the weary heart.

RAYMOND A. BERG, A. B., '28.

## Circus



ANY ages ago there was a vacant lot. It was just such a lot as one would naturally choose as the best place for a circus. This lot, however, was a very large one, large enough to cover an entire planet. It was the Earth. It was not vacant long. Two people came to live there. They were known as Adam and Eve, and were the advance agents of the big show. They chose as their starting place, Paradise. Here they pitched their tent, and for a while, prospered. Soon they grew careless; they did not obey the local ordinances, and were promptly expelled. After awhile they found another lot, not so good as the first, but nevertheless, good enough for their purposes. This time they were more careful and had more success.

Thus was that great circus established, which, as time passed on, has grown and expanded, and spread itself over the entire surface of the Earth. It differs from other circuses, because it does not move on as they do. Only the performers move. They come, play their little parts, and soon pass on. This great circus has now been going on for centuries. When will it strike its tents and move on? Who knows? Let us hope that it will not be too soon. Never has it been more colorful, never more interesting, than at the present time. Can't you hear the ballyhoo man, as he shouts:

Lad—ee—ee—ee-s and Gen—tul—mun! We have for your amusement today the greatest circus that ever existed, a colossal display, a gigantic spectacle, amusing, awesome, entertaining and always different. Nowhere else will you see such things as you can see inside. Step right up and see the largest circus in the world, the many-ringed circus of Life.

Come and see the clowns. Of them we have very many; most of our performers, in fact, are clowns. There is Jocko, the evolutionist; you cannot help laughing at the way he keeps trying to make a monkey out of himself. There are Bobo and Bubu, the materialists, who hide their heads in the sawdust, and, ostrich-wise, pretend that there is no great Ringmaster. Then, there is Bombasto, the newspaper clown. He knows everything; he will answer any question put to him, in not less than fifty thousand words, and he is never wrong more than nine times out of ten. There is Pompo, the society clown, who follows the star performers around the ring, aping their every action. He will keep you roaring at his caricatures, and, what is more, never once does he so much as smile, at

himself. We have all kinds of clowns, millions of them: scoffers, pretenders, clowns who specialize in self-righteousness, juggling clowns, who attempt to juggle truths, and juggle them badly, sometimes to our amusement, and sometimes to our irritation, scientific clowns, academic clowns, political clowns, jesters, harlequins, buffoons, fools. Some of our clowns are, of course, funnier than the others. The least amusing of all are the "wise-crackers," the cheap talk artists, who keep trying to pass off slang and catch phrases as the best of wit. They are not so much funny as pathetic. But, on the other hand, we have some very amusing clowns. The funniest of them all are the ones who take themselves seriously.

Come in and see our bare-back riders, our happy-go-lucky dare-devils. See them, now, poised gracefully on the backs of their flying horses, whirled around the ring at the speed of lightning, the sting of the dust in their faces, the shriek of the wind through their hair, the plaudits of the multitude in their ears; and see them again on the ground beneath the trampling hoofs of their mounts that never stop for them, poor, bleeding, broken things, to be quickly cleared away, lest their life's blood stain the white sand or sawdust of the ring.

See the magicians, the tricksters and fakers, who intend to fool you, whose hands are always quicker than your eye. Come in and match your wit with these. We have all kinds of them: pseudo-scientists, religious charlatans, politicians, quacks, traveling salesmen, stock brokers, bootleggers. I warn you, however, that you have little chance to win when you engage with these. The cards are always stacked against you.

In another ring, for those who like to see blood flow, we have fighting. We have bull-fights for some; only the best breeds of bulls are kept for slaughtering here, and all our picadors, matadors, and toreadors are blue-blooded aristocrats. For those who cannot stand the sight of dumb animals being slaughtered, we have fights of another kind. We can show you blood let in a more genteel way, so as not to offend your aesthetic sense. I refer to our prize-fights. For your entertainments in the squared circle, we have the best in battlers, bruisers and maulers. Not a single palooka in the lot. Every time one of our fighters lands a blow, he breaks his opponent's nose, rib or jaw. Then we have spectacles in which we see much blood-letting. The old gladiatorial combats are now out



of style, but we have something better, modern warfare. We had a great fight scheduled here a short while ago; it was called the Great World War. You certainly missed something if you didn't see that. We are doing our best and making every endeavor to have one just like it, as soon as possible, in the near future.

Our menagerie is complete: greyhounds and whippets, who pursue with lightning speed, mile after after mile, the mechanical rabbit, Illusion; elephants, plodding heavy-footed over budding aspirations and ideals; monkeys, aping, with great solemnity, the antics of their betters, trying to keep up a pose of dignity, only to forget themselves and be distracted from their purpose, by the flea which is biting their bellies; goats, the favored animals of Pan, rollicking and gamboling, fleet-footed after pleasure, casting around them the evil odor of their presence; lions and tigers, cruel and vicious, ravening for the smell and taste of warm, still quivering flesh; snakes, creepy, silent, blending themselves with their surroundings, ready to strike at any moment, to strike true and to the death; trained mice, fleas, pigeons, rats, dogs, roosters, ponies, seals, bears, clever in their shallow way, and in a superficial manner interesting to the mob.

Come in and see our side-shows, our freaks. We have a couple who danced a whole week without stopping, the man who swam the English channel blindfolded and with his feet tied, the man who can open most oysters in an hour, the fellow who can swallow the most water, without bursting, the pie-eating champion. We have faddists, and freaks of fashion. We have models to show you the fashions of yesterday and tomorrow for your amusement. There are women with bustles, and ruffles, and tucks and hems, and puffs, with long skirts, with short skirts, with long hair, with bobbed hair, with no hair; we have on display rouged women, powdered women, marcelled women. To match them we have shieks, drug-store cowboys, lounge lizards, and whatnot. We have jazz bands, movie directors, cubists and futurists, realists and ultra-modernists, reporters, crooks, bootleggers, policemen—everything freakish under the sun.

The star performers of our show are the wire-walkers, the seekers after the truth, who, high above the heads of the common herd, pick their way cautiously along the narrow wire of truth, sometimes blindfolded, sometimes falling, but for the most part reaching their goal in ultimate triumph. The most

inspiring of our performers are the trapeze artists, the idealists, who flash through the air, swooping with arrow swiftness from place to place, soaring higher and higher, rising and rising, up and up to the attainment of their ideals.

Much more that cannot be described awaits you inside. Just think, all that I have told you about and much more is waiting to amuse you. In the many-ringed circus of Life, you can never be bored; something is always going on in one ring or another. Can't you hear the blare of the band, inviting you to enter? Can't you catch the smell of the sawdust? Does it not set your blood to tingling? Step lively, folks. It's the greatest show on Earth, and all it costs you to see and appreciate it, is a few years of experience, just a little human sympathy and understanding, and above all, a well-developed sense of humor.

THOMAS FRANCIS HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

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### *Sacrifice*

In hate  
They gazed  
At the middle cross  
Encircled  
In an infinite glory  
Of its own  
Where He,  
The Creator  
Of all that is  
Stretched, dying.

A moan  
Disturbed those darkened hills:  
A shudder  
Trembled through the earth  
And quivering crowd.  
Death touched  
That broken form.  
The sacrifice  
Was now complete;  
And man  
Was saved.

WALTER S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.

## Tammany Hall



ON May 12, 1789, the Society of St. Tammany or Columbian Circle was founded, not two weeks after the establishment of our National Government. The founder was William Mooney, an Irishman of humble extraction. The purpose was patriotic and purely republican. At first, Indian titles and customs were used by the Society. George Washington was the first Great Grand Sachem of Tammany. The five presidents succeeding him were also Great Grand Sachems. During the first ten years of Tammany's existence it was not an instrument for mobilizing votes, but sought to influence elections by speeches, pamphlets and social means. Aaron Burr was the first real leader of the Society. He represented the then so-called Republican party, and Alexander Hamilton represented the Federalists. In the election of 1800, the success of the Republicans was due in a large measure to the influence of Burr.

About the year 1802, with Burr at the helm, the attention of Tammany was directed against De Witt Clinton. At this time, Clinton was busy at work on the Erie Canal, and he was being hindered on every side by Tammany. In 1805, the Tammany Hall political organization was created as a body distinct from the Tammany Hall Society. Giving aid to the poor and afflicted was supposed to be the chief work of the new organization. About this time the first charges of corruption and fraud were brought against the original Society, the founder, William Mooney, being involved. From this time, 1806, to the present time the history of Tammany has been one revelation of fraud and corruption after the other. However, any prestige lost at any time was always won back by a display of charity or giving aid to the depressed. In this instance, goodwill was re-won by a display of generosity during the War of 1812. As Tammany was plundering the public treasury, De Witt Clinton was rendering a great service to the country by constructing the Erie Canal.

The year 1826 marked the exposure of swindles totaling several million dollars. The principal offenders were tried, but a corrupt jury acquitted them. Other guilty ones sought refuge in Europe. When Jackson came up for election, Tammany helped him carry New York City. Vote frauds, which make the present day tactics seem mild, were carried on. Cartloads of voters were taken about as repeaters, some voting as many as five times. In certain districts, one would be

arrested if he voted the anti-Tammany ticket. In 1829, indignation against Tammany took form in a Workingman's Party. Relief was sought against the injustices being perpetrated. Tammany soon won the new party over by creating a mechanics' lien law and other favorable legislation.

For a short time, favorable conditions existed in the workings of Tammany. However, at this time, a change took place which had a decided influence on the future policies of Tammany. Previous to this time, bankers, merchants, and leading citizens took a part in the guidance of Tammany. From this time on the gang or boss was to be in vogue. This change, no doubt, was the cause of the large amount of fraud and scandal for which Tammany was afterwards to be responsible.

In 1853, another series of charges, showing fraud and corruption was brought to light. In one instance, \$50,000 was paid for a franchise for a certain street railway. Disclosures in the granting of permits to build ferries were also brought out. Most anyone could obtain an appointment as a policeman for the sum of \$40.00. Ambitious policemen could obtain the office of captain for \$100.00. Amid this period of corruption a new party, The City Reform Party, appeared. This party was successful in having passed legislation which provided punishment for the commitment of certain frauds, and placed restrictions on leases made for more than ten years. The police were compelled to wear uniforms and promotion was to be dependent on good behavior and not political favoritism.

The year 1854 marked one of the most corrupt periods of Tammany's existence. It was at this time that Fernando Wood was in power. Wood was elected mayor and seemed for a time an honest character. Through political manipulation, Wood had himself elected for a second term and then set about on a career of fraud and corruption. The affairs of the city (New York) were in a terrible condition at this time. Public offices sold for \$50,000. The judiciary was also guilty of misconduct. A certain jury trying a case brought in a verdict of not guilty with the recommendation that the judge resign. At this time conditions were so bad that the city was under the supervision of two distinct police forces, the municipal force and one appointed by the State.

The nomination of Lincoln, in 1860, was the cause of additional election frauds. During the Civil War the minds



of the people were diverted from local affairs and this allowed fraud and corruption to reign gloriously. At Lincoln's reelection the followers of Tammany denounced him and his policies and staunchly supported his opponent, McClellan. Government troops were sent to the city to stop, if possible, the commitment of election frauds.

The next dominant factor in the history of Tammany Hall was William M. Tweed, better known as "Boss Tweed." The first act of Tweed was to erect a new wigwam at 14th Street, which was till a short time ago the home of Tammany since 1867. In the meanwhile, fraud and corruption continued under his able leadership. At one election, approximately 2,500 people were made citizens illegally. Over 75 per cent of these newly ordained citizens voted for Tammany's choice for governor at a coming election. The fraud in the construction of a county court house, a subject recorded on the pages of history, occurred at this time. The original cost of the court house was to have been \$250,000, but when it was finished it had cost \$8,000,000.

In April, 1871, a meeting was held at Cooper Union Hall, in protest against the actions of Tammany and certain of its followers. A reform movement, which was to accomplish great things toward the reformation of Tammany, was launched. A certain Mr. O'Rourke was connected with this movement. He made disclosures to the New York Times which brought the reign of Boss Tweed to an end. Yet Tweed knew that his followers could not understand the charges being brought against him by this newspaper; they were illiterate; stories of his evil deeds were meaningless to them. In the midst of the investigation, Tweed came forth with the famous saying, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" However, the terribly effective cartoons of Thomas Nast turned the tide. The illiterate followers could understand when they saw "Boss" in a striped suit, the prison regalia. It took the verdict of a second jury to send Tweed to Blackwell's Island. After a year's imprisonment, he was released, but re-arrested on a civil suit brought by the people. Sixty thousand dollars was the price paid for his escape from jail. He made his way to Spain. His freedom was short, however. Soon he was back in the Ludlow Street jail. In jail he occupied the warden's parlor. It was here he died in 1878. During his reign, Tweed and his associates stole approximately \$200,000,00; of this sum, \$876,000 was recovered.

With remarkable sagacity and deftness, Tammany came out of this scandal with but little prestige lost. Honest John Kelly took the place vacated by Tweed. The reformers who assisted in the conviction of Tweed and his associates were given important positions in the management of the city. Tammany, with a nice display of words, assumed the function of a reform body and by clever manipulation was soon back in its old position in the city and State.

The second absolute "Boss" of Tammany Hall appeared in 1896, in the person of Richard Croker, to continue the reign of fraud and corruption where Tweed left off. In 1890, the Grand Jury disclosed a series of corrupt practices, and, as usual, a reform movement was set on foot. Mr. Croker absented himself in Europe while the disclosures were being made.

We could go on bringing to light the mal-practices of this political society of New York City, but why do so? Let us stop here.

After viewing the operations of Tammany from the corrupt side during the 19th century, let us turn our eyes toward the present-day Tammany. In passing, one should not think that New York City and State were the only municipalities in which fraud and corruption were practiced. Not one city of importance in the United States can boast of a clean sheet. Fraud has been practiced in them all, and will be practiced till the day eternal.

The present leader of Tammany is George W. Olvany, the first leader who has had the advantage of a college education. Today, Tammany is living down its past reputation. According to Leader Olvany, any person caught grafting while holding a public office is asked to resign. He further states that New York City at the present time is the cleanest and best governed city in the world. Judge Olvany, while being the active leader of Tammany, finds time for his law practice on Madison Avenue. A short time ago Tammany moved from 14th street to a new location. Let us hope, with true sincerity, that this removal means the birth of a new era for Tammany, one to be replete with good works and true benefits to all who are affected by its policies.

THOMAS P. MULVANEY, B. Sc. in E, '29.



## Starlight

"Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light."—Romeo and Juliet

**T**HE human intellect is a wonderful thing; no sane man would deny that. It is that which makes man what he is, the lord of creation; it is the lack of that which constitutes animals, so much more powerful than man, his vassals. By its aid man plumbs the depths and ascends the heights; there is nothing that does not come under the scope of his reason.

But pure reason, wonderful as it is, can be, and often is, overvalued. Man's intellect is after all very weak, very human, very prone to error; and, if it leans absolutely on itself, neglecting the contacts with nature, is sometimes likely to find itself greatly in the wrong. It is, indeed, a wonderful thing to wander deeper and deeper into the mazes of metaphysics; but is it not better, occasionally, to wander in the woods and fields, to listen to the song of a skylark, to pay homage at the throne of a setting sun, or to lie in a field and look up at the stars? Have you ever put a question to a field daisy, or a brook, or a star? Try it; you might receive from them an answer more satisfactory than you could get by poring hours over musty tomes, shut in a narrow room away from the light of day. Charles Heriot did.

Charles Heriot was a college student. He took a special interest in the study of philosophy. To him philosophy was not merely a difficult study, to be mastered in order to get a degree; it was something vital, something personal. He felt that somehow or other it held the answer to a question that was constantly in the background of his mind. The reason for this feeling on his part is rather complicated:

Charles was the son of a very religious, God-fearing woman and an atheistic father. In his childhood, his mother had taught him her religion, had tried to inculcate in him **her faith** in an all-just, all-loving God, but when Charles was only nine years old his mother died suddenly and left him to the mercy of his atheistic father. His father had loved his wife passion-

ately, and her untimely death made him very bitter. "What good did her faith in God do her?" he would say. He resolved that his son should not grow up with such foolish beliefs. He would train him to be a pragmatist like himself. He was a millionaire; what else was necessary? Consequently, he used every means in his power to erase from the boy's mind the idea of God and of immortality.

Up to the time of Charles' entrance into college, however, he had not very well succeeded. True, he had managed to sever the boy's connection with any Church or religious denomination; but, root out his ideas of God and virtue, he could not.

With true diabolical cunning, then, he had chosen to send Charles to study at a modern college (so called), where realism, modernism and up-to-the-minuteism were the invariable rule. It was the kind of school that espoused evolution, that spoke of Christian tradition as the Christ myth, that taught that man is sufficient unto himself, that he was the arbiter of his own destiny, that when he had breathed his last breath it was the end of all.

And so there was in the soul of Charles Heriot, a conflict—a conflict between the teachings of his mother and the materialism of his father, reinforced of late by the materialistic philosophy that he was studying. It had all resolved itself in Charles' mind to a question, and that question was: Is there a God?

He thought that the answer was to be found in his philosophy. To him philosophy was the thing that would determine his course in life, the criterion of his future conduct, the beacon light that was to guide him along the path of life. Consequently, he entered into the study of philosophy with the zest and eagerness of the beginner, the immoderation characteristic of the tyro. He even neglected his music and his athletics, both formerly so dear to his heart; and gave himself up, mind and body, to his new master.

One evening in the early part of May, as he sat in front of his desk studying, the question kept bobbing up in his mind with annoying frequency: Is there a God? All day he had been obsessed by precisely the same question. His nerves, strained to the limit of their endurance by his ceaseless studying, had brought him to a state of feverish restlessness. That day, in particular, had been a trying one. In the morning a brilliant young professor, who quoted Kant and Descartes



profusely, had proved to him conclusively that he could be certain about nothing, not even of the fact that he existed; and that the things which he saw around him were not there at all; they were merely figments of the mind. Later he had been forced to listen for an hour and a half to a lecture on Freud and his psychology, with all the wild theorizing that that implied. In the afternoon, several hours were spent in proving in all sorts of ways that there never had been, was not, and never could be a God.

And now on this particular evening, as he sat studying, Charles was almost in despair. He cast his book from him and started pacing the room. He felt that once and for all the question must be decided. He clung tenaciously to the beliefs his mother had imparted to him, yet in the face of the proofs he had learned in the day's lecture, he did not know what to believe. He resolved to review the proofs which had been taken down. Three hours later he was still at it, until his eyes could scarcely read what was on the pages. Slowly the proofs were getting in their insidious work, and finally, when he arose he had come to the conclusion that there could not be a God. That done, he flung himself on his bed and almost immediately was asleep.

In the morning, when he awoke, the first thing he remembered was his decision of the night before. There was no God. "Now that I no longer believe in God, I must shape my conduct accordingly. Every step that I shall take will be for my own advantage. Nothing shall turn me away from this." It was resolving some such thought as this in his mind, that he proceeded to his morning class. Strangely enough, though his mind was settled on the question of God, yet he was not at peace. Suddenly a voice hailed him, "Charlie, wait a minute."

He recognized the speaker as John Evert, a friend of his and a fine fellow, though of a rather weak character, who was working his way through school as a teller in the town bank. He immediately perceived from Evert's face that he must be in trouble.

"What's up, Evert?" he said.

"For God's sake, Charlie, help me," the other answered. "I'm in grave trouble. I've taken five thousand dollars from the bank to invest with, meaning to replace it, and now they've grown suspicious and the bank examiner will be here tomorrow."

"Well, where do I come in at?" Charlie asked.

"Oh, don't you see? If my mother finds out about this it will kill her. Lend me that five thousand your father sent you for a new car. I'll pay you back as soon as I can. For God's sake, Charlie!"

For a moment Charles was tempted to lend him the money, but at the mention of God's name he hardened.

"Sorry, Evert, need the money. Buck up and take your medicine like a man."

Evert said not a word at this cold rebuff, but merely turned and walked away; but on his face was a look of despair, of anguish so poignant that it haunted Charles for days. He raised his hand to call him back; but he remembered his decision of the morning, dropped his hand again and shrugged his shoulders. Thinking no more of the matter, he proceeded on his way.

Not one hour later he received startling news. John Evert had shot himself. Charles Heriot was dumbfounded. All day he went about in a daze, the face of Evert, as he had last seen it, constantly before his mind. That evening, with the rest of the fellows, he went to view the lifeless body. He felt like a murderer; he was afraid to look at Evert's face, lest he see again that look which haunted him. When, at last, he did muster up enough courage to look, he was horror-stricken. Although changed a little by the undertaker's skill, John Evert's face bore the same look it had born that afternoon. It seemed to accuse him.

Stricken at the sight of the tragedy it had been in his power to avert, he rushed forth into the advancing night, his heart torn with remorse, his brain in a turmoil. "Could a philosophy, which produced such results, be a trustworthy one?" With rapid strides he pushed forth through the night, which seemed to weigh upon him like a blanket, to suffocate him and crush him to the earth. Something especially seemed to weigh upon his right arm. It was only then that he noticed the volume of Kant, which he subconsciously clasped. With a convulsive shudder, he dropped it and as suddenly picked it up. Is there a God? Is there a God? The question kept hammering and hammering in his brain; his movements became feverish, his cheeks were mantled with a hectic coloring.

In desperation he thought of sharing the fate of Evert. The sheer daring of the thing allured him, and thoughts of the cool depths of the river enchanted him—the river in which he could cool his hot face and end all his troubles forever. It seemed to call him on, on . . . .

With a start he came to himself; he was standing on the precipice overlooking the river.

With an instinctive start of horror he drew back and with a sob threw himself to the ground, his face to the earth, his hands clutching the grass. Trembling in every limb, he lay there, silently, in the darkest depths of despair. He could not think; all he could do was just lie there, listening to the splash of the river, the rustling of the leaves through the trees. Time passed, and wonder of wonders, Charles Heriot slept—slept by the bank of the river, his face to the ground, one hand still clutching the philosophy book he had brought with him.

And as he slept, he dreamed. It seemed as if a mighty presence stood before him, and in a deep wonderful voice addressed him: "My boy, why do you seek for God in books, in that book which you are clutching? Can't you see Him in the forest, in the meadows, in the sunset? Can't you hear His voice in the rustling of the leaves? Can't you see His handiwork all around you? Look up to the stars. Do not they tell you of God?"

Charles awoke. The presence that had spoken to him seemed to have receded to a very bright star that shone just above him; and the voice had again resolved itself into the rustling of the leaves. A cool wind played around his head; and as it cooled the fever of his brow it seemed to chase away the vapors from his mind. He felt strangely at peace.

What was it that had been troubling him? Ah, yes! He had been wondering whether, or not, there was a God. Now these speculations all seemed foolish to him. Of course, there was a God. How could he ever have doubted? Of a sudden he had reverted once again to the faith of his childhood.

And the reason for this so miraculous change seemed to him to have something to do with the stars; their clear, silvery light seemed to enter his mind, clearing it of error and illuminating it with the brilliant light of truth.

He made as if to extend his arms to the stars and discovered that he was still clutching the volume of Kant. With a laugh he tossed it far out into the stream; and as it sank deeper and deeper into the gloomy waters, he raised his head and stretched out his arms, free and unencumbered to the stars.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

## *The Moon*

The moon through filmy clouds moves o'er the skies,  
With slow, majestic sweep and easy grace,  
We gaze upon it in its lofty place,  
And bathe in light our ever-wondering eyes.  
The youth, with boyish glee, perceives and tries  
To see the man depicted on its face ;  
The maid, enthralled by love, delights to trace  
Her lover's form and features in this wise.

Please tell me, Oh thou ever-glorious sight,  
The hates and trembling loves that thou must see.  
Then I with thy imperial self shall be  
A part ; and ever revel in thy magic light.  
All-seeing, ever-watchful queen of night,  
Thy secrets would be safely kept by me.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY, A. B., '28.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIALS

### *Catholicism and Material Advancement*

**T**HERE will always be a group of critics who suppose that Catholicism is a religion of knowing, after a fashion, and of doing nothing. Having observed the apparent prosperity of the non-Catholic nations, and having compared it to the yet lowly civilization of the South American countries lately Christianized, they zealously assail the Church as the citadel of the inactive. Pointing to the monasteries as unfruitful homes of asceticism, where men retire from productive activity to belabor their bodies in fearful maceration, they conclude that one's productivity is inversely proportional to his religious tendencies.

Were these indignant opponents to look more keenly at the medieval monastery, they might discern in it an institution not so fruitless after all. They might see instances of monasteries cultivating the barren portions of the earth and indulging in the necessary charity to which the most productive modern concern scarcely yields on Christmas. They might find in the teaching carried out in those monasteries, the philosophy of action which sent missionaries into the Orient and crusaders into Palestine. Similar incursions in modern history might disclose non-religious explanations of the seeming lethargy of southern Europe.

But, indeed, most of these arguments from observed conditions are beside the point. To judge the characteristics of a religion by the peculiarities of countries which subscribe to it is to ignore the possibilities of numerous other causes and to argue "post hoc ergo propter hoc." One must look to the doctrines in themselves before he can well determine what their tenor may be.

Under such a scrutiny the position of Catholicism stands out to better advantage. The "Thou shalt nots," so frequent in the Ten Commandments, are seen to domineer in numbers only; for they (the Commandments) when summed up to their underlying meaning are, in reality, a commandment to love God and His creatures. Indeed, the whole essence of Christianity turns upon the idea of doing. Duties at every turn of life are the lot of each exponent of the faith. Neither faith alone, nor all the self torture of the most wretched fakir, will take the place of their performance.

Activity to the Christian, as a Christian, may not always tend to the agglomeration of property rights, and for that reason it may not be attended by the same intensive spirit which a worldling would display. But we need not despair if men are more ambitious in constructing stores, or even tombstones, than in contributing to the support of their pastors or in rearing cathedrals. As long as Catholicism turns men, however slightly, toward the material betterment of the race, one cannot help believing that the race will be bettered by the Church. The doctrine that inspired Raphael is likely to be inspiring still, and in its voiceless way again to lead to other works of art.

LE ROY MARSO, A. B., '30.

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## *Campus Observations—More or Less*

**I**F one will but take the trouble, if it be trouble to him, to enter a certain time-hallowed institution situated within the environs of our campus any day of a noon, he will be immediately struck as in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam by the wisdom of the utterances made there and the stately majesty of the statesmen, heroes all, who gather there to discuss the latest shows, athletic records, dances or other momentous questions of the hour.

At a certain time the door will fly open and a cavalcade of savants will burst into the scented atmosphere of the most recent cough-proof fags, the leader, a youth who reminds one of that most delectable and long-forgotten ditty which swings along in the following way to a perfect description of him:

"O tissue paper's very thin,  
And so is porous plaster,  
This man was as thin as a piece of glass  
And couldn't get thin any faster."

will reply to a chorus of rather senseless greetings of "O Si" and "Is it tight?" comingled, "No, lofty," and will pass to the refreshment section of the store with, judging by the sequel, a satisfied grin and a ravenous appetite.

After this interruption some lugubrious individual probably answering to the name of "Doggo," or perhaps "Sticks," without the customary parliamentary gesture, will call for an inventory of funds on hand with the object in view of imposing upon the generous natures of those assembled for the inconvenience of a loan. Sad to say, some erstwhile opulent souls prove cousins or avowed sympathetic relations of the proverbial church mouse.

A class bell rings, and though the assemblage cannot hear the clarion summons to resume the pursuit of knowledge, by some inexplicable means like unto the so-called farm-telegraph of English rural communities, an exodus begins. Ah, these changing scenes!

It seems in a certain room of our halls of learning, when an English class was in progress, that a list of student nicknames was making the rounds of the class. The professor, being of an observant sort and of rather acute mentality, so to speak (that is a hang-over from Plato), quietly secured possession of the list so diligently compiled by a youth of talents worthy of a better cause, and calmly announced the intention of studying the contents, for an insight into student psychology.

The writer happens to know of another individual of the cloth who would not have managed things on so quiet a scale, but nevertheless quite as effectually. He believes that the individual in mind might have displayed vocabulary powers beyond the dreams of avarice or Calvin Coolidge. This same individual, it is said, could make a Colossus of Egotism feel like one of Dr. Will Durant's most negative of men. The writer also believes that anything in addition to this might result in that bane of banalities, anti-climax.

If you should by any chance happen to enter the chapel loft during the celebration of a High Mass, you will see at the organ a man whom the writer has been told is one of Duquesne's chief claims to distinction. It is quite true that a prophet is usually without honor in his own country, not meaning to infer in the least that the organist and pianist and accomplished musician to whom I refer, is not duly recognized in the institution which his graces, but that we sometimes

take as a matter of fact things which, and persons who, are to strangers almost celebrities. Perhaps it is only natural. That I do not know; but it seems that a modern college campus could harbor the seven wonders of the world, a fuel-less motor or the laws of gravity, without exciting anything more than casual and sporadic comment, unless a pep meeting were to be held to inform the diversion-seeking undergraduates of their good fortune.

Without branching into that vapid land where preachment is the mode, might it not be a good plan to set the old think—allowing for the fact of course that you may resent such an allusion—to functioning along the lines of campus celebrities and home-town talent? Perhaps our Cafeteria manager might have actually been written up in the leading restaurant trade paper, or perhaps our athletic coach may have been appointed to a parish ticket selling team, or even one of our Deans may have a book, or a number of them, just off the press, or even, awful supposition, perhaps the baseball coach, preparatorially speaking, may have the awful past of a bygone scandal. In any case, all the celebrities are not in the rotagravure section.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '31.





## *Duquesne Day by Day*

THE St. Patrick's Day entertainment, held under the auspices of the Senior Class of the College of Arts, was one of the most successful and interesting presentations ever given at the University. As the feast day of the great Irish saint came on a Saturday this year, the affair was held on Thursday, March 15, at the University Auditorium. The members of the College Faculty, the Deans of the various schools of the University, and the reverend officials of the University, were present in their academic robes. The College Seniors were also present in caps and gowns. A program of Irish music and songs was arranged for the occasion by the orchestra, under the direction of Professor J. A. Rauterkus, Dean of the School of Music. The feature of the evening was Father M. A. Kelly's interesting address on "Ireland and the Lyric Mood." The entire program was so well received by a crowd that taxed the capacity of the hall that it was decided to present it again on the following Sunday for the Nuns located in and around the city.

Most of the credit for the artistic and financial success of the entertainment must be given to the Senior Class. The idea was their own, and they took complete charge of the arrangement of the hall, sale of tickets, and a hundred and one other details.

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Mr. "Zipper" Layden, Director of Athletics, has introduced another innovation into Duquesne University. It is, of course, connected with athletics. On Thursday, March 1, the Monogram Club was formed. After Mr. Layden told the athletes the purpose, the officers were elected. Jock Rosenberg, a Pharmic, and for three years varsity guard on the basketball team, was elected president. Dick Schradling, School of Accounts, who won his "D" in both basketball and baseball, was elected vice-president, and Mart White, also an Accounts student, and a member of Duquesne's last baseball team, was made secretary-treasurer.

The purpose of the Monogram Club is to establish an organization exclusively for men who have represented the

University on the varsity athletic teams. Anyone who has done so, whether he was awarded a letter at the time or not, is eligible for admission to the Club. One of the first moves of the new organization was to change the varsity letter from the old English style to a block "D." At first this caused a stir among some of the students, but when the football men appeared in their new blue sweaters with a big red block D, all antipathy was forgotten, and lots of fellows began to wish that they were more athletic.

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At a meeting of the Junior Prom Committee on March 14, it was decided that tickets would be sold on an installment plan. Under this arrangement the Prom should not be such a tax on the students' finances, for a period of six weeks will be allowed for payment. A first payment of two dollars can be made between March 18th and Easter vacation. A period of a week will be allowed to recover from that, and then a second payment of three dollars can be made between April 12 and 23. A final payment of three dollars can be made between the 23rd and the time of the Prom, May 4, making eight dollars. The plan is a sound one, and one that should enable a number of students who can't stand a sudden eight dollar setback to attend, whereas under any other arrangement they couldn't.

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The Intramural Basketball League season came to a close early in March, and a final survey of the club standing shows that the College of Arts team was the winner. Captained by Bill Burns, the team played a consistently good game throughout the season, and was deserving of the honor of being the first team to bring an Intramural trophy to the College Department. The team lost only one game of the six played, and while undoubtedly the best team in the league, it met with some mighty stiff opposition from the other three. Congratulations!

While on the subject, it might be well to ask a few pertinent questions. Are there to be intramural leagues in baseball and track? If so, when will they be formed? In spite of the persistency of snow and ice in staying around for the entire month of March, spring is not far away, and preparation for the leagues, if any, must be made soon. The students want it, and we feel sure that the University athletic directors want it. Let's get going.

The School of Pharmacy continues to be active. Although their Pharmacy Night is still a good distance away, they are continuously planning and working to make the affair more and more successful. As the latest addition to the program, it has been announced that a first aid contest will be held under the direction of Dr. H. H. Sullivan.

Pharmic Night, you know, will mark the third anniversary of the School of Pharmacy at Duquesne University. In that three years, the Pharmics have shown an increasing tendency to be progressive in every way. They are to be congratulated for their enterprise, and the **Monthly** wishes them nothing but success in their arrangements for Pharmic Night.

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The increasing attendance at the Sunday night concerts is a tribute to Dr. Lloyd, Mr. Rauterkus, and the professors of English. Every Sunday night during the past month a one act play was presented under the direction of Dr. Lloyd, and all met with approval from the audience. Students from all departments were selected to take part in them. Mr. Rauterkus has had the orchestra present for all occasions, and several times some of his more advanced students have given excellent solo performances. The debates between the College and Pre-Med classes have also been more interesting lately.

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The Muskingum game brought an end to another successful varsity basketball season. When such stars as O'Donovan, Serbin, Schrading and De Maria were lost by graduation last year, it seemed that prospects for this year would not be bright. But Coach Davies set to work with an almost entirely freshman squad, and so well did he train them that they won fourteen of their twenty-one games. Judged by the records of the last few years, this may not seem a brilliant record, but when one considers the difficulties under which the team had to play, the record they made is one to be very proud of.

The end of the season also has its unhappy aspect, for it marks the passing of Captain Jerry Reich and Jock Rosenberg, two athletes who have won more than passing fame at Duquesne. The Dukes next year are bound to miss the inspiration of Jerry and the calm imperturbability of Jock, but the best we can do is hope for more like them.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.

## Book Forum

### *The Shadow on the Earth*

By Owen Francis Dudley

(Longmans, Green & Co., London)



WID you, lover of books, ever derive the benefits of a retreat from reading, willingly, a book on the public market? I have. Such a book is Owen Francis Dudley's "The Shadow on the Earth." It will take you out of your work-a-day routine and place you, even in the first chapter, in the mountain air of good healthy thinking. It will rest you, this retreat bound in covers.

Dudley's book is a tale of tragedy and triumph, and is the second (though complete in itself) of a series dealing with a very big matter—the problems of human happiness. "Will Men Be Like Gods?" is the other book of the series and has an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. It deals with humanitarianism.

The problem of pain and suffering, with which our book is concerned, is prominent in the minds of modern men. They have heard it in the clarion sound of revolt and know it only as presented, glaringly, and colored with malice, and zig-zagging with sly sophisms. There is no solution given by H. G. Wells, Hartmann, Inge, the Christian Scientists, and others of the type. But this book offers the solution.

This story, recently off the London press, deals with the victim of an accident in the mountains overlooking Italy and his rescue by three companions who bring him to a monastery, where he is cared for by a monk, a former military doctor. The Cripple's three friends are called The Atheist, The Optimist, and The Pessimist. They are addressed as such all through the book. Brother Anselm, the monk, deals with each of these persons in a decisive, logical manner that leaves each of the pseudo friends "hanging on the ropes." Each friend takes his turn in trying to win the Cripple away from the monk. And each is in turn refuted until he has not an argument to lean upon. True logic, faith and companionship, in the meanwhile do their work in rebuilding the life and ideas of the Cripple.



The Cripple is a shadow on the earth. He is broken in body, attempts suicide, is tempted and distressed by the arguments of his friends, only to be rescued by Brother Anselm, who tops off the religious surroundings in his unobtrusive way. The good Brother is the agent of the Omnipotent; the aiding hand, beckoning the sincere away and out of the world of tainted modernism.

Our book is a big allegory. The Cripple is representative of any man in the world. Brother Anselm is the Church, always ready to help. The Atheist, Optimist and Pessimist are the foils of the devil, modernism, impractical and illogical thinking. Brother Anselm uses as counter weapons, in refuting the Cripple's friends, the Theological Virtues: Faith, Hope and Charity.

In the background is the Major, a happy, care-free person who admires the methods, customs and personality of the Brother. He might be called the referee, the third man in the ring of this fight for right. The Major is neutral, but his mind is open to conviction. He is convinced and represents those thousands who would be glad to choose the logical side and the only side, if given the opportunity. The people of no marked belief or unbelief are represented by him. He appreciates, but does not understand.

Father Dudley's book is timely. His arguments are cogent. The deadly logic is heightened by a bright and lively style. One would think that the Catholic Church protrudes from every line, but such is not the case, even though the book is written from the Catholic standpoint. The whole argument is thoroughly sound and Christian. The solution is found in living a good life, having faith, a thought for God, the end of all things. The wheat is picked from the chaff.

This fine philosophical story throbs in every page with physical as well as mental and spiritual action. We get a new outlook on another kind of a war hero, an his great personality in attempting to cover up his magnanimous act. We run across some fine descriptive passages, snatches of pathos and humor, lots of good sense, simplicity, self-effacement and vivacious, irresistible personalities.

The author's bright side is demonstrated in the following:

A pair of gleaming eyeballs appeared from out of the darkness. Their owner began to squirm around his legs.

"Hullo, cat; so you've turned up again!"

The cat found herself picked up. She began to purr—doubtfully at first, and then louder. Perhaps he had not thrown that cigarette at her after all . . . .”

\* \* \* \*

Close behind the shell-hole stood a great, gaunt crucifix—the Christ hanging pale and vivid in the moonlight, untouched by shells. The half-closed eyes of the Crucified seemed to be looking down into the shell hole at the man who was lying there—at the man who was his enemy.

“Would you like to be inside the Church while I am giving Benediction?”

“Rather!” said the Cripple, wondering what “Benediction” was.

\* \* \* \*

The ambulance stopped. The child stood on tip-toe and gave the Cripple—a resounding kiss on the cheek.

“When you two have finished billing and cooing,” said Brother Anselm to the blushing victim, “we’re going to have coffee and cakes.”

\* \* \* \*

“Instead, tell me what made you a pessimist?”

“The war,” replied the other.

“Funny!” said Brother Anselm, “it made me a monk.”

In the last chapter, the Cripple is in a coma-like state and sees a magnificent vision; a description of heaven, the proportionate value of earthly goods, time and earth. He sees the splendor of those who are saved and there is no pain, no suffering. The solution is reached. In one word, the solution is—God.

The end of the book is reached. The reason for suffering and pain is explained clearly, the three friends have been refuted to a standstill, their arguments torn to threads. The Cripple has learned to pray. He likes living away from the dust of worldly conversation. He can pray and think. And prayer is the corollary of thought. The victim has been in the depths of despair only to be raised to the heights of bliss again. He has seen greater suffering than his own; rebellion is followed by gentleness and realization of the how, when, where and why of existence. He acquires a love for his suffering, his broken life, accepting it as his glorious cross.

In a closing letter, Brother Anselm says, in part: “His work is not yet finished—the work he has to do. His life will

be an agony, a glad agony of prayer; a work of expiation for those who libel God; a witness to eternal love for those who doubt or fear; alone—until the day dawns and the shadows flee away.”

Students of philosophy would be aided by reading this book. In it is presented practical examples of applied philosophy, logic, metaphysics, and morality. When our lessons are put into interesting, bright, living story form we are more likely to grasp the full content of much of the essentials that we would otherwise not grasp.

“The Shadow on the Earth” is less than half the modern novel size, but the good derived could not be equaled by reading a hundred best sellers.

Read this book!

WALTER S. BARRETT, A. B., '29.

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## *Plain Talk*

This column is especially meant for discussion of books, but there are exceptions to every rule, and this month we will discuss a magazine, which in its content and authorship, is infinitely superior to any book or group of books published during the last year.

About a year ago a new magazine “swam into the ken” of the readers of American periodicals. This magazine had the very plain title, “Plain Talk.” Since the day of its inception, it has lived up to its title. The magazine does not pretend to any great literary merit; rather does it concern itself with the presentation of facts. These facts are set forth by the most eminent men in all professions.

No magazine in America has had in the last five years as many great names in its pages as has this newcomer in the scant space of a year. The following are some of the contributors: Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Emil Ludwig, Louis Bromfield, Henrik Willem Van Loon, Senator Edwards, Laurence Stallings. In the March issue, alone, we have: Clarence Darrow, James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, Dean McConn of Lehigh, Prof. Harry Barnes.

The editor of the magazine, G. D. Eaton, has had a very colorful career. In his college days, he was the editor of the school's newspaper and was discharged because of alleged

radical policies. He then started a campus newspaper of his own, and in a short time he cut down the circulation of the college newspaper to less than one-half. The school threatened to refuse him his diploma. Later they offered him the diploma and he refused it. After a brilliant career in New York as a newspaper man, he was selected editor of the new periodical, "Plain Talk."

The policies of this paper appeal to me greatly. They are opposed to that notorious farce of ours, prohibition, and they are in favor of the one and only Al. Smith. The magazine is not afraid to strike at the manifest evil-doings of religious-politicians, as exemplified in the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance in Washington. So far it has treated the Catholic Church in a sensible manner and no intolerance has been manifested. Its very first issue had a startling article on intolerance, by a Methodist minister, who had a high position in his Church. This article was quoted in all papers and the Methodist Church showed its intolerance by demoting this liberal-minded minister.

In my mind, the magazine is satisfying a great need in our country. It has my best wishes for a long and prosperous trip upon the stormy seas of journalism.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY, A. B., 28.





## See Breezes

Extra! ! "Fluke" Scoops Town Extra! !

THE reporters of the local so-called news sheet, "The Duquesne Fluke," being possessed of a sudden and unlooked-for spell of energy, put themselves to work over the week-end, and succeeded in scaring up a number of news items of considerable interest and importance. Fearing that the news might become common property before Thursday, when the "Fluke" comes out, and wishing to impress their friends, the friends of Duquesne, and the readers of Duquesne publications, with the general efficiency of those self-same Duquesne reporters, the "Fluke" staff got in touch with the officials of the "Monthly" to see what could be done. As usual, the "See Breezes" column consisted of several pages of nothing, and with the consent of the Editor, the gleanings of the "Fluke" reporters were inserted here. The printer was placated by two resounding kisses from Mr. Author McGerverey, and all being said and done, here you are. All credit for these items is due the "Fluke" staff. All complaints should be registered there, likewise.

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### Golden Jubilee Called Off

Ray A. Berg, a Senior in the College of Arts, announces that the Golden Jubilee of the Lacedemonians, a society of which Berg is the President, will be deferred until the society is fifty years old. It had previously been planned to hold the Jubilee this year, in conjunction with the exercises of the University in June.

\* \* \* \*

### Father Carroll Admits Himself an Ass

Rev. James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp., S.T.D., Dean of the College of Arts, admitted in the Senior Philosophy Class last week that he was an ass to ever attempt to inculcate the simplest principles of Philosophy into such a bunch of numbskulls as the present Seniors, and announced that henceforth he would cease urging them to study, as he would lose nothing person-

ally by their general incompetence. Father Carroll said, in part: "You big bunch of overgrown, ignorant asses! Do you think that it's for me that you are coming here? You're big enough, and old enough, and ugly enough to know better. From now on, you can do as you please, as far as I'm concerned. You yourselves will be the losers when June rolls around, and that goes just as I've said it."

\* \* \* \*

### Father Bryan Drinking Again—Is Jailed

Rev. Stephen Bryan, C.S.Sp., Professor of Latin and Greek in the College, was observed taking a drink at the fountain on the third floor of Canevin Hall before his first period class one morning last week, and at the end of the hour he was seen drinking again. The genial professor explained his conduct by complaining bitterly that some sly boarder or other culprit had managed to slip salt into his breakfast coffee. He would have thrown the coffee away, he said, but Father Danner protested against the waste.

Father Bryan was the unwilling victim recently of an adventure which might easily have had serious results, and might even have ended fatally had not the popular teacher and some others displayed rare presence of mind. Father Bryan was sitting in Father Kirk's room when a young man entered looking for Father Kirk. Upon being told that the latter was not present, the young man left, and in so doing slammed the door in such a fashion that the lock for no apparent reason caught, and Father Bryan, upon rising from his seat to go to an afternoon class, found himself securely imprisoned in somebody else's room, without a key or any other means of egress. Fully realizing the precariousness of his position immediately, he displayed his ability to handle a dangerous situation by calling in a loud voice, "I want out of here!" Several persons being attracted by the cries, efforts were made to release him under the supervision of Father Kirk, who had by this time returned, and was almost as desirous of entering his room as Father Bryan was of leaving it. A hurry-up call was sent to the United States Bureau of Mines in Forbes Street, as Father Bryan kept impressing those on the outside that he had a class and wanted to get there, and yet declined to use the transom. Rescue Team No. 6 responded from the Bureau of Mines, and in a short while, with the assistance of one screw-driver, one hammer, and one hatchet,

the victim was released in time to impart a little knowledge to his charges and avoid losing a whole hour. Spectators at the scene who had also witnessed the entombment of Floyd Collins in Kentucky a few years ago were struck considerably by the similarity of the two incidents.

\* \* \* \*

#### **Father Hehir Marries**

The Very Rev. Martin Hehir, C.S.Sp., President of the University, being a Catholic priest and possessed of all the faculties of such, is empowered to marry any man and woman, provided all the other rules of the Church are adhered to.

\* \* \* \*

#### **Father Parent, in Excitement, Breaks Neck**

That most amiable and accomplished of pianists, the Rev. James Parent, in a fit of excitement during an orchestra rehearsal recently, rose suddenly from his seat at the piano, and in a gesture familiar to and characteristic of musicians, swept his arms majestically through the air, and in so doing knocked a violin belonging to Dean Rauterkus off the top of the piano. The violin suffered a broken neck, but a little glue and patient skill made it almost as good as new.

\* \* \* \*

#### **Dean Balloon To Wear Toupe**

The School of Drugdom, which so effectually putrifies the first floor of Canevin Hall, in conjunction with their general program of improvement and accomplishment, as already exemplified by their football and basketball teams, has announced that they will go in for dramatics. In their first play, to be presented in the near future, Dr. U. Z. Balloon, their enterprising Dean, has been cast as an Old Man of the Mountains, which will necessitate his wearing a long wig and beard.

\* \* \* \*

#### **Father Keaney in Fist Fight**

The members of the Junior Class of the College of Arts spent an interesting half-hour one morning last week when Father Keaney, their English professor, digressed long enough to tell them the story of his first fist fight as a small boy. The Juniors found the story very interesting, and were much impressed.

### **Gets Haircut**

Michael McNally had his hair cut yesterday at a barber shop in the downtown district.

\* \* \* \*

### **John Stafford Expelled**

John C. Stafford, a Junior in the College, and very prominent and well known for his work in the various University activities, was expelled from Greek class twice during the past week by Dr. Patrick Cronin, for coming in late.

\* \* \* \*

### **Seniors To Hold Luncheon**

The members of the Senior Class of the College of Arts have announced and resolved to hold on to their entire lunch in the future, instead of passing half of it to Bill Keown, as heretofore.

\* \* \* \*

### **University Theatre Burned**

The new University theatre was slightly burned about the floor at the St. Patrick's Day Exercises, when somebody, having lighted a cigarette, threw the match on the floor and tramped on it, thus leaving a distinct brown spot.

\* \* \* \*

### **Father Danner Held Up**

Father Danner was held up for five minutes on his way to the cafeteria at noon last Monday by Mr. Walter Barrett, who insisted on talking about some unimportant matter.

\* \* \* \*

### **University Cafeteria Suffers Series of Robberies**

For some days past it has been noticed by those in charge of the University cafeteria that the bread was running out before the wieners and hamburgers, a fact that is puzzling the best sleuths on Father Danner's staff, but which is probably due to Ray Berg's taking two and three pieces of bread for a sandwich when he does not take four.

Discovering that the nickel-in-the-slot machine was occasionally giving two bars of candy for one, Father Danner has had a new machine installed.



### **Brother Ammon Loses Supporters**

In the popularity contest being held among the various brothers of the University, Brother Ammon, who was for a time leading the contenders, is now reported to be losing supporters to Brother Englebert.

\* \* \* \*

### **Martin Mooney on Time?**

An unconfirmed report has it that Martin Mooney was seen around the school at three minutes to nine one morning recently.

\* \* \* \*

### **Here's One You Will Enjoy**

The perpetrator of "See Breezes," having resolved not to talk about his neighbors during Lent, is reported to have forgotten how to talk at all, from lack of practice.

\* \* \* \*

### **Here's One You Won't**

He can still use a typewriter, after a fashion, and besides, the foregoing report was false, anyhow.

\* \* \* \*

## **"FLUKE" SPORTS**

### **ELMER LAYDEN TO QUIT DUQUESNE**

#### **Weible To Be Head Coach**

The Athletic Department has announced that Elmer Layden, Director of Athletics, will quit Duquesne for several weeks during the coming summer and betake himself to the mountains or the seashore or the country for a much-needed vacation. He will be back, however, in plenty of time to inaugurate work-outs for next fall's wonder football team.

It was also announced by the Athletic Department that, in the event of a varsity swimming team being formed at Duquesne in the near future, John Weible will be appointed Head Coach. However, at present, there is little prospect of such a team being formed.

\* \* \* \*

### **Holohan Fired**

John Holohan, Manager of Athletics, is considerably fired with an ambition to lift Duquesne to the highest peak in the collegiate world, and is working harder and harder every day to realize his ideal.

### Karabinos Signs

Frank Karabinos, star baseball player and member of the Junior Class, announces that he has signed for the coming season with the Sparky Adams Juniors.

\* \* \* \*

### Big Race To Be Held

Thomas Morgan, a Junior in the College, became quite riled recently when Joseph Hanzel, another Junior, suggested that Morgan would substitute for him in a base-running exhibition. Hanzel claims that he can easily break the standing record of 13 seconds for circling the bases, and will do it in  $12\frac{3}{4}$  seconds with a slide into home, but owing to bad health he cannot give the desired exhibition at present. The supposed reason for Morgan's anger is that he considers himself much faster than Hanzel. Efforts are being made to have the two meet on the Campus in the near future.

\* \* \* \*

### Charley Rice Makes Headlines

After many years of earnest effort, Charley Rice, our demon athletic publicity agent and debater, has succeeded in making a headline. Previously, although the newspapers might publish his write-ups, they always put their own headlines on them, but the Pittsburgh Press recently accepted one just as he wrote it. Rice is roaming the campus, giving away in sheer joy a pack of cigarettes he found.

"Hello, Max? . . . . This is Charleh."

GEORGE HABER, M. A., '28.



## *Alumni Notes*



R. STEPHEN A. YESKO, now engaged in clinical work with the Mayo Brothers, Rochester, Minn., was honored by an invitation to address the staff on March 14th. His subject was, "The Effects of Ligation of the Pancreatic Ducts on Gastric Digestion." He writes: "It was quite an honor to address over five hundred physicians and the Mayo Brothers. I was somewhat nervous at first, but, with the grace of God, I finished my talk successfully, and received many flattering commendations on my paper."

Duquesne will confer the degree of Master of Science on Dr. Yesko next June. This honor would have been bestowed upon him at our last year's Commencement Exercises, but at the time he was traveling in Europe.

\* \* \* \*

On the cover page of the January issue of "The Fort," a periodical published by Duquesne Council, K. of C., was "the picture of a prominent young man who stands out among his wide circle of acquaintances as a representative Catholic in all meritorious social, fraternal, religious and philanthropic movements."

"The Fort" continues, in part: "Young in age but old in experience, he has climbed the stormy pathway of achievement and is recognized today as one of the most progressive and energetic business men of East Liberty. He has won his reputation among business associates, as well as his friends and acquaintances, for his sound thinking and his well-founded policies."

Mr. R. Gerard Henne, known to his friends as "Jerry" is the gentleman to whom we refer. Besides numerous other connections, he is Chairman of the House Committee of his Council, and the great success scored recently by the "Colossal Card Party" was largely on account of his efforts. He was Chairman of that affair and under him, serving in various capacities, were numbered the following Duquesne Alumni: Daniel E. Powell, John O'Connell, William A. Hohman, Chris

Hoffman, Frank P. Cawley, George Walton, William Walton, and Daniel L. Dougherty.

\* \* \* \*

The following graduates of the Law School were admitted to practice at the Bar on Friday, March 9th: W. E. Boggs, J. M. Cohen, E. L. Feldman, B. F. Gunther, J. J. Laffey, W. A. Malloy, L. F. McGrath, L. P. McGrath, J. P. O'Connor, O. W. T. Peterson, W. D. Pinkerton, R. J. Schwerha, H. J. Seiber, and F. J. Zappala.

\* \* \* \*

At a meeting of the Law Alumni, held in the Hotel Henry on March 6th, J. Howard Devlin was elected president; G. R. Isherwood, Vice-President; Miss E. H. Wilson, Secretary; and J. F. Malone, Jr., Treasurer.

\* \* \* \*

James P. O'Connor is associated with W. M. Hall, Esq., at 2123 Oliver Building.

\* \* \* \*

Rollo Peters, a personal friend of Dr. C. E. Lloyd, Dean of the Department, and a member of the "Diplomacy" All Star Cast, addressed Dr. Lloyd's Shakespeare class in the Vandergrift Building on the fifth of the month.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Charles Solomon, graduate of the Georgetown School of Medicine, is interning at the Conemaugh Valley Memorial Hospital, Johnstown. He will take his finals before the State Board in July.

Our former professor, Thomas P. Whalen, M.A., now of the English Department of Marquette University, addressed the Irish History Society at Fond du Lac on February 28. His subject was Irish poetry. "There is a flowering of poetry," he said, "in Ireland superior to that of any other English-speaking country. The modern Irish poets inherited a Gaelic literary tradition. They use language fresh, original and full of metaphors. They use the old Gaelic metre and rhythm, so that their poetry is not only original but formative, and haunted with a quiet beauty."

\* \* \* \*

We see that another important position has fallen to a former Duquesne man. L. W. Monteverde has been recently



elected to an office whose capable fulfillment is of inestimable concern to posterity. He is now Chairman of the City Planning Commission, besides being a member of the Executive Committee on City Plan and Vice-Chairman of the Subway Commission.

\* \* \* \*

Further perusal of "The Fort" revealed the presence of several Alumni among the officers of the lodge. The Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D., is Chaplain; Daniel L. Dougherty is Financial Secretary; and John M. Boissou is a trustee. Father Hannan writes an article for each issue of "The Fort."

\* \* \* \*

Kenneth M. Gaffney, graduate of the Commercial High School of the class of 1921, is now living in Los Angeles, California, where he is employed at 321 South Olive Street as a Comptometer operator.

\* \* \* \*

Charles L. Loschert was graduated recently from the Brooklyn College of Physiotherapy. He was recipient of high honors. He is now entitled to write three sets of letters after his name.

\* \* \* \*

Michael J. Shortly, Esq., is regional director of the United States Veterans' Bureau. His offices and large staff of assistants are located at 5118 Penn Avenue.

\* \* \* \*

Albert Kuhn, of the Frank J. Kuhn Co., sellers of Quality Meats and Provisions, has just returned from a three months' tour by Studebaker across the continent and through California.

\* \* \* \*

R. P. Sorce, one of our pioneer basketball players, is engaged in the fruit and produce business at 21st Street. Distinguished as a dribbler and often present at our contests, he thinks the game has slowed up considerably since he used to flash down the floor, maneuvering the ball through and around opponents until he should take unerring aim beneath the basket.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.



A season that began in doubt and fear, that half way through, seemed due to be mediocre, that at stages saw great triumphs, ended in disaster and defeat at the hands of Muskingum down in the New Concord gym. The season began with a bad walloping by Ohio Wesleyan, followed by another licking by Muskingum. Then, indifferent success followed, up to the Bethany game, where real merit was shown. The Washington trip, where American U. was defeated, and Catholic U. nearly so, was, in a sense, a big triumph by reason of the previous record of both these teams. Catholic University had justly been rated as among the best teams in the East, while American University was considered very good.

This road success was followed by the worst trimming of the season, at the hands of Westminster. Westminster was on, in this tilt; nothing Lawthor's men tried seemed able to fail. They made impossible shots time after time and cut in and around the bewildered Dukes with ease. A game was dropped to Geneva after this by a close score. A defeat of Waynesburg seemed to augur that the boys were hitting their stride at last and would come out of their slump. But little hope was held for success in their game against the College of the City of New York five, which, coached by Nat Holman, had beaten some of the best Eastern teams, including Fordham, Catholic University, and others. Chick Davies, in this game, caused the biggest surprise and made the biggest triumph of his whole life. His men, playing a wonderfully heady game, with brilliant team work and clever head work, got a hard-earned 28-24 victory over Holman's experienced crew. It was a surprise to all the New York scribes, who gave the Duke's achievement front page space on their sporting sheets.

Davies followed this with another surprise, soundly trouncing Lawthor's Westminster five at New Wilmington. Bene-

dict, Vernon and Lossman shone in this tilt, completely outplaying their men. Stephens, handicapped in the first game by his lack of size, cut his man down in this tussle and turned in a fine performance. Jock Rosenberg, playing far back, directed the play and held the men in check whenever they threatened to lost their heads.

A one point defeat by Theil knocked the Dukes out of the Conference title, since Geneva knocked off the United Presbyterians. The last game at Muskingum was a rout, with the Muskies running wild; the Dukes were tired and frazzled by their long hard schedule and did not play up the mark. Jock Rosenberg played the whole game, and single-handed tried to stave off defeat, but to no purpose.

This was an especially hard schedule for the Dukes by reason of the fact that every team was on and pointed for their game, and was nursing the memory of the bitter defeats ladled out so impartially by O'Donovan & Co. Davies deserves the thanks and congratulations of Duquesne rooters because of the fine showing he made with an almost entirely new and green squad, in the face of determined and experienced opposition.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.



# Duquesne Monthly

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NUMBER 8

## *Pan Is Dead---Quite*

The great god Pan is dead.  
Please let him rest;  
Will some who can, write of instead,  
The other gods thrice blest?

Leave him alone, in slumber sound,  
His music locked in sleep;  
Direct no poem, no elegy profound,  
To him in accents deep.

Play piper to no corpse, and sing  
No sweet cantatas here;  
Tune not your harps nor lutes bring  
To pay him honored cheer.

Poor Pan is dead, his reign is o'er  
His quickening pipes are still;  
He's drooped his nimble head; no more  
His wild notes will trill.

Then hark you, scribes, and note you well,  
That Pan has passed away;  
And lest you merit jibes, don't tell  
Of Pan alive to-day.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B. '31.



## *That Good Old Hokum*



IN these United States, anyone who poses as a debunker will ride the easy tides of popular sentiment to fortune—for awhile, and that is usually long enough to acquire a sufficient stock of Uncle Sam's best wolf poison, crisp from the mint. Of course, such a statement must be qualified by saying that such aspirations must be fortified with sufficient ability to put one's hokum across, and "hokum," in theatrical slang, means anything which will get and hold the attention of the public.

Any publication, lecture, play or whatnot, barring nothing, but considering the former in the main, which announces its intention and proceeds to carry out a sufficiently iconoclastic program, survives in the United States as it would nowhere else in the world, because we are tolerant and because we are actually human enough to desire to escape routine.

This is written because one of our best propagandists recently published a book dealing with a vital phase of that, to the layman, eternal mystery of life,—the writing profession. Upton Sinclair recently put forth "Money Writes," attacking the capitalistic rule of the American press and bemoaning the fact, that if one wants art, he will find it not so long as the poet thought, but rather fleeting itself, unless he can sustain life on a fertile imagination. Money or art? He sets the two before the reader as incompatible, unless, of course, one really believes that dealing with broker's daughters and a poesy strewn world in fiction, for which he is paid in some three figures of varying denominations, is actually art.

It is not for the writer to say whether or not Sinclair is correct in his premises and the conclusions he draws, but he can very easily judge from the consensus of opinions advanced by authorities in the profession, how much Sinclair has erred and where he has landed with both gloves in the capitalistic eye. Trade Press writers really should not be caught casting aspersions on our best plutocrats, but one transgression can easily be overlooked in this tolerant country of ours, especially since the writer really believes that capital is not quite so bad after all; particularly when capital pays for what it wants.

Thomas H. Uzzell, formerly fiction editor of *Collier's*, recently wrote concerning "Money Writes": "I am not at all sure that America needs a social revolution to remedy the

many evils from which we suffer, but from my editorial experience and acquaintance with many of the editors of the country's biggest magazines and publishing houses, I am sure that Upton Sinclair is absolutely right when he says that capitalistic ideas and policies control all the newspapers and magazine publishing houses to which any aspiring writer can hope to sell copy at any real profit to himself, and that his stories and articles must conform to these policies if he is to achieve more than rejection slips. This commercial control, extending wider and more relentlessly every year, makes the issue of art versus money ever more difficult for the writer to solve—in favor of art." Uzzell knows his literary ropes.

He says further that Sinclair is quite near the truth when he writes: "There are no big magazines of independent circulation left in America—they are all 'chains' now, the Curtis chain and the Butterick chain and the Hearst chain and the Capper chain and the Medill-Patterson chain—all of them run exactly like the department stores and shoe factory chains, upon the same principles of standardization and mass production. They all know what they are going to do a year from now, and they order their stories as they order their trainloads of paper from the mills; they even order their writers. They will take a young genius and 'make' him, exactly as Lasky or Paramount will turn a manicure girl with pretty pouting lips into a world-famous 'star.'"

Still, things are not quite so black as Sinclair paints them. This world may not be a literal bed of hothouse roses, but neither is it stifled with an overdose of fire and brimstone. Sinclair is not a muckraker, but there is no need of muckraking; there is no need of the type of realism which requires a goodly portion of intestinal fortitude to wade through—and that with intellectual hip-boots and an imaginary clothespin.

Writers can still make money, even though the capitalists seem to have an aversion for Dickensian exposures and books which are propaganda for a reform, are taboo, and of necessity must be left alone by the type of literary aspirant who would rather eat than not. It does not take any of the proclivities of genius to arrive in the literary heavens today if one has a great deal of faith in the prosperity of this country and an evident respect for the powers that be, an untiring penchant towards perseverance and just a modicum of ability. The ability does not matter so much.

Still, the public does need some honest-to-Harry de-bunking, for there are a lot of preconceived notions concerning inspirations and the necessity for a lot of other bothersome appurtenances towards becoming a literateur which passed out with Victoria, God bless her, but which still exist in the minds of the majority of automatons who swell the census reports for a certain number of decades, before performing their first useful acts, in giving the local mortician employment. It would not be amiss to explode some of these pathetic fallacies in the next few lines, although of course not for the benefit of any of the intelligentsia who usually peruse this little journal. Everyone remembers that little cant phrase about present company. Concerning inspirations, let Arthur Guiterman, whose rollicking rhymes may be found adorning the pages of the Saturday Evening Post or any other of our leading journals, speak:

"The hardest part is getting an idea. Sometimes I sit down at my desk and it comes to me right away. Again, I can wait for hours without a single thought. In that case, I just shut up shop and forget it.

"I go down to the Grand Central and get on a train bound for anywhere. Once out in the country, I start to tramp, following any road that strikes my fancy. Then suddenly, while I am climbing a hill somewhere, it will come to me. I have the idea.

"On the train going back I sketch it out in my mind or jot down a few notes on paper. The rest is just the mechanical job of whipping it into shape."

Which shows that you do not have to depend on a long head of hair and a Windsow tie, nor need to sip absinthe or inhale Oriental incense, or do anyone of a hundred other things people usually have visions of, or express opinions on when poets or poetry is mentioned. Mr. Guiterman, on the other hand, confesses a difficulty in getting started with his writing.

"A writer will do anything to postpone getting down to work," he says. "I will linger over my paper, stop to sharpen my pencils, do anything to put off the actual job of writing. But once you are in it, writing becomes a joyous job. It is hard, it is absorbing, but it is fascinating."

Speaking of writing under pressure or writing poetry to order, Mr. Guiterman has the following to say as a concrete example of the lawlessness of necessity and poets, and dis-

proving the fact that poets loll about on a chaise-lounge in the garret waiting the elusive favors of Pan.

"I remember one time when the editor of the *St. Nicholas* sent a messenger around to my house at five o'clock, with a picture of Arthur Rackham's, and an order for a page of verse to go with it, to be delivered at ten o'clock the next morning.

"Well, I sat down in my study and looked at the picture. I had to have an idea and so one came to me. I started to write. At two in the morning the verse was finished in rough outline. Then I set about cutting it to fit the space I had to fill. But I found that I didn't need to change it a bit. My subconscious mind had been operating, and without knowing it I had written the verse so that it fitted the space exactly.

"Some of the best things I have ever written have leaped suddenly into mind, seemingly out of nowhere, complete.

"But I know that subconsciously I have been at work on that piece for months. Miles and miles of tramping and climbing over autumn hills, days of canoeing, hours of wandering over the city with all the chance impressions that flit through the mind and seem to be forgotten, have gone into the making of that verse.

"The most necessary thing about verse writing is to get a line that is pleasing to the ear. When a certain word strikes upon the ear, we expect another sound in harmony with it, and are pleased when we receive that sound.

"But the ear is even more pleased when there is added to the expected sound something additional that is unexpected. For example, when you use the word *home*, instead of rhyming it with *dome*, a monosyllabic word, it is more satisfying, especially in light verse, to use some polysyllabic word like *polychrome*.

"All work should be joyous. A poet ought to have a good time writing his verse. I believe that William Beebe, the writer-natural, has hit upon a very good definition of art in one place in '*The Arcturus Adventure*.' He compares the pleasure which he derives from watching the dolphins at play about the ship, with their long, easy, graceful swoops, to the satisfaction obtained in observing something 'supremely well done by one who has enjoyed doing it.' That, to me, is what art ought to be.

"I believe that one of the silliest theories advanced is that genius is necessarily allied with insanity. That may be true in certain isolated cases of smaller genius, such as Baudelaire,



but in the truly great writers, such as Shakespeare, there is great, normal humanity. Such writers are superhuman, but they are human first.

"A poet is just a human being like anybody else—and every poet ought to try to write for money.

"The reason for that is, that it raises him at once out of the amateur into the professional class. When an editor buys a poem, the fact is of critical value to the writer. It means that a person who ought to be able to judge has found your poem of sufficient appeal to a number of readers to pay good money for it.

"The trouble with most amateur writers is that they are too slipshod. They are inclined just to dash things off. And then, just because they have collected a group of respectable poems, they feel that they should have them published at their own expense. They oughtn't to do that. Just because a number of poems have been written is no reason why should be published at once. They are preserved, at a great waste of paper, without any critical faculty having been exercised upon them.

"Writers shouldn't be embittered or discouraged by rejections. I still get them. Some of my verses still come back. And I should feel very sorry if the time ever came when they didn't come back. Their doing so means that a critical faculty is being exercised on them, that in those cases I may have failed to have come up to the proper standard. It keeps me alive and doing my best work."

So much for what one of our best contemporary rhymsters has to say about current bunk.

But now the greatest Roman of them all, the greatest de-bunker this land boasts of in this present day and age, speaks on some of the current run of fallacy. Tall, thin, red-headed, bronzed, blue-eyed with a slight mark over the left eye, Sinclair Lewis, author of *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrow-smith*, and *Elmer Gantry*, speaks as follows along the lines of authorship and the profession which the other owner of the name Sinclair decried:

"Well, girls and boys (he was speaking to a class), I said I'd talk to you, but I'll be darned if I'll lecture you. It's a perfectly asinine thing you are doing—studying the short story. It's like what the pyorrhea ad says, though—four out of five have got it, God knows why.

"I'll tell you the truth—writing is due to the victim having an inferiority complex. Poor fool, he thinks writing is a romantic life, and goes in for it. Some instructors think they can instruct the dumb—they may get away with it. I say it can't be done. Curious! People think they can write because they have written a letter to Aunt Mame and she says so. These would-be writers spend thirty hours writing a story; send it to the magazine; wicked magazines won't take it; get mad; say they won't write any more. Nobody sheds any tears. Take a medical student. He goes through college, goes to a medical school and is an interne, then practices five years before he begins to make a living. I'm a best-seller, thank God. There are a few of us Rockefeller best-sellers low enough to catch the popular taste."

Mr. Lewis says that writing is not romantic but hard, and that the harder you work and the more serious you take it the better off you will be, which does not quite agree with established notions about authors.

Mr. Lewis makes one statement which covers a great deal of ground on all scores when he says: "This business called success. When you get high enough you know what discouragement is. You write the best essay in your class or the best story; you feel fine. When you get high enough to think of the best writers—Thomas Hardy, Shakespeare, then you think what rot you write, what a rotter you are, and you know what discouragement is."

And that, as some one or other used to say, is all there is, there isn't any more.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '31.





## *The Life of a Rose*

**A**LL the fashionable shops in the city were located on Ninth Avenue. There modistes, couturiers, furriers, hat-shops and beauty parlors catered to the needs of madame; there haberdasheries and booteries supplied what was necessary in the way of appeasing the male vanity; there also one might, during intervals between shopping, refresh oneself in numerous small, select tea-shops. There suave clerks and polite proprietors mingled with the elite of the city, in order to exchange their hats, their cloaks, their gowns, their furs, for the gold of the fashionable and wealthy; it was the market-place of fashionable society. Despite its politeness and its air of culture and sophistication, despite its French names and French phrases, the dominant note of Ninth Avenue was commercialism. One felt that there, notwithstanding the elegant clothing, the jewelry, the exquisite gowns, the furs on display, it was not the beauty of them that appealed to people, but their glitter, the amount of money they represented. Among all that artificiality, there was only one redeeming bit of naturalness, the tiny florist shop in the heart of the section. It was called the "Rosery," and it made a specialty of the most wonderful red roses; there any day of the year one might see them grouped in lovely patterns in the window of the little shop, casting about them an aura of beauty, an oasis in a desert of fashionable glitter.

Of all lovely things, a rose is the loveliest, and of beautiful things, the most beautiful. There is something about a rose, especially a red rose, that will excite the admiration of the most callous observer. Some think that the lily is the most beautiful flowers; but the lily is so pure and flawless, so spiritual, so elevated above the plane of our human hearts, that we fail to comprehend its loveliness. Perhaps in heaven it is the favored flower, but on earth, the hearts of all beauty lovers turn spontaneously to the rose. For a rose is lovely in an earthly way; yet it is not entirely earthly, for it couples

with its mortality, an exalted spiritual quality. One can delight in its beauty or joy in its fragrance, with the feeling of communing with a sympathetic equal, instead of worshipping at the shrine of a superior entity. A red rose is a symbol of love; the fragrance that delights the senses represents mortal love; its beauty symbolizes the love that exists between man and his Creator. Its deep red heart seems bursting with universal love; its fragrance carries its message of love to all peoples. The entire life of a rose is dedicated to the service of love. From the time, when slowly and shyly unfolding its petals, it takes its first look at the world, it continues giving unstintingly of its store to mortals, until its last petal has fallen and shriveled into dust, a sacrifice at the shrine of Love and Beauty.

One day in the early part of June, the display of roses in the little shop on Ninth Avenue was more alluring than ever. In the window great red blooms and blushing crimson buds were piled up in the shape of a heart. At the tip of this heart was a single bud that in coloring and shape far surpassed the others. Probably for just that reason the florist had given it the place of honor in his display. So remarkable was its beauty that it attracted attention even from the fashion-mad crowd that peopled that district; throngs paused to admire it. After a short time, a young man and woman paused in front of the display; glancing at it the woman cried out: "Oh, Harry, look at the lovely roses! That bud on the bottom, especially! Aren't they just gorgeous? That's the kind of bouquet I want for our wedding tomorrow."

"But, Mary, bouquets at a wedding are always white."

"But, I would so like to have that red rose at the bottom. I think it's so pretty, and I just know it would bring us luck, Harry. Please, let's order a bouquet of them. What do we care what other people have? They're the prettiest flowers I have ever seen."

"Do whatever you want, darling," Harry replied, "just so that it makes you happy. I only wanted to remind you that white is the usual color for a wedding. You know ours is going to be a fashionable wedding and we want everything just right."

Mary gave a little sigh and then brightened. "Harry, let's compromise and get a bouquet of white roses, and hide the red rose in the center, where just you and I can see it—that one right there at the bottom. I'm sure that it will bring us luck."



Of course Harry consented. They entered the shop and left their order. As they were leaving Mary flung back over her shoulder at the florist: "Be sure it's that very pretty one on the bottom."

We can see from this conversation that Harry was a stickler for the conventional things of society, while Mary was not inclined to worry too much about them. This was only natural. For Harry, though moving in the best circles of society, had come up from a poorer class, and as is often the case in such circumstances, had developed a most scrupulous regard for trifles. He was now the famous surgeon, Dr. Harry Schwartz. He had accumulated a sizable fortune and owned two clinics in the city. One was a large and exclusive private hospital, where he handled the cases of most of the rich people in the city. It was there that he had met the young nurse, Mary Thomas, the woman he was going to marry. He also owned a smaller clinic, where poorer patients were treated free of charge. Dr. Schwartz paid all the expenses of this but seldom had occasion to visit it himself on account of the work that the other required. The history of Dr. Schwartz's rise to fame from poorness is an interesting one. As a boy, he had been rather wild; he had been an only child and his father died when he was only a baby. The mother had been forced to make a living for her son. Luckily, before her marriage she had had experience in library work; to this work she now returned. However, this necessitated her remaining away from home for a great many hours of the day, and the consequent separation from her son. She loved her boy dearly, yet a living had to be made for him; so it was only a matter of choosing the lesser of two evils. Thus the boy was thrown a great deal on his own resources. Naturally, in his spare time he took to the streets and to the company of that non-descript crowd that make the streets their meeting places. Led on by this element, he began to get harder and wilder, "tougher," as his friends of the street called it; he developed a distaste for going to school, and often went off for himself, so that sometimes his mother would not see him for several days. His mother was sorely disturbed at these manifestations of her son's waywardness, but what could she do? When she was with her son, she did her best to inoculate him with a love of right and truth and beauty. To a certain extent she succeeded; she would have succeeded completely had it not been for the continual degrading influence of his associates.

For, despite his waywardness, he loved his mother dearly; a reproachful look from her when he had been guilty of some misconduct, was enough to keep him straight for days; for Harry Schwartz was no weakling, just wayward. As Harry grew up, his mother began to see some hope for him; for years she had been saving, and now she had enough money to send him to a boarding school, where the best influences would be brought to bear in shaping his character. This would mean a great sacrifice on her part, not only on account of the money involved, but on account of the resulting separation. However, her mother's heart saw the advisability of it and resolved to make the sacrifice. She had made all the arrangements for his entrance, and one evening on his sixteenth birthday was going to surprise him with the news. But she was too late. That evening, when she arrived home, a grim-faced man was waiting there for her. Without any preamble, he announced to her that her son had been implicated with a band of young toughs who had stolen a car and been caught with the goods. He had been sent to a home of correction and his mother would not be permitted to see him until after he was twenty-one.

Naturally the mother was heartbroken at this, and the shock of it so wore her down, that two years later she fell seriously ill and had to be taken to a hospital. Just three months after she had been taken away, her son returned; he had received a pardon at the age of eighteen for good conduct. And so, when Harry Schwartz returned, the landlady, knowing that three months before his mother had been taken away to the hospital, and inferring from the fact that she had not returned that she had died, told him, as an actual fact, that his mother was dead. In reality, she was at that moment slowly convalescing; but Harry did not know this; he took the landlady's word as final. This was very bad news to Harry, whom two years in a reform school had changed from a wayward boy to a man chastened by experience and with an entirely different set of values. Such was his repentance at having been the cause of his mother's supposed death, that he resolved to quit the country entirely. In reform school he had had a lot of time to think; he had reflected on the uselessness of his past career, and had decided to become a surgeon. Not only this, but he intended to go to Germany, away from all who knew him, and study there. He had learned to play the bassoon in school, and this knowledge now stood him in good stead. He secured a position in an orchestra on

a boat bound for Germany, and thus worked his way across. In Germany his bassoon continued of service to him, and by its aid he had educated himself and worked himself up to the position of eminence as a surgeon, which he now held. Thus we see, that being a former inmate of a reform school, he was quite wary about the conventions and avoided everything that might tend to bring notoriety to his name.

Mary Thomas was a nurse in his hospital. He had met her and been attracted by her from the first. Their courtship had been a matter of weeks, and they were to be married on the morrow. They had come to Ninth Avenue to buy a few things that Mary wanted for her trousseau, and to select personally her wedding bouquet. Thus we see the connection between Mary Thomas, Harry Schwartz and the loveliest red rose on Ninth Avenue, which on the morrow was to be the only one of its kind, in the white bouquet that Mary was to hold at her wedding.

At length, for Mary and for Harry the long awaited moment arrived, when they were standing hand in hand at the foot of the altar, Mary holding her bouquet in which the red rose lay so conspicuous in its bed of white. It was not yet fully open, as it lay there, a living symbol of love, of the love of a man for a maid, and a maid for a man; its red matching the red that mantled the bride's cheek as she received the congratulations of her friends. Had the rose possessed consciousness, how it would have enjoyed that day of happiness. When the wedding was over Harry said to his bride: "Mary, dear, isn't it the usual thing to throw your bouquet to the bridesmaids, to see which one of them is going to be married first? Isn't that the conventional thing?"

"Oh, bother your conventions, Harry," Mary replied. "It's a shame to throw such lovely flowers around. I'm going to take all the flowers around here, and this bouquet, and send them to your charity clinic. Before we get our train in the morning, we can stop in first and see if your patients enjoyed them."

"Just like you, Mary, always thinking of somebody else. We'll send them over right away so that they may enjoy them as long as possible."

And thus it was the bouquet and the particular rose we are interested in were sent to Dr. Harry Schwartz's charity clinic. When they had arrived there, they were given to the nurses for distribution. One little chubby nurse, with a

cherubic countenance, spying the red rose in the cluster of white roses, burst out: "Oh, look at the pretty red rose! Isn't that the sweetest thing? I'd like to have it." She hesitated, and went on. "But I don't want to be selfish. There are a lot of poor people here who would appreciate it more than I would. There's that old woman that's dying up in ward four on the top floor; she's just crazy for flowers. I'll give it to her." No sooner said than done, and the next place we see our rose is all by itself in a glass of water beside the bed of a dying old lady, sleeping probably her last night of sleep before the long sleep. All night it watched by her side. As her life ebbed, it unfolded more and more into full glorious bloom.

She did not see it until the next morning; when she did, it was with a poor broken little sigh of pleasure. How she loved the beautiful things of life! She had had so few of them. Life had not been kind to Helen Schwartz since she had been so tragically deprived of her son. When, after a long period of illness, she had been released from the hospital, it was only to find that her son had come and gone. She had never fully regained her health; through the long years she had eked out a meager existence as best she could. Finally, illness had laid her low, and she found herself dying in the charity ward of a hospital, that was owned by her son, although little did she realize that such was the fact.

Her son was at that moment outside in the corridor with his wife, paying his patients a final flying visit, before he embarked on his honeymoon. But fate was playing one of her pranks; for, he and his wife had decided not to come in. Mary had regretfully remarked, "Harry, we'll have to hurry; we have only fifteen minutes to catch our train; we'll just peek in the door and then rush off to catch our train." What chance, under such circumstances, had Harry of recognizing the little old woman away down the aisle as his mother.

And his mother, at that moment, was gazing in rapt wonder at the rose which, during the night, had attained its full bloom. Thank God that she would have a little beauty at her side when she would pass away. If only her son were there she could die happy; but it was the will of God that he should be absent and she had only the rose. She stretched out her hand to take it, that she might catch a bit of its fragrance; but, in the action, her poor, weak hand bumped against the glass and knocked it to the floor. An involuntary little cry of anguish escaped her. The couple, looking in at the door,



heard this, and Dr. Schwartz, always solicitous for a patient, accompanied by his wife, hurried down to see what was the matter. He had picked up the rose and handed it to the old woman before he recognized her. He stood spellbound. "Mother! I thought you were dead." He fell on his knees at the bedside and clasped the frail form in his arms. "My boy! My boy!" At such moments words come slowly; tears are more apt to take their place; and tears were now in the eyes of all three: the mother and the son clasped in each other's arms, the wife kneeling sympathetically by. "My son, I never thought to see you before I died; thank God, for His great goodness. Now I can die happy."

"Mother, dear, don't talk of dying. I am here now. I am a great doctor; this is my hospital. I will save you, mother."

"Are you a doctor, Harry? And own this hospital? I am glad. It is what I always expected. Thank God, that you are well and safe. But, Harry it is too late now; I know that I am dying."

"Mother, don't die. We can be so happy, Mary and you and I."

"Your wife, Harry? Oh, I am so happy, so glad. Come here, Mary, dear, and let me give you my blessing."

And so for a moment they knelt, clasped in each other's arms, this happy tragic group. But the mother's breath was now coming in gasps, slower and slower. She pointed to the rose. "Give me the rose, Harry. It is so pretty . . . . everything is pretty . . . so nice . . . I knew the rose would bring happiness . . . . Come closer . . . Harry . . . and Mary . . . I am going . . . now . . . but . . . I am . . . happy . . . May God . . . bless . . . you . . . and——. But Helen Schwartz was dead. And as that lovely spirit winged its way heavenward, the rose still clutched tightly in that dead hand, its duty of love fulfilled, drooped—its petals falling softly and gently to the floor.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

## Collegiana



OWADAYS when a young man goes to college he generally does not know just why he is going, nor does he care. He justifies the taking up of four precious years of his life by statements concerning the percentage of college men who succeed. He has read and been vaguely impressed by statistics about how much the grade school graduate makes and how very much more the college man. He seldom sees or heeds (if he does see) the percentage of college man who find their way into the workhouse, poorhouse and penitentiary.

But apart from all this, the real reason for his going to college is that he has heard of the beautiful time to be had there. He hears of student activities—oh! marvelous name. Balm of many a weary and bored student's existence. What a glorious excuse for ditching work, i. e., study. He hears of and wants to share the dances, the football games, the freshman rule, student government, and many other diversions for the tired collegiate. He wants to go around in a slicker, bare-headed, with some defenseless college's name on his back; he dreams of sporting coon skin coats at football games, working himself into a frenzy over his Alma Mater. He dreams of the pleasures of the old grad, of regaling callow youths with tales of his college days: how he initiated frosh, how his frat did this and that. Fraternity!—what a name to conjure with. In our childhood days we had to be content with playing burglar and robber, we organized bandit bands, secret societies,—now we can play club man in college. Instead of sharing murderous secrets with brother outlaws, we impart portentous information to fraternity brothers. We can give trick handshakes and share rituals to our heart's content, with no one the wiser. There is this to be said for the "kids," they admitted they were playing, they tried to hoodwink nobody, the college man does not have the sense and honesty to call it, by its right name, bandits and robbers. With all our prospective collegian's dreaming, he never dreams of dreaming of learning, as is truly proper—how is he going to keep up with the crowd, how will he spend his father's money quickly enough, how will he write for the Bazoo, how will he serve on the committees, how will he go to all the—Ha! Ha! pardon me, affairs—another good joke—and study at the same time? Why he can't, that's all there is to it, he just can't.

And what a time of playing the dear thing has when he finally enters college. One can play newspaper, a very fascinating game. One can play politician, take an active interest in student government, do one's best to stir up all the trouble possible for the faculty,—they have to do something to earn their salary. One can play at organizing things; you can always start something, it is good to get a name as one who starts things, a pushing fellow. One can play reformer, we always need something that we absolutely have to get or we might find some time for studying. One can play at and do anything and have an enjoyable time, except study.

Our colleges are clubs, glorious happy clubs, where one can have a really marvelous time, playing at being out in the world. It is a pretty good idea to have a place like that, too, it relieves the strain on the insane asylums. All colleges, of course, do not come up to this standard; some of them are so old-fashioned that they are still behind the times in requiring study and frowning on excessive study. But an enlightened student body is doing its best to change things. Right in our Alma Mater we are constantly being urged to start new things, new activities, to model ourselves on larger and more successful institutions. We are urged to hold out inducements and make this a real club, so that we may get more club members; we are urged to make this an athletic club for like reasons.

There are places, however, where study is the order and desire for knowledge the incentive. These are those glorified industrial schools; technical, professional and agricultural institutions. But these are not colleges, just workshops.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.

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### *Forgotten Melodies*

Lulled by soft lights and dreamy tunes,  
I sat in pleasure's temple. Then  
A gay soprano came, who sang  
A song about a peaceful glen;  
A song of quaintest golden lore;  
A song that I had heard before,  
    But knew not when.  
And as I sat and listened there,  
My spirit seemed to rise and flow  
Beyond that place, into a room  
Where a piano tinkled low

While a kind voice sang sweet to me.  
My heart stood still, that I should see  
    My mother years ago.

Sometimes, upon a summer night,  
I've wandered through a narrow street,  
Where men and women slouched and gasped,  
Perspiring 'neath the sticky heat,  
While phonographs ground out old strains;  
Forgotten melodies whose reigns  
    Were short, but sweet.  
And as entranced I strolled along,  
I found myself in a canoe,  
Adrift upon a moonlit stream,  
Dreaming, while stars winked sleepily, too;  
And from the distant shore there came  
Sounds of the dance; laughter; the same  
    Sweet tunes, then new.

And often under music's spell  
I've heard a song that seemed to be  
An old, old friend; but though I tried  
For hours to place the melody  
Which was by fragrant memory kissed,  
It lurked behind a hazy mist  
    Through which I could not see.

I've always wondered where they are,  
These melodies of days of yore;  
Which from the minds of men have passed,  
And charm the souls of men no more.  
They're surely not on earth, for then  
We'd always have them with us when  
    We open mem'ry's door.  
There must be some sphere of itself  
Where dwell these shades of music's light,  
And whence at intervals they steal,  
Like haunting ghosts in gentle flight;  
A land of happiness supreme—  
I'd love to linger there and dream,  
    For just one night.

GEORGE M. HABER, M. A., '28.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIALS

### *The Editor Is Dead: Long Live the Editor*

**P**ERHAPS you are wondering what the above title means. Really it has no meaning at all; it is just put there to attract your attention to the fact that this issue of the **Monthly** marks the passing of the old staff; the following issue will bring to you a new editor and a new staff. On account of this fact, it seems that we must at last turn our hand from the intriguing business of short-story writing, to the less intriguing but more pressing duty of writing an editorial, a last editorial, a sort of farewell gesture, as it were, from the old staff. It would appear that already ten months have elapsed; ten issues of the **Monthly** have gone out from under our editing blue-pencil. At last the time has come to throw this same blue-pencil in the waste basket; as soon as we finish this we will do so. One's feelings on an occasion like this are exceedingly varied. At first there is a sense of relief at being released from so great a responsibility, at being once more a member of the common herd (pardon the allusion); but this is succeeded by a genuine feeling of regret, for we have grown attached to our job; we have come to appreciate more and more the benefits we have derived from our short term in office; we were learning, O so very many things.

Concerning the new staff, we feel that they are well qualified for the positions to which they have been elected; and we should like to see you give them the same cooperation in the future that you have given us in the past. We had hoped this year to see the staff of the **Monthly**, as well as the other school publications, elected by the Senate; but, no doubt,

the time was not yet ripe for the adoption of such a course, which will probably be brought into effect next year. In that way, we feel that the **Monthly** would become a truly representative magazine, such as we have tried to make it. We imagine that we have succeeded a little in this regard, since students of the different schools of the University are on our regular list of contributors, and are our most zealous supporters.

We have little to say, as we pass on our duties to another. We trust that we have not bored you (that would be unforgivable), that at times we have entertained you, and possibly even taught you. If we have ever hurt anyone's feelings, it was unintentionally, and we ask your forgiveness. If we have seemed flippant, or at times impertinent, it was only the exuberant spirit of youth. We have never meant to be critical, that is, in a destructive way; we have tried to be constructive. In the management of the **Monthly**, we have always given our best; it may have seemed poor to some, but it has been our best. All the material that has appeared in the pages of the **Monthly** during the last ten months has been carefully selected from the various contributions we have received. We could not publish all of them, but we did the best we could; not once did we have to have recourse to that diabolical commodity known as "filler," and in journalistic circles euphemistically characterized as "boiler plate." We have never been at a loss to fill its pages; indeed, we could use to advantage a number more pages. True, some may have gathered the impression, from the number of short stories it has been our pleasure to write in recent issues, that we must have needed something badly in order to fill up space. This is not the case. Our seemingly egotistical attitude was dictated by the fact that few people seem to "choose" to write short stories, and those that do, either make them too short, or else so blood-and-thunderly that they have no place outside the pages of the **Literary Digest** or some other such thriller.

There is nothing left, then, but to wish the new staff the best of good luck, and you the greatest success in your dealings with the new staff. In looking over the copy of this issue we noticed that the Day by Day writer closed his column with a fancy French way of saying adieu. We know a better one than that. Here it is: "A Rivederci." Here's another one: "Auf Wiedersehen." So long!

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., 28.

## *“A Loyal Duke”*

In speaking of “school spirit,” one usually thinks of it merely in relation to students. But we should not overlook the faculty in this matter. One of the members of our faculty, a Dean of one of our newest departments, has shown such a keen interest in all things pertaining to Duquesne, that he certainly deserves at least a few words of appreciation.

This man has instituted two customs in Duquesne that are well worth mentioning. First of all, he has sedulously kept the bulletin board of his section well covered with newspaper and magazine clippings that dealt with affairs of interest to all loyal Dukes. This custom is now being taken up by the other sections of the University.


Another important innovation instituted by the same hard-working Dean is Pharmacy Night. This will be an annual event, and I am glad to say that I was a pleased spectator at the first Pharmacy Night. Moreover, in all other activities of our school, whether athletic or social, our urbane Dean has taken his part.

Therefore, to show our hearty appreciation to Dr. Muldoon, let us all give him “a good round of applause.”

JOHN F. MURPHY, A. B., '28.

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## *Anent the Jubilee*

HEN we read of this or that anniversary, especially when it is commemorating fifty years of service, we are immediately led to think of what has happened during that space of time. There are very, very few here at Duquesne now who remember the days of '78 when Father Power presided over a little school on Wylie Avenue. Yet today all of us are preparing to pay homage to the successors of Father Power and to the school he founded, because for fifty years the Holy Ghost Fathers have weathered the adversities of time in governing our Alma Mater.

In those fifty years of work are represented a multitude of sacrifices. It is a half century full of struggles to succeed, attempts to gain possession of that which is due the University. It marks a period of five decades devoted to inculcating Christian education in the youth of the land. The forty-nine classes which have already left Alma Mater's portals are the results of the concerted energy, strong cooperation, unstinted

generosity and enthusiastic zeal of a great faculty. These great numbers of graduates are the attainment of the administration's ideal.

Success, which has been bought at such a high price, is certainly worth while, because how few of us will ever be able to boast of a golden anniversary in our worldly careers? How many of us will even be able to celebrate a fiftieth birthday? Those able to commemorate their golden jubilee, are marking a period of fifty years of fulfilled tradition, of stable administration, of conservative business ethics. They are free to proclaim to the world that they have withstood the battle for the survival of the fittest.

Dukes and Duchesses, old and present, your duty is to help celebrate your Alma Mater's golden jubilee! Will you?

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

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## *De Opinionibus*

All scholarly works were once upon a time written in Latin. Now, since this short essay is not so learned, I have contented myself with just giving the title in Latin.

Most of us, at one time or another, have been afflicted by that most terrible of all afflictions—opinions. Who does not or has not held (or should I say is held by) opinions? We likely have had, for example, opinions about the finesse or the baseness of England's treatment of Ireland. We may hold opinions about such matters as: The World Court, The League of Nations, Disarmament. Who has not argued about the proper length of women's skirts? The world has trembled in the balance, and domestic circles have been squared off because of the momentous question of bobbed heads for ladies.

Doesn't it all seem foolish in retrospect? Vain and foolish opinions—what crimes have been committed in thy name! Hence, it is to these poor suffering mortals, who labor under the torments of their opinions, that I, a fellow-sufferer, am going to give this remedy. The formula of the remedy is very, very simple: Don't have opinions! Refuse to entertain an opinion!

If you object, that in holding the opinion that we should not hold opinions I am contradicting myself, the only answer I can give is: "Who cares about that."

JOHN F. MURPHY, A. B., '28.



## *Duquesne Day by Day*



FEW days after this issue of the **Monthly** comes out the Junior Prom will be held at the Hotel Schenley, and everything seems "all set." Chairman John White announced at the last committee meeting that all arrangements had been made. Phil Napoleon's orchestra has been secured, and there is a possibility that the music will be broadcast.

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All the work on the **Monocle** is now completed but the printing. John C. Stafford, editor-in-chief, who has been exceedingly busy on this job, promises it to us "on or about" May 17. If the proofs that have been sent up from the publishers can be taken as a criterion, Duquesne students are going to be agreeably surprised. Let's hope so, anyway.

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Members of the College of Arts were given an opportunity to lay aside their books for a day and attend a concert by the Notre Dame Glee Club and an informal dance, on April 16. The opportunity was afforded by Seton Hill College and, needless to say, was not neglected. If one is to judge by the comments of those who attended the affair, "a good time was had by all." This column wishes to acknowledge publicly its debt of gratitude to the students of Seton Hill, for an evening well spent. Mr. Charles O. Mullan, our musical critic, and on the evening of April 16, "among those present" concedes that the quality of the music sung by the Notre Dame Glee Club, while lacking the polish of such choral societies as the Mendelssohn Choir, compares favorably with the numerous concerts he has heard this year. If the Duquesne University Glee Club (still in potentia), he goes on to say, ever attains a like perfection, he will rest content. To this we would like to add, that if this ever does happen, the students of Seton Hill will be the first to be invited.

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Rev. John F. Malloy, Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, and others in charge, are leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to make the Duquesne University Jubilee Pageant the finest production ever given by the school. The chosen few who have had

the good fortune of reading the manuscript of this pageant, written by Father Malloy in collaboration with Paul Sullivan, affirm that it is a perfect thing of its kind. The Syria Mosque has been decided on as the best place in which to present it, and has been secured for Jubilee Week, June 11. The production of this pageant will be in the hands of Dr. Lloyd, who, you will remember, staged the two Catholic Students Mission Crusade Pageants. This pageant will be a scholarly, a dignified and a poetic way of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Duquesne; at the same time it will afford an excellent opportunity to the members of the faculty and to the students of expressing publicly their appreciation to those who have made the success of Duquesne possible.

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Speaking of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, we notice that its members are again resuming their former activity, and according to the interest shown at the last meeting and the plans brought up for discussion, seem to be making up for lost time and the lack of interest that has been so noticeable during the school year. It seems that the recent debates stirred up this interest, not only in the schools that took part, but in every unit of the Pittsburgh Local Conference. Rallies are being held to arouse and enkindle this ever-present but occasionally dormant missionary spirit. The Father Simon Unit, at a meeting held on April 20th, decided to hold a dance to raise funds. The date set is May 16th; the place, the Knights of Columbus Hall. Mr. John E. McGrady, president of the Father Simon Unit, appointed Joseph McDonald to the position of Chairman for the dance. This is the first dance that this unit has ever held, so let's all rally round and make it a success worthy of such a cause.

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On April 10th, at the University Little Theatre, the Junior Class of the School of Accounts presented a famous farce success of several years ago, "Broadway Jones." Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd supervised the production. The play is a remarkably fine one, exceedingly well written in the farce style. The production of the play, as has been the production of all the plays since the remodeling of the auditorium, was excellent, not to say elaborate. Four different sets were used, two different house interiors, an office set, and an exterior. As to the acting, although we do not wish to seem critical, we must confess that it was uneven; the very poor acting of some of the players was thrown into glaring prominence

by the very fine acting of other members of the cast ; the lines, in a few instances, were not well known, and one felt uneasy lest at any moment there would be a halt in the play ; a lot of the laughs failed to get across. However, we realize that these defects were due to the short space of time the cast had in which to practice and to their inexperience, this being the first attempt of the Accounts School to "tread the boards." As we said above, we do not wish to be critical, and we must confess that we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The School of Accounts deserves a great deal of credit ; let us see other schools emulate their example.

While speaking of the School of Accounts, another item comes to mind. The Freshman Class of that School held a dance at the Congress of Women's Clubs on the afternoon of April 17. It was the first affair held by that class, and it was an encouraging start, for quite a large crowd turned out.

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Pharmic Night has come and gone, but as the poet says, "The memory lingers on." The affair which the Pharmics arranged for April 20th did two great things : it gave the Dukes and their friends an opportunity of seeing a first-rate School of Pharmacy in actual operation, just as the students see it ten months in the year ; what is more important, it showed how favorably the Duquesne University School of Pharmacy compares with any in the country, in spite of its short term of existence. Evidences of excellent student handiwork in everything from first aid, to synthetic lemonade making were seen everywhere. Speaking of the synthetic lemonade, we had the extreme pleasure and honor of drinking about a quart of it before it was called to our attention that what we were drinking was not lemonade, but citric acid, chemical flavoring and whatnot. This deterred us not in the least ; we proceeded to drink another quart. The entertainment which followed the "open-house" exhibition was original and entertaining. It consisted of three home-talent vaudeville acts, and a one act sketch, "The Open Gate." The acts were billed as : a sleight-of-hand performance, an uproarious skit, burlesquing modern home life, and a comic dialogue. The first was quite excellent ; the second, making use of one pistol, one very red wig, one policeman, one high-hat, and one exceedingly winged collar, was uproarious enough ; the last included jokes and songs and was well received. The jokes were of the following vintage ; read this sample and form your own judgment :

Zig: Did you ever hear the story of the pair of tights?

Zag: No, what is it?

Zig: Once, there were two Scotchmen. (Uproarious laughter).

The one act sketch which accompanied these vaudeville (pronounced vode-vill) acts deserves a paragraph by itself. First of all, the setting and the scenery merit attention; the stage was divided into two parts; on the left there was represented an outside scene, depicting a backyard of a small cottage, a rail fence and an open gate; on the right was shown a room in the cottage. This is a scenic effect worthy of any professional company; it was accomplished by three of the well-known men around the campus—Bill Burns, Charley Mullen and Lee Stader. The next time you witness an excellent presentation on the stage of our Little Theatre, don't forget the boys behind the scenes. As for the acting, it was exceptionally good; it goes to show what long rehearsal and painstaking effort will accomplish. The play, so I understand, was in rehearsal over two months. Such was the response it got, that it was repeated on the following Sunday night.

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While we are on the subject of stages and stage hands, it might be well to mention the new lighting equipment that is being installed on the theatre stage. It represents an outlay of a great deal of money. A regular switchbox, such as traveling shows use, will be installed, together with an entirely new system of wiring. Some day, when you have an off moment, drop in and take a look at how the work is progressing.

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And while still on the same subject, this column would like to commend the fine work the orchestra is doing in making the plays and other entertainments the successes that they invariably are. Every Sunday night and every time something is going on they are there, faithfully working while we enjoy ourselves. Their work is steadily improving, too; their playing is acquiring finish and balance. True, they lack shading and nuance, but under the capable baton of Dean Rauterkus of the School of Music, they are steadily progressing. He and Father Parent deserve a great deal of credit for their work along this line. Very little credit is given to these two and to the orchestra members for their fine work; very little attention is paid them, but Lord, what would we do without them?

Furthermore, Molinari tells us that the band is now being



reorganized; practice will be begun immediately. Anyone interested (and all should be interested in such an undertaking) should report to Molinari, who may be found in the morning on the second floor of the Canevin Hall. The tag day which was held recently, while not so successful as was expected, owing to the number of students of Scotch descent, or at least of Scotch propensities, within these environs, was not as successful as was expected. However, a start has been made in the right direction, and next football season we hope to see a fully equipped band functioning on our campus.

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On Thursday, April 12, the College Council elected the new staff of the **Duquesne Monthly**; they will begin operations with the next (June) issue. The new staff is as follows:

Editor-in-chief—Ralph L. Hayes.

Assistant Editors—John C. Stafford, John P. Desmond, F. Arthur Molinari, George E. Kelly, J. Lewis Shannon.

Sporting Editor—Paul A. Nee.

Assistant Sporting Editor—John Rooney.

Columnist—Walter S. Barrett.

News—Charles O. Rice.

Assistant—Edward J. Montgomery.

Exchanges—Ed. J. Griffin.

Assistants—Miss Anne McDonnell, Leonard V. Scully.

Alumni—Walter A. Mahler.

Business Managers—Regis A. Amrhein, Harry Theiret.

And so, after we have penned these last lines, we will turn over the official pen to Charles O. Rice, who will in the future give you his opinions and comments on the news of the campus, as I have tried to do in the past. He is a sophomore of great capability, and he will, I am sure, handle this column in a manner that will draw and hold your attention. In conclusion, I wish to thank all who have read this column and all those who have helped me in writing it; I humbly crave the pardon of any whose feelings I may have injured. This, then, is all I have to say. Au Revoir.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.

## Book Forum

### *Grover Cleveland, the Man and the Statesman*

R. M. McElroy



R. McELROY, in this biography, portrays completely and beautifully the life of a great and good man. Reared in a large family of old New England stock, Cleveland's rise to fame and honor is interesting and inspiring. His father was a clergyman; the boy Grover was made to realize his duties to God and to his neighbor. As a result of this, he grew up to be a dutiful, honorable, God-fearing man.

He started to work after he had finished high school; the untimely death of his father prevented him from going to college to study law. When nineteen, he became connected with a law firm in Buffalo. Here he was permitted to study law to his heart's content, as long as he didn't allow it to interfere with his other work. After four years of work and study in the law office, Cleveland was admitted to the New York bar.

He practiced law for a number of years; when he was asked to become Assistant District Attorney of Erie County. He displayed sterling qualities in this position; the ill-health of his chief made it necessary for him to perform all the duties of the District Attorney. He allowed no case to come to trial until he had made a conscientious preparation. Frequently he spent the whole night writing out his arguments and committing them to memory.

After his term as Assistant District Attorney, his friends placed him on the Democratic ticket for District Attorney. He was defeated, but later came back and was elected Sheriff. During his term in this public office, he first openly showed the signs which were to mark him as an honest, impartial and fearless politician.

Generous as he was with his own money, he was exasperatingly careful with the money of the people who had elevated him to office. For instance, by the use of his own tape measure, he discovered that the contractor who furnished wood for the county jail was giving short measure; a new

contractor was hired at once and the other had to make good his shortage. He never indulged in the "spoils system," and even though this brought him much unpopularity with his party, it gave him the confidence and good-will of the people for whom he was working heart and soul.

When Cleveland became Mayor of Buffalo, he terrorized the ring politicians and broke up the well-laid schemes of the corrupt and grafting city council. He would not allow the public's money to be misused, and he cleaned up in true style the rotten politics of Buffalo. He won the title of "Veto Mayor" by his policy of vetoing all bills not directly concerned with the welfare of the people. When found in error, he willingly admitted the fact, but he never allowed such admissions to cause him any distrust in his own judgment on matters in which he had not been shown to be wrong. His unflagging energy throughout the whole of his career was used in the interests of the public. His motto was always, "A public office is a public trust." He never acted hastily, but studied every question from all angles with painstaking care and thoroughness. After deciding what he thought was his true duty, he followed it to the bitter end.

Grover Cleveland, after his successful term as Mayor, was uppermost in the minds of local political reform leaders as a good candidate for the governorship of New York. Some people might gather from this that Cleveland was a straight-laced Puritan. He was far from that. In his private life, he was a good sport, in no manner saintly, but in general, commendable. He drank a little, and frequently played poker for small sums, which involved no hardship to either winner or loser.

In the early spring of 1882, Cleveland was called to the bedside of his dying mother. For a month he was with her constantly until she died, and while he was there his friends had entered him in the political race as a Democratic candidate for Governor. As the date of the state convention approached, Cleveland saw that his chances for the nomination were good, so he threw himself into the fight. For the first time he became a politician seeking office; not for what he or his party would derive from it, but because he considered it his duty to serve the people if he could do so and if they wanted him. From this it may be seen how irreproachably honest and wholly unselfish he was.

Cleveland was nominated for Governor at the Democratic Convention, and he so skillfully maneuvered his nomination that he was responsible to no political interests, but was free to serve the public, if elected. At the polls he received the support of all reformers, Republicans and Democrats who saw in him a champion of the people's interests and cause. His election as Governor by a large majority, with the politicians of both parties fighting against him, represented not the voice of the Republican or Democratic party, but the voice of New York's better self, speaking in terms of reform.

Governor Grover Cleveland of New York definitely proved to the public his unimpeachable honesty and won the confidence and support of all the real men of New York and the entire country. Even before the completion of his term as Governor he was discussed as a possible Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

As the Presidential year came around the chances looked promising for his nomination, and, after his friends had waged a terrific fight, he was nominated for President at the Democratic National Convention.

During the presidential campaign of 1884, Cleveland had to withstand many a falsehood and slander. His enemies tried their hardest to find some personal slander against him which would ruin his campaign for the presidency, but they were unsuccessful.

Once more this fine man was elected by the people, and once more he faced his new office with the grim determination to serve his electors. He did that, and he did it so faithfully, exhaustively and well that when he left the White House four years later he was a worn-out shell of the man who had come there. As President, he faced and successfully turned away the political bread-line—those people who desire office for partisan activities, actual or imaginary. He remained entirely independent in all matters, and every act of his was from principle and not from expediency only.

Several of the more important issues which President Cleveland, in his first term, disposed of in his inimitable manner after much deliberation and thought, were: the pensions of the Civil War veterans; the claims on land of the American Indians, and the Samoan incident. He also demonstrated that he was a fine executive by his equitable disposition of these questions.



He permitted a second consecutive term as President to go by the board by standing firmly for his ideas on the tariff question. This question was the big feature of the election in 1888.

When the bitter campaign was over, he retired to New York City, where he lived in quietude with his wife. Nevertheless, all the while he was in New York he remained in close touch with the Democratic party and its activities. Whenever he appeared at any public functions, he delivered speeches, lauding the Democrats and imploring the party to make a platform strong enough to defeat the Republican machine at the next election.

It is sufficient to say that a wave of Cleveland popularity swept the country and this grand man was finally prevailed upon to enter the race for President for the third time. He was becoming old and although he was a little weary of public life, he consented because he felt it was his duty to his country and his party.

Cleveland won the presidential election and returned to the White House. Again the people's voice had swept aside all other candidates and set up the fallen idol to insure the peace and safety of the country. He carried on through the work of his second term with the same flying colors and popularity that he had previously enjoyed. He retired to Princeton in 1896, after blessing the country with four more years of excellent government.

Grover Cleveland, ever the champion of the public's cause, loved by the people of his time as much as any man of this country has ever been, said in his last dying words: "I have tried so hard to do right." This phrase gives us an insight into his character as nothing else can, and is an epitome of the life of one of America's greatest men.


STANLEY F. EBERT, B. Sc. in E., '30.





## See Breezes

HELLO, HELLO, HELLO!

HOUGH we suppose we won't, we really should write something remarkably good this month. Everybody has suggested it. Our severest critics, as usual, have pointed out the distressing need for improvement in this column; the Editor himself, amiable person that he is, mentioned that this, being our final effort, ought in all propriety to be something especially fine. Our colleagues on the staff have been fairly bursting with suggestions, and we ourselves, although wondering, as usual, just what to write, are in nowise opposed to the idea of its being at least as good as we are accustomed to produce.

One good result of turning a potentially proper and sedate column into a razzing orgy, as has been our wont, is that everybody is always calling to our attention matters which might be considered good, breezy material, fit to be done up in our inimitable style. Letters to the Editor have been proposed as a nice, clever medium by which we might say a few things and at the same time fill up this space. We have rejected this suggestion on the grounds that it lacks verisimilitude. No one would ever believe that anyone would ever write a letter to the Editor of the **Duquesne Monthly**, at least not in his official capacity. When people have anything to say to him, they usually take him by the ear and tell it to him, thus saving that much time and securing all the more force. Another fellow recently mentioned, somewhat laughingly, that last year Quigley wrote a valedictory when he closed his career as conductor of the **Monthly** sporting column. That, in our humble opinion, in case you're wondering about the matter, and in case this sounds anything like a valedictory, is not entirely opposed to our principles. And another excellent suggestion that we received from some persons whose advice we hold in some esteem, was that we at least write with a little judgment; which is precisely the reason we are carefully and cautiously creeping along, picking our way word by word, uncertain as to just what this little Remington Portable is going to say next. (We are going to send

a bill down to the Remington Company as soon as we think of it; being mentioned in this august column in such an off-hand manner ought to be worth at least a little donation towards the vacation fund, provided that we don't let them know that we intend to buy a Royal Portable as soon as we get rich enough to do so.)

### AS WE SAID BEFORE,

now and then we have chosen to sort of demonstrate our intelligence, or lack of it, by reviewing after a fashion the books, the stage attractions, the pitcher-plays. (Note: Immediately after the last issue, some unkind soul said to us, "You'd better go back to reviewing shows." Just another suggestion that finds us more or less responsive.) Our latest observations along these lines are as follows: "The Bellamy Trial," a murder mystery without a detective, not a single one in it, by Frances Noyes Hart, is about the only book we have read recently. Of course, all the up-to-date reviewers have attended to this bit of fiction long ago, but what is that to us? We insist on telling you that for plot construction, manner of telling, and sustaining of the suspense, it will be hard to find a better mystery story. The solution, by which we mean the identity of the culprit, did not startle us as did the denouement in "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," which was one of the two or three books we read last year, but still we must place our mark of approbation on "The Bellamy Trial," for we found it almost impossible to set it down before we had finished it. It is to be filmed, so we have noticed; another good book that will probably end up gone-wrong. One good thing, appropriate in more ways than one, the movie moguls might do, if they would be so thoughtful; they might get Miss Madge Bellamy to play the part of **Mimi Bellamy**, who is murdered some months before the action of the book, that is, the trial, begins.

Having thus disposed of the baby-faced Bellamy blather-skite, we will turn our attention to Lon Chaney. Taking the risk of sounding like George Jean Nathan, we will state that Mr. Chaney gets rottener and rottener; his pictures, we mean. "The Big City," while not quite so terrible as "London After Midnight," is quite bad enough. We were especially displeased at what seemed to us a conscious imitation of Janet Gaynor by Marceline Day in a new makeup, and a very poor imitation it was, at that.

### AND FURTHERMORE,

we notice that quite a few of our distinguished confreres on such sheets as "Life," "Judge," the New York "Times," "Bookman," and those other papers that we happen to pick up now and then, are getting tired of seeing William Haines in the same stereotyped role. We are not. We also consider "The Smart Set" not so good as "Brown of Harvard," "Tell It to the Marines," "Slide, Kelly Slide," "Spring Fever," and "West Point," which may also sound contrary, but them's our sentiments. And so far from being tired of him, we are only hoping that we will live long enough to see him in the following roles, all treated more or less in the manner of his successes to date: A swimming champ; a great ice skater (he sure would cut some figure there); a basketball star (he would have to be pretty good at the game to surpass Marian Davies, but if anybody can do it, Haines can); a track man (he looks like a good decathlon bet); a gasoline service station attendant; and a "Strip" politician.

### WHAT'S MORE,

we would like to ask Dick Liebert on what authority he played the "Funeral March Upon the Death of a Hero," when he himself was supposed to be dead. If he continues to pull that, we'll quit leading the singing at his organologues.

### AND IN CONCLUSION,

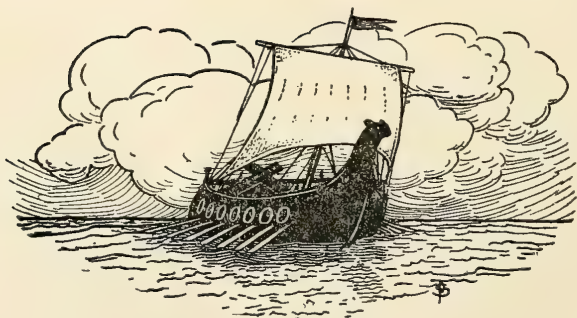
about this valedictory stuff. It does seem nice when as now we have come to the end of our proverbial string, to look back a bit over our first and only success as a columnist, and to recall that from the different people who spoke to us about it. there were at least a dozen who glanced this way at some time during the year. And although our razzing was razzed, remember that, like that other great man, Abraham Lincoln, we did it with malice towards none, and that it is our firm contention that none but the great deserve to be quipped about. Besides, we exercise a wonderful influence for good. Take the case of Jake Olko. Jake is that left-handed little boy who carries a tennis racket around. We were once walking down the hill towards town with Mr. Olko, when who should step around the corner some distance in front of us but a young lady of the modern type. At this, Mr. Olko uttered a strange squeal, and, being visibly affected, jumped high into the air, the way collegiate comedians do on the screen. However, he immediately recovered his composure, and, his senses return-



ing, he said, "Oh, that's right, I'll have to behave myself; I'm the author of 'See Breezes.'" We simply put this down here to show that the effects of our words on these pages were not altogether bad.

In the future, you will be entertained by Mr. Walter Barrett. The consternation of Mr. Barrett when he realized that he was being delegated to take care of this column was indeed pitiful to behold. He waved his arms in the air, and protested vehemently that "You're supposed to be a half-wit or something to write that stuff." Having been assured that he qualified in that respect, he predicted a long succession of scholastic failures for himself, but as this was nothing new, he finally was eased into the job. Mr. Barrett will make a wonderful columnist; we've given him a few pointers ourself. And so we commit you to his care, and sign off with the best good wishes to all our fond admirers of both sexes; and we only hope that we give you all one-half as much pleasure by finally shutting up as we ourselves have enjoyed by not doing so. We rather think, to a great many, we actually do.

GEORGE M. HABER, M. A., '28.





## *C. S. M. C. Notes*

This year, for the second time, the Pittsburgh Local Conference of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade held a series of Triangular Debates among the students of the local Catholic colleges: St. Vincent's, Seton Hill, and Duquesne University. The first debate, on Thursday evening, March 22nd, took place at St. Vincent's College, Beatty, Pa.; on this occasion the Father Simon Unit of Duquesne University met the College Unit of St. Vincent's. The second of the series was held on Sunday afternoon, March 25th, in the Duquesne University Auditorium; here the Seton Hill College Unit debated the question with the Father Simon Unit. The third and final of the series took place on Tuesday, March 29th, at Seton Hill College; their opponent was the St. Vincent's College Unit.

Following is a list of the students who participated in the three debates:

First Debate—St. Vincent's (Affirmative): Claude Kirby, William Gruber, Joseph Szczpanski. Father Simon Unit (Negative): Ralph Hayes, George Haber, John Lambert.

Second Debate—Father Simon Unit Affirmative): Michael McNally, John Murphy, Charles Rice. Seton Hill (Negative): Myra Cairns, Mary Clancy, Marie Frey.

Third Debate—Seton Hill (Affirmative): Mary Neilan, Dorothy Glenn, Irma Suess. St. Vincent's (Negative): Bertin Emling, Francis O'Brien, Robert Gray.

The question discussed was that the adoption of each poor Missionary Diocese by some one of the larger and wealthier dioceses is the practical solution for the financial support of the spread of the Gospel.

In the first debate St. Vincent's College Unit defeated the Father Simon Unit by the score of 25-38. (Low points win all). Seton Hill journeyed to Duquesne University Auditorium for the second debate, winning by the score of 33-30. For the third and final of the series, Seton Hill was victorious once more, defeating St. Vincent's 33-30. In the count, Seton


Hill won both debates in which their members participated. A large crowd greeted the debates in each place. People came from far and near to hear the question discussed, departing with a better idea of the Mission problem. The judges for the debates were: Rev. A. M. Benedik, D.D., Mr. John Quinn, Mr. Byrnes, Miss Marie Frey, Miss Helen Boggs, Miss Betty Grey of Seton Hill, Miss Alice Williams of Duquesne Unit School of Education, Mr. Schott of St. Vincent's, Mr. Herman Iacovetti, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. Harold Mehl, Mr. Joseph M. McCarthy, of Duquesne University, aided with the work, acting as tellers and timekeepers, and counting the ballots. The Rev. Edward J. Quinn, C.S.Sp., Field Secretary of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, was chairman for all the debates. The summary of the debates is:

I. St. Vincent's College—Affirmative, 25. Father Simon Unit—Negative, 38.


II. Father Simon Unit—Affirmative, 33. Seton Hill College—Negative, 30.

III. Seton Hill College—Affirmative, 30. St. Vincent's College—Negative, 33.

JOHN McGRADY, A. B., '28.



## *Alumni Notes*

BOUT eighteen months ago, prominent Alumni first began to think about the oncoming Golden Jubilee celebration, and came to the logical conclusion that the Alumni, as a body, should have some hand in the program. As a result, plans for the reorganization of the Alumni Association were undertaken.

The first significant stroke in this direction was taken at a meeting held after the 'Varsity-Alumni Basketball game, last December a year ago. At this meeting President John V. O'Connor outlined the needs to be supplied and the problems to be solved. Several speakers, among them the Very Reverend President of the University, spoke on the various important phases of the question. Father Hehir signified his hearty attitude of cooperation with the body in their desire to take part in the Jubilee, and he emphatically stressed the importance of the establishment of a strong Association. At

this time it was also announced that an Alumni Smoker would be held a few months later.

At the Smoker the second step forward was taken. A committee of five was appointed to look after the details incumbent upon so extensive a task as was being undertaken. During all the ensuing months this committee has been functioning rather unobtrusively, but none the less effectively, until a few weeks ago, when the results of its labors were published for the first time in the **Duquesne Duke**. On that occasion, the draft of a "Constitution and By-Laws of the Duquesne University Alumni Association" was turned in by Secretary Joseph Burns and printed. Simultaneously was it announced in a letter sent out by Father Jerome D. Hannan, that the **Duke** had been chosen as the official publicity organ of the new Association. This selection makes it possible to keep the activities of the old "grads" before all concerned, and to publish accounts of Alumni events while they are still news.

Our latest information about the Association tells us that an attempt is being made under the direction of Daniel A. Sullivan to obtain the addresses of all past students, from the opening of the old Holy Ghost College down to the present time. Mr. Sullivan's headquarters for this work are in the Vandergrift Building downtown. By this, it appears that most of the work of reorganization has been accomplished, and, if appearances are trustworthy, we may feel justified in saying that everything points to a successful Alumni participation in the Golden Jubilee celebration.

\* \* \* \*

Alfred W. McCann, Rev. Bannigan, C.S.Sp., and Rev. D. J. Killeen, C.S.Sp., represented Duquesne at the Third National Convention, National Catholic Alumni Federation, held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, on April 20, 21 and 22. Father McDermott, our Vice-President, also attended the meetings.

\* \* \* \*

Thomas P. Yeaglin, A. B., '26, was recently appointed special representative in the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, with offices in the Farmers' Bank Building. This position he had capably filled for several months, and three weeks ago his efficiency during that period brought forth its fruit in the form of an important advancement in the company. At the present time Mr. Yeaglin is in Baltimore, but it is likely that he will have returned before this article reaches print.



Thomas J. Mullen, one of our football stars just thirty years ago when the gridiron sport flourished on the Bluff in its greatest glory, is now President of the American Petroleum Oil Co., with his headquarters in Houston, Texas. His nephew, Arthur Burns, of Second High B, expects to join him in the early summer months.

\* \* \* \*

After ten profitable years in our High School, School of Finance, and Law School, John A. Witt has begun the general practice of law. His office is located in the Frick Building. He is associated with Messrs. Shapero and Zacharias; he is very fortunate, but deservedly so, in being connected with these generously patronized and highly experienced attorneys.

\* \* \* \*

The official opening of the baseball season has brought back into the limelight two names whose owners once graced the mound for Duquesne teams. As we go to press, John Miljus, of the Pirates, has as yet failed to register a win, but that is rather on account of the miserable weather met by the team on its training trip. He, with the rest of the Pittsburgh hurlers, however, show signs of improvement.

The other pitcher to whom we refer is none other than Al Mamaux, of the Newark Bears. In the opening game at Newark, Al allowed Toronto just three scattered singles, to start the season off right with a 6-0 victory. And we may add, that two of those three hits were "flukes."

\* \* \* \*

It would, indeed, be unjust on the part of the Alumni Editor to fail to recognize his obligation to the Rev. John F. Malloy and the Rev. H. J. McDermott for the kind help they have given him in his work. There is no doubt but that it would have been impossible to have published a single note in many a number if it were not for the information about the old "grads" which Father McDermott always seemed to have, and always so willingly and obligingly furnished. To these and to all who have kept us supplied with material, do we humbly apologize for the source of bother we have been, and to these do we offer our deeply felt gratitude for their toleration. And may we wish our successor, the able Walter A. Mahler, "Good luck!"

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.





# Duquesne Monthly

VOL. XXXV

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NUMBER 9

## *Jubilee*

Now is the time to be glad and gay,  
And happy and joyful while we may.  
This is a great and festive day,  
And a time for laughter and song.  
It is the GOLDEN JUBILEE.  
Gloom's banishment we'll all decree;  
Time now to sing with lusty glee,  
And the chorus loud prolong.

Sing of the first that's fought and won;  
Joy in the work that has been done;  
Think of the conquests not yet begun,  
And let's raise our voice with a will.  
Fight with a will, and live or die,  
Raise your standards up on high,  
Higher and higher up to the sky.  
Let it wave on the highest hill.

Hail to the force that gave us life,  
Aided us in life's bitter strife,  
Led us through places, with perils rife—  
The thrice Holy Spirit above.  
He gave us power to fight and win,  
That calm strength that lies within,  
Without which we could not even begin—  
The strength that men call LOVE.

THOMAS FRANCIS HENNINGER, A. B., '28.





Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., LL. D.  
President of Duquesne University

## *Dedication*



IT would ill befit anyone writing a history of Duquesne University to omit the name of Father Hehir; or rather, I should say, it would be impossible to do so. For the history of the growth of Duquesne University is the history of Father Hehir. His is the hand that has guided our ship through the tortuous straits of financial insecurity to the peaceful haven of the Golden Jubilee. Elsewhere in these pages will be found an account of just how he accomplished this.

But, after all, it is not so very much what a man does that distinguishes him, as what he is; and Father Hehir is a great man. Every person that has come in contact with him cherishes for him a feeling, not only of profound respect and admiration, but of affection. This is not idle flattery—it is the truth. Ask anyone who knows him. I think that in all truthfulness it may be said, that in his many long years of life Father Hehir has made **not one enemy**. What more than this can be said?

To Father Hehir, then, this number of the **Monthly** is respectfully and lovingly dedicated.

## The First Bishops of Pittsburgh



Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, D.D.  
1843-1860



Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, D.D.  
1860-1876



Rt. Rev. J. Tuigg, D.D.  
1876-1889



Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, D.D.  
1889-1904

## *The Golden Jubilee: Just what of it?*



JUBILEE is a funny thing. The first time I can remember hearing the word was back in the days of my wee, small childhood, when the old soldiers, the Civil War Veterans, stooped and shrunk members of the Grand Army of the Republic, used to come around to our school, and, for that matter, to all the other schools as well, every year about the end of May, to collect flowers—potted geraniums all—with which they might decorate the graves of their dead comrades on Memorial Day. We always welcomed these old fellows with great gravity on the outside and great exuberance on the inside. It was a holiday for us, because we missed an hour or two of school, ostensibly to entertain them, but they really entertained us with thrilling stories and stirring songs of the war; and we were accordingly happy, although somewhat doubtfully so when the soldiers spoke tremulously of their fellow-veterans who had come to see us the year before, but whose graves had since been added to the rest. Sad thoughts pass quickly from childish minds, however, and shortly afterward there always came a place in the program where we gave vent to our real feelings; it was a song, a very delightful song, wherein we all shouted loudly, "Hurray! Hurrah! We sound the Jubilee!" And so I received the impression that a Jubilee was some sort of an occasion that called for "Hurrahs" and "Hurrahs," and must be in general a very interesting and enjoyable affair. Later I thought it had something to do with a Negro camp meeting, which did not materially alter the first impression. And even now, although I have encountered several different kinds of jubilees, I still regard them all as primarily celebrations, wherein human beings throw off their inhibitions and give vent to their innate, though usually suppressed desire to shout.

It is easy to be cynical about these jubilees when you look at them thus in the large. They seem to be always with us. There is a Golden Jubilee in my home parish this month, as well as at school; and, a short time ago, I attended "Jubilee Week" at the Stanley Theatre, held, I have been told, to mark the passing of a year since the Stanley Company came into control of their Pittsburgh theatres; and thus it goes on and on. The slightest pretext is seized upon to create a furore of festival and fuss. A clerk gets a two-dollar raise in wages and feels it necessary to "throw a party." A young man



becomes a father and starts out to distribute cigars and "to paint the town." Viewing all this in the large, I say, it is quite easy to become sardonic, to refer smartly to our fellow-men as boobs, and to arrive sooner or later at a firm belief in Darwinism and all the maze of error that goes with it. But we certainly should not look so much at life in the large. We must remember that no two individuals are alike; that each has his own affairs, his own joys and sorrows, which not only seem to him, but really are, different from those of others. The aforementioned clerk should not be considered as just one of the thousands of clerks getting one of the yearly hundreds of raises; when we think of his party, we should also think of the many weeks he struggled along on his old salary, of the many things he planned to do if ever he should get a little extra money, and of the great joy that must have filled his heart when he found the unexpected two dollars in his envelope. Nor should we scoff at the young father's free cigars; the entrance of another soul into this world, to smile and to cry, to love and be loved, is surely cause enough for everybody to rejoice, including the child's father. Entirely, too many a man looks at himself as an individual, but at the rest of the world collectively as the human race. The most petty troubles of the meanest and most insignificant person on earth are entirely worthy of the attention of all of us; we are mere humans, and God Himself watches the sparrow's fall. Let us look to the individual, not to the race, and we will sound a whole lot less like Sinclair Lewis.

So, too, with the jubilees. If you feel inclined to yawn because "everybody is holding them," just remember, as all sons of Duquesne should remember with pride, that this Golden Jubilee of ours is different from any other jubilee that has ever been held, or ever will be held. It should signify for us many, many things which set it apart as worthy in every respect. Elsewhere in these pages, you will find a history of the University. Read what is there, and read between the lines. See how many men have dedicated their whole lives, with all of their energy and talents, to the advancement and to the service of Duquesne. Think of the troubles and heartaches that have been theirs as they toiled to put Duquesne where it is today. Indomitable spirit, ceaseless labor, and far-seeing minds were required; and to these the builders of Duquesne added a great love of the school. Some of them have long since passed from the scene; others are still with

us today; and that reason, if no other, is an ample one for our present jubilation.

Personally, I like to look upon Duquesne University, and upon any great project, as something that was once but an idea and an ideal in some man's mind; an ideal which, by the application of the energy and spirit I have mentioned, came gradually to be realized. And when we who are at Duquesne today look about us and hear men of vision voicing their ideals and plans for a greater Duquesne of the future; and when we see by the way they go about their work that they are men of spirit and men of action, we cannot help knowing deep down in our hearts that, loving Duquesne as they do, it will be but a comparatively short while until their present ideals and visions become concrete realities. This knowledge should bring pleasure to our minds, even if there were no Golden Jubilee; but the Jubilee, bringing these facts more forcefully before us, as it does, is something of which we should all be more cognizant, and appreciative. It reminds us of an honorable past, and at the same time brings to our minds dreams, yes, and more than dreams, of a glorious future to come. And what more could one ask?

So what if they are becoming common, these Jubilees? Ours is decidedly uncommon.

GEORGE M. HABER, A. B., '26.

## *The Golden Jubilee*

Fifty years of weary toil have passed  
To come no more, since first the Red and Blue,  
The banner of old Alma Mater, flew  
The breeze on these our hills, our stronghold fast.  
Our benefactors true, before the mast  
For all these years, have seen and weathered through  
The worst of storms and tempests,—Noble crew!  
With courage endless; Aye! 'twill ever last.

Those willing hearts their duty never shirked.  
Their spirit never purchased was, nor sold.  
Their bodies weighted down were often irked  
By burdens leaden like, till flesh grew cold.  
But now the alchemy of time has worked  
Through fifty years. The lead that was, is gold.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.

# *Fifty Years of Service*

An Historical Sketch of Duquesne University



Very Rev. Joseph Strub, C. S. Sp.



IT is an exceedingly easy matter for one to let his thoughts wander back over the space of fifty years. With lightning speed the mind flashes back through half a century, comprehending in the process its entire essence. For, in comparison with eternity, fifty years are merely as a breath on the mirror that pictures the march of events. Yet, reckoned in terms of human life, they are a long time. During their course new generations appear; kingdoms are formed and overthrown; cities and factories rise up, to take the place of meadows and forests.

It is of great interest to one looking back over fifty years to trace the effects that certain causes have brought about in the course of history. Certain things that one would be inclined to think of at the time as of little importance have had the most far-reaching results. Like a pebble dropped into a lake, they have stirred up waves that grow larger and larger through the years. If some of those who lived fifty years ago could view their acts in the light that the present now throws on them, they would be greatly surprised and astonished. Bismarck would turn in his grave if he knew that,

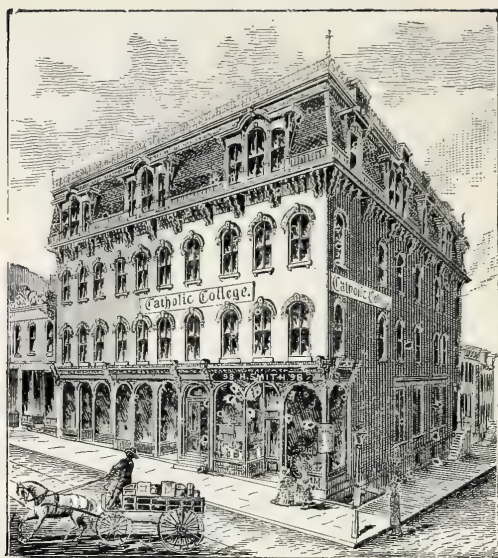
indirectly, he is the cause of the Golden Jubilee of Duquesne University that is now being celebrated. Yet that is the case!

For it was Bismarck who, when he started war against the Catholics in 1872, and expelled the religious orders from Germany, drove to America certain of the Holy Ghost fathers, among them the Very Rev. Joseph Strub, C.S.Sp., destined to be the founder of the University which is now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary.

Father Strub was born in the Diocese of Strasburg in 1833, entered the Holy Ghost Order in 1854, was ordained priest in Dakar, Africa, in 1858, and was appointed Provincial of the German houses soon after his return to Europe in 1863. When Bismarck began his war against the Church in 1872, the members of the order were expelled from Germany and forced to seek religious liberty in the Land of Liberty across the sea. Eventually they landed in Ohio, where they remained for a short time. In their wanderings around this part of the country they learned that there was a demand for German priests in the Diocese of Pittsburgh; Father Strub was invited to take charge of St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg. This position he continued to fill until 1878. In that year, at the pressing invitation of Right Rev. Bishop Domenec, second Bishop of Pittsburgh, he undertook to open a school in which the members of his order, assisted by competent laymen, would give instruction in the classical, scientific and commercial branches, combined with sound religious training.

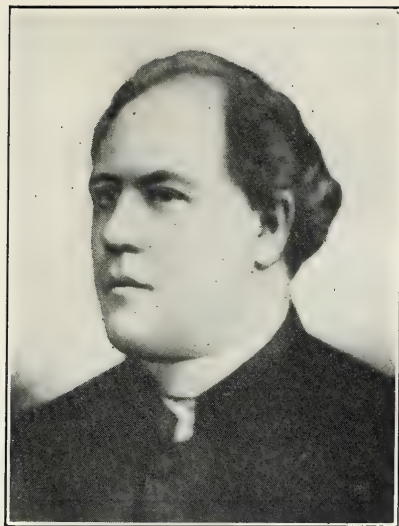
After some little difficulty in securing a structure suitable for his purpose, after many inquiries and disappointments, finally, on August 3, Father Strub decided on a spacious building located at the corner of Wylie Avenue and Federal Street (now known as Fernando Street). The choice of this particular site was not without its humorous side. For a Scotch Presbyterian used one-half of the basement for a merchant-tailoring establishment, while a German Lutheran baked bread for his many customers in the other half. The second floor was arranged for class rooms. These, however, did not suffice and a third story was subsequently added. For these accommodations the yearly rental was two thousand dollars. There were no grounds at all surrounding the building; the fathers had to get what recreation they could on the roof of the building.





**First Home of the Pittsburgh Catholic College  
Wylie Avenue**

On October 1, 1878, the new college was opened for the admission of students. It was called "Pittsburgh Catholic College of the Holy Ghost. It was officially incorporated under this title by the State Legislature in June 1881, with power to confer the usual college degrees. Forty were enrolled. The smallness of this number is easily explained. In the first place, parents were naturally diffident owing to the discouraging failures of similar attempts in the recent past; they wished to see the work a success before they could bring themselves to patronize it. Moreover, since the other schools of the city and State had opened a month previously, people had already made their choice, and judged a change during the scholastic year as likely to prove detrimental to their children's interests. The Rev. Joseph Graf was made temporary president and director of studies until a president could be sent over from Europe. This president was Rev. W. P. Power. He was detained, however, in Trinidad, B. W. I., and so did not arrive until January 15, 1879.



Rev. Wm. P. Power, C.S.Sp.

To prove the solidity of the training that they gave, the Fathers decided to hold a public examination at the close of the year. Invitations to be present were sent out to the parents and other relatives of the students and many prominent clergymen of the diocese. The answering was most satisfactory, and confidence was inspired. This confidence was increased and extended when Bishop Domenec sounded the praises of the pupils and faculty at the Commencement Exercises, held in the Fifth Avenue Lyceum on June 30, and the daily papers expressed the highest appreciation of the work done during the first academic year.

It was no wonder, then, that one hundred and twenty-four students were registered at the reopening in September. This increase in numbers, and the still further increase in the following year, suggested to Father Power and his fellow-laborers, the advisability of providing a larger building with suitable grounds. Consequently, Father Strub purchased several lots at the corner of Bluff and Cooper Streets. Plans for the new college were drawn up and approved of. A large three-story building, then a private hospital, now St. John's Hall, was removed to its present site, and the laborious work of digging down to solid rock for the necessary foundations was begun. On Sunday, April 20, 1884, everything was ready



**Administration Building**

for the laying of the cornerstone. This imposing ceremony was performed by Rev. Richard Phelan, D.D., at that time Vicar-General of the Diocese, and later its Bishop. A vast concourse of 30,000 persons had assembled to honor the occasion by their presence and to listen to the eloquent Monsignor Capel. At the close of his address, they had the satisfaction of receiving through him a special blessing cabled that day by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, for all those who assisted at the ceremony.

The new college building, though occupied since the previous April 14, was formally opened on May 3, 1885. Its solemn dedication was one of the most impressive religious events ever witnessed in the city of Pittsburgh. The Right Rev. Bishop Phelan presided. All the Catholic Societies of Western Pennsylvania were represented, having marched to the college buildings headed by their bands. The vast assemblage was addressed by the Very Rev. W. Pollard in English, and by the Rev. Father Bernard, C.P., in German.

With such an auspicious opening, Father Power augured well for the future of the college. He was called away to Europe in the following July, and a little later the friends of the institution learned with regret that he was not to return to Pittsburgh, because he had received an appointment to St. Mary's College, Trinidad. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Willms, C.S.Sp., a member of the staff.

As president of the college, Father Willms had not an adequate opportunity for manifesting the remarkable ability and organizing capacity that he subsequently displayed as first pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Millvale, and as Director-General of the Holy Childhood for the United States; for, after one year's administration, during which he still found time for the teaching of the ancient classics, he was assigned by his Superiors to the important work of building up the newly-established German parish in Millvale.

On August 19, 1886, the Very Rev. John Toohill Murphy, C.S.Sp., arrived in Pittsburgh to take charge of the institution. He came highly qualified for the charge. Born in the Diocese of Kerry, in 1854, educated at Blackrock College, one of the leading Catholic institutions in Ireland, and selected for his scholarly attainments, he was sent out in 1872 to teach the higher classes in St. Mary's College, Trinidad, and to prepare students for the valuable scholarships offered



by Cambridge University. The honors achieved by his pupils in their college and university courses, and their subsequent success in professional careers, have since been to him and to St. Mary's a source of justifiable pride. After his ordination in Paris, in 1878, he was appointed prefect of studies and Vice-President of Rockwell College, Tipperary. Largely through his efforts and directing influence, the students of this now celebrated college gradually forged ahead until their Alma Mater ranked with its sister institution at Blackrock. In the summer of 1886, the Superior General of the Order called upon Rockwell to make a sacrifice, and sent Father Murphy across



Rev. John Willms, C.S.Sp.

the Atlantic to assume charge of the college, an office he was destined to fill during the following thirteen years.

Immediately on arriving, he set himself to study the situation, the standing of the classes, the difference in the English and United States educational systems, and the requirements of the hour. Recognizing the importance of scientific studies in this vast manufacturing city, he gave a new impulse to the study of physics and chemistry, and with the aid of generous friends, both clerical and lay, he established a well-equipped laboratory with a full stock of apparatus. The Commercial Courses he supplemented with an actual business course, where theory and practice go hand in hand; and



**Rt. Rev. John T. Murphy, C.S.Sp.**

**Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius**

he raised the standard and widened the curriculum of the classical department, so that the graduates might enjoy all the advantages of the most liberal training in literature and mathematics. His efforts at organization did not end here. To nurture and develop sound literary taste, love of historical research, right method of thinking and arguing, forcible and just manner of expression, he founded two debating societies, the members of which were the students of the four highest classes. Such deep interest was manifested in the discussions, which were fruitful alike for the participants and the audiences, that reunions were held every week. Preliminary to the debates, the other classes supplied choice selections of elocution and interesting essays, interspersed between

songs by the Glee Club, and music by the orchestra. To Father Murphy, then, must be given the credit of establishing the system of Sunday night entertainments, as they exist even until today. The number of students enrolled in the college in the scholastic year from 1886-1887 was two hundred and thirty-eight.

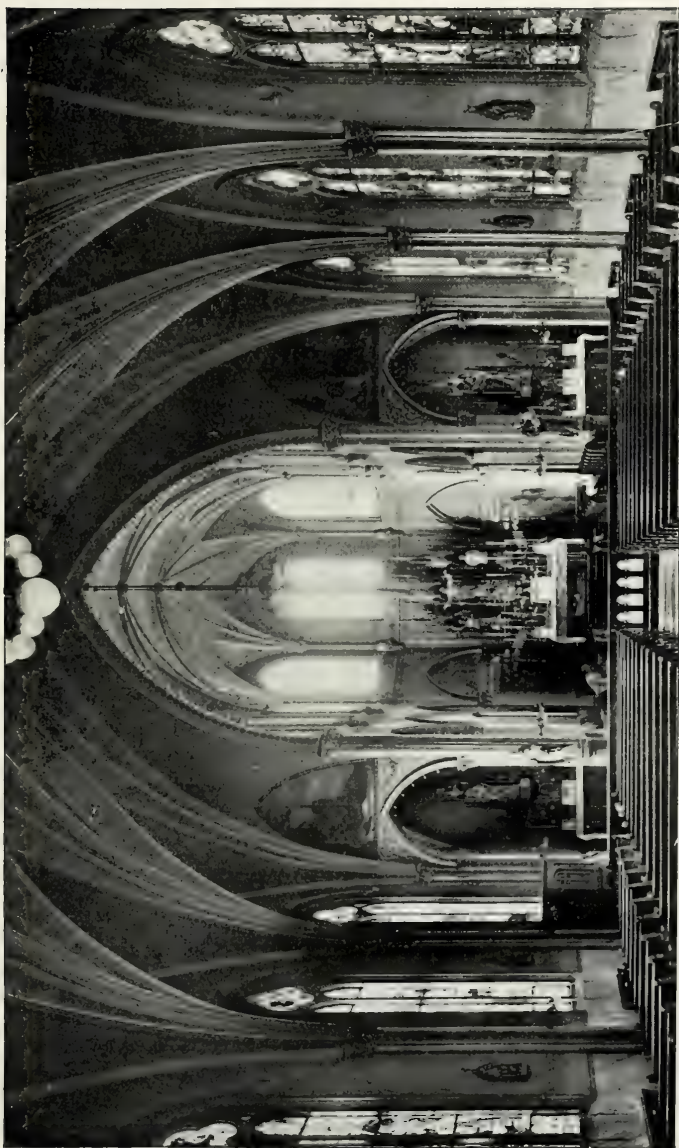
On October 23, 1887, Father Murphy organized the first Alumni Association. At his suggestion, a constitution was drawn up and the society determined to call itself the "Association of Past Students of the Pittsburgh Catholic College."

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1890, the college sustained a great loss in the death of its founder, the Very Rev. Father Strub. He died after a brief illness of twelve days, and his death brought sorrow not only to the faculty, students and brothers, but to the host of friends he had made during his sixteen years' residence in the Diocese of Pittsburgh.

The lamented Father Strub had, for successor, the Rev. Joseph Oster. The new Provincial and Superior of the communities in the college soon endeared himself to pupils and alumni by his kind and paternal ways.

A few days after the death of Father Strub, Father Murphy preached the first of the now annual retreats to the student body, and inaugurated the custom of going to Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month. He also organized the Sodalities of the Child Jesus, the Holy Angels, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Holy Ghost. These Sodalities have held weekly meetings ever since.

To furnish the library in a manner worthy of the valuable books it contained, the tragedy of *Alcestis* was rendered in the original Greek on the college stage on May 9, 1891. Since this was the second attempt of the kind in the United States, many looked upon the undertaking as a very hazardous enterprise, and even ventured to say that it was far beyond the abilities of the students and unattractive to the public at large. But Father Murphy had accurately gauged the capabilities of his Greek scholars and the interest such a rendering would arouse in the cultural classes of Pittsburgh society. Aided by Professor Byron King, he coached the several characters in the impersonations entrusted to them; appropriate customs were made to order, and the Rev. John Griffin adapted passages from Mendelssohn's music to suit the choruses. The prophets of evil were agreeably surprised to find that an un-



College Chapel



expectedly large and enthusiastic audience did justice to the merits of the actors, whose speeches they were enabled to follow by means of a carefully prepared synopsis of the play itself, and scholarly observations on the Greek drama. The sum realized, \$1,000, amply sufficed to purchase handsome book-cases and the most up-to-date and convenient library chairs.

One of the chief drawbacks that the faculty and students labored under during the first decade of the college's existence on the Bluff, was the absence of recreation grounds. The site of the present spacious campus was studded over with unsightly tenement houses, occupied by an undesirable class of white and colored citizens, and with a still more unsightly and occasionally noisier engine house with its surrounding brick-yards. At much expense and not a little diplomacy, the tenement houses were bought up and leveled with the ground. Mounds of clay were carried off and turned into bricks, and finally the brick-yard itself disappeared. In March, 1894, the Miller property was purchased, and steps were at once taken to have Eagle Street closed and incorporated with the college grounds. A stone and brick wall was built along Bluff Street, and a substantial wooden fence was constructed around the three remaining sides of the rectangle. The southern portion of the ground was sodded; an avenue, fourteen feet wide and lined with alternate poplar and maple trees, was made to run along the borders. A grandstand, which has since disappeared, was erected opposite the college buildings. The increased facilities for outdoor games were taken advantage of by both the baseball and football teams, which soon ranked among the best in Western Pennsylvania. Handball courts were also built, and furnished all the students with the means of enjoying a most popular and wholesome sport. A gymnasium, well supplied with gymnastic apparatus and presided over by an experienced teacher, rounded out the college athletic equipment. From this, the fact is evident that from the earliest years of the school's history, the development of the body was given as much consideration as the education of the mind. This, in conjunction with the fact that the highest moral principles were inculcated and a sound religious training was given, afforded a complete, not to say, ideal education.

However, up to this time there had been no college chapel. Father Murphy set himself to satisfy this long-felt want. In June, 1894, ground was broken for the erection of the new

building. In September the cornerstone was laid, and on February 3, 1895, the chapel was dedicated by the Right Rev. Richard Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburgh. The Vicar-General of the diocese, Very Rev. E. A. Busch, celebrated the Solemn High Mass. The Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling, delivered a noble and eloquent discourse on the holiness of the place—holy, he said, because of the great sacrifice daily offered; holy, too, because of the self-sacrificing lives of the priests of God who should say Mass there; and holy, also, because around its Altar should kneel the flower of Pittsburgh Catholic youth while acquiring a deep, broad and rounded Christian education.

This chapel was not the same as the one we are now so familiar with; or rather, it was the same chapel but not in the completed form in which we know it; it had been found too costly to complete it all at once according to original plans. The sanctuary was a temporary one of wood. However, even in its temporary state, it was an elegant and graceful piece of workmanship constructed in the Gothic style of architecture, and large enough to accommodate for several years to come the assembled communities and students. It was seventy feet long, forty-two feet wide, and forty-two feet high from the pavement to the central elevation. The slender columns supporting the ceiling rose twenty-six feet from the base to the corbels, upon which rest the ribs of the groined and decorated arches. The woodwork of the Communion railing, separating the sanctuary from the main aisle, as well as that of the oaken stalls placed in the sanctuary for the clergy, was in consonance with the style of the chapel itself. Two beautiful side Altars, with panels, niches, carved tabernacles and pinnacles, were erected by Mrs. Martin Joyce, in memory of her husband, and by Mrs. F. Lauinger, in memory of her eldest son, Hubert. The confessionals, statues and stations of the Cross, were the gifts of pious and generous friends of the college. All that was needed to embellish the chapel and enhance the religious services was a handsome organ provided with all modern improvements, through means of which the highest class of composition might be interpreted with ease. Such an instrument, designed by Professor W. L. Mayer and built by J. B. Didinger & Co., of Philadelphia, was installed in August, 1896, mainly through the untiring efforts of Rev. John Griffin. It was in the hands of Father Griffin, by the way, that the musical destinies of the University rested, in the early decades



Holy Ghost Fathers, Duquesne University—1928

of her existence. This organ which was installed was provided with 1,290 pipes and a grand total of 42 stops. It embodies in a limited compass a multitude of perfections, and may safely be pronounced, musically and artistically, an excellent example of the organ builder's art. It has since then been remodeled and perfected.

In the Fall of 1894 appeared the first number of what is now known as the **Duquesne Monthly**, the magazine you are now reading. However, since the school was not then known as Duquesne University, but as Pittsburgh College, it appeared under the title of "Pittsburgh College Bulletin." At first it was a quarterly publication; its purpose was to record the doings of the college in the various departments, and thereby to stimulate increased activity within, and increased interest without, the academic walls. The management was at first entrusted to the scholarly and energetic Rev. P. A. McDermott. After four years as a quarterly, so well was it received, so great was the praise bestowed on it, because of the original and excellent articles it contained, as well as the interesting way in which it was edited, it was decided to publish it as a monthly. Consequently, from October, 1898, that has been the policy of first the **Pittsburgh College Bulletin** and later the **Duquesne Monthly**. Some of the most illustrious and prominent men of today have graced the pages of this magazine with their articles, essays and poetry. They have raised up for us a standard of literary excellence and have left us a heritage of skill and taste in writing that we have done our best to preserve and augment. The **Monthly** is now larger in size and more varied in scope than it ever was; we trust in the years to come to see it one of the most outstanding literary magazines produced by students in the United States.

On June 21, 1897, the chapel was enriched with the relics of St. Romulus, the boy-martyr. The body had been exhumed in the Pontificate of Urban VIII, and the authenticity of the relics was duly established. Father Murphy procured these relics from the custodian, a famous Franciscan Friar, and Mr. J. Dawson Callery defrayed the expenses of their transportation from Rome to Pittsburgh. They now lie beneath the Altar, enshrined with a wax form, the delicate loveliness of whose features suggest the innocent charm of the saint's life and the angelic beauty of his soul now crowned with a martyr's diadem.



Father Murphy was, as we have noted, a man of tireless energy and unflagging zeal. He brought about all the innovations we have so far seen. One of his hobbies was the stage and the speaking platform; he placed debating on a firm footing; he inaugurated the custom of Sunday evening entertainments; under his guidance, the custom of holding a yearly play came into being. Not only this, but he delighted in holding lectures. Not only did he address the students, but he was vitally concerned in the life of the city; he often gave speeches at Chamber of Commerce meetings, at the gatherings of various societies, on all manner of occasions. He was an orator whose fame has come down even to the present time. During the Easter holidays of 1899, at the first Conference of the Presidents of Catholic Colleges, held in the city of Chicago, Father Murphy read a paper entitled, "The Typical College: What It Should Teach." This paper, the embodiment of his views and studies ranging over a period of twenty-six years, was "marked with lucidity and logical acumen, with completeness and thoroughness of treatment," and was destined to be his last bequest to America on the subject of education. For, in the following June, he was called away by the Right Reverend Father General to assume charge of the flourishing college in Blackrock, Ireland. He labored there for a time and then went to England, for two years, an emergency work rendered necessary by the expulsion of the French portion of the Order. In 1906, he returned to America as Provincial. While here he established the Apostolic College of the Holy Ghost, near Philadelphia. He was recalled to Ireland in 1901, and became Provincial. In 1916, he was created Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius. During his incumbency at Pittsburgh Catholic College, he consecrated the best efforts of his life to the raising of the college standard, to the intellectual and moral improvement of the student body, and the enlarging and beautifying of the college grounds and chapel. His efforts, we need scarcely say, were crowned with the success they merited, and will for a generation to come, be duly appreciated and generously acknowledged by the hundreds of students that he equipped for the battle of life. Among the members of his community he was ever noted for his ardent zeal for the glory of God, deep piety, unquestioning obedience to authority, and faithful observance of even the minutest details of the rules of religious life. His example is worthy of the most ardent emulation.

On the departure of Father Murphy, the school was most fortunate in the appointment of the Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, C.S.Sp., to the presidency. Father Hehir was born in 1855, near Kildysart, County Clare, Ireland. He began Latin in a classical school in his native country, and entered Black-rock College in 1872. After being graduated in 1877 and fulfilling the duties of teacher and assistant disciplinarian until 1880, he went to Paris to pursue his theological studies. There he was ordained in 1883, and professed the following year. After a short vacation spent at home, he was sent to Pittsburgh to join the staff, of which he has uninterruptedly since been a member. Methodical, painstaking, and patient, experienced as teacher, director of scholastics, and prefect of studies, gifted, moreover, with sound judgment and untiring energy, he was eminently fitted to undertake the onerous duties of the Presidency. His zeal for the moral, intellectual and physical training of the scholars confided to his direction has met with marvelous success. During his administration, the college has become a University, four hundred students have increased to over three thousand, buildings have sprung up, new courses have been added. All this we shall see in the years following.

In 1900, in order to help needy students to acquire a liberal education, free scholarships were offered to the most deserving boy, judged such by the pastor, in each of the parish schools of the two cities; and those who were blessed with abundant means by a bountiful Providence were invited to found perpetual burses. Twenty-eight of these—including two from the Right Rev. R. Phelan, D.D., and the Right Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, D.D., and valued at \$1,000 each—have been received and have been invested by a committee consisting of two members of the faculty, four clergymen of the diocese, and four business men of the city.

Access to the college was made easy, though at considerable expense, by the cutting and grading of Cooper Street in the summer of 1900.

One of the early triumphs of Father Hehir's administration was achieved in March, 1902. Arrears of taxes on the college buildings and property had been accumulating during the previous seventeen years. The assessment of 1901 amounted to \$2,300.36. Acting on the best professional advice, the college treasurer had withheld payment, and though



Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D.,  
Bishop of Pittsburgh, 1904-1921

legal proceedings were undertaken, no decision had been arrived at. It was felt, however, that at any moment the case might be pushed by the city authorities, and the result, if unfavorable, would prove extremely burdensome, if not ruinous to the institution. Father Hehir, confident in the strength of his position and the weight of his arguments, urged the legal representatives of the college to lay their case before the Court of Common Pleas. The question was argued before a full court of three judges, Judge E. H. Stowe presiding. Attorneys D. T. Watson and J. S. Wendt appeared in behalf of the college, and maintained that the institution is regularly incorporated, and is conducted for the purely public utility of educational work beneficial to the city at large. The court decided that the property referred to is exempt from taxation, and gave judgment accordingly. This sword of Damocles, so long suspended over the head of the staff, was thus removed and occasioned no little rejoicing and congratulations.

In July, 1902, Rev. Patrick A. McDermott, Vice-President from 1899, bade farewell to Pittsburgh; he left to perform the duties of a missionary in Southern Nigeria, West Africa. He had been one of the best known and best loved of the faculty in Pittsburgh. As Vice-President, he manifested an abiding, practical and intelligent interest in all the classes and in their individual members. As manager of the college *Bulletin*, he gave it and maintained a high literary tone, suggesting and outlining a great variety of instructive and entertaining articles. But it was as an enthusiastic promoter of outdoor sports that many know him best. He was a potent factor in many victories on the gridiron and diamond. To the distant and trying field of his new labors, he took with him the wishes of hundreds, not to say thousands, who mourned his departure. He returned to the University in 1918 and died there of heart trouble on July 3. Truly his was a life of service.

Father P. A. McDermott was succeeded in the important office of Vice-President and prefect of studies by Rev. Henry J. McDermott. It would be difficult to find a man better qualified for the position. Though born and educated in Ireland, Father McDermott has spent his whole life in laboring for the higher education of American youth. He came to the college in 1887 as prefect and professor. After his ordination in 1891, he filled for six years the responsible position of prefect of discipline. In 1897, conditions of health necessitated



a change of air and occupation. His new field of labor was St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia. For two years he assisted Father Fitz Gibbon in caring for the homeless waifs of the Quaker City. The college and his former office reclaimed him in 1899. In 1902 he was promoted, as we have seen, to the Vice-Presidency. His thorough acquaintance with every detail of college management and his long experience in handling classes and boys have contributed largely to the success of our Alma Mater in recent years.

In the year 1904, we come to the turning point in this brief history of ours; this was the twenty-fifth year that the school had been in existence—her silver jubilee. In honor of this occasion, the chapel, which as we have seen had been left uncompleted, was now enlarged, decorated and finished according to the original plans. However, the feeling of gladness and jubilation was dampened by the news of the death of Bishop Phelan. In deference to him, all plans for the celebration of the silver jubilee were cancelled. Instead of joy being in the hearts of all, there was only sorrow—sorrow for him who had seen Pittsburgh College grow from an infant in swaddling clothes to a lusty youth; who had looked on this growth with satisfaction and had done everything in his power to encourage it. He was succeeded by the Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, who from the time of his episcopal consecration proved to be one of the fastest friends and most enthusiastic backers of the school.

At this time there were enrolled in the school about four hundred students. These were in charge of a staff of about thirty. The buildings in which the activities of the school were carried on were the Main Building, the Chapel and the gymnasium beneath, which also served as the assembly hall, and St. John's Hall. The courses taught, as outlined in the prospectus for that year, were five: 1. The collegiate, which was the regular college course leading to the B. A. degree; 2. The academic, which was the high school department as it exists today; 3. The commercial, which prepared one for entering into business; 4. The scientific, a preparatory course, leading up the study of medicine, engineering and other scientific pursuits; 5. The grammar, which was a primary course for young boys.

Such, in short, was the condition of the Pittsburgh College at the end of its first twenty-five years of existence. Keep these facts well in mind and compare them with the results

that the next twenty-five years have to show. Watch the number of students multiply ten times, and the professors three times. Watch the buildings spring up as the years roll by. Watch the lusty youth grow into strong and vigorous manhood.

In the second week of October, 1910, there was added to the curriculum a course in Sanitary Science and Public Health. Its purpose was to train young men for the Civil Service positions offered each year by the government. This course was dropped during the World War.

The urge to grow now began to be strongly felt; the youth having come to man's estate decided to demand his rights. Pittsburgh College had come to the point where it was entitled to the rights and privileges of a University; it wanted the power to bestow degrees in law, medicine, pharmacy, dentistry and kindred branches. Up until the year 1895, any educational institution could secure a charter from the County Court within whose jurisdiction it was situated. On the 26th day of June in that year, an Act, having been passed by the General Assembly, was signed by Governor Hastings, specifying the conditions for incorporating institutions of learning with power to confer degrees in art, science, philosophy, literature, law, medicine and theology. The Act stated that the intending incorporators should draw up a certificate stating their names, addresses and assets, together with a statement of the requirements for admission and an outline of the courses to be pursued. This certificate they were to present to a Judge of a Court of Common Pleas of the County.

On Saturday, June 18, 1910, the Very Rev. President had a certificate of application presented to the Court of Common Pleas, No. 2, of Allegheny County. The Court fixed July 22 as the day on which it would hear objections to the prayer for power to confer degrees in law, medicine, dentistry and pharmacy. As no objections were forthcoming, Judge Haymaker transmitted to the Superintendent of Public Instruction a certified copy of the petition for the charter.

A month later, after the decision of the Court, the Honorable Nathan C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, notified our attorneys, Messrs. Watson and Freeman, that our application for an amendment of the charter would be considered at a regular meeting of the Council to



Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D. D.  
Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa.

be held in Harrisburg on the first Tuesday of October following. On the day appointed, the Rev. Father Hehir, accompanied by Harry F. Stambaugh, Esq., appeared before the Council. On being asked to present his reasons for requesting the charter, he stated that the Catholic people of the State demanded it; that the Archbishop and all the Bishops of Pennsylvania, together with the neighboring Bishops of Wheeling and Columbus, endorsed their demand; that the success of the Holy Ghost Fathers in the field of education in this and other countries was a guarantee of efficiency; that their sacrifice in working without remuneration outweighed the possession of actual cash as an endowment fund. He stated that the religious views of students would be respected, but that the desire of Catholic parents to have their children educated within the influence of a religious atmosphere would receive due consideration.

As this was the first petition of its kind presented, members were at a loss to know the extent of their powers; after two meetings had been held, they submitted their doubts to the Attorney General. In his reply, he stated that the sole question for them to decide was, "Is the scope of study and the teaching staff sufficient to ensure that the students will have competent training to entitle them to receive the degrees which the applicant asks leave to be authorized to confer?" With this understanding, after considering all objections, they reached a favorable decision on the 30th day of December, 1910. It was not until the 30th of March, 1911, however, that Judge Robert S. Frazer announced that the petition was granted. Pittsburgh Catholic College had now become the University of the Holy Ghost.

When the name, "The University of the Holy Ghost," was selected for the new University, the members of the faculty were anxious to retain the distinctive title of the religious Order under whose auspices and general direction the new institution of higher learning was to be conducted. But they were confronted at the same time with the unavoidable connection of the institution with athletic sports under various forms, such as baseball and football. It is for this reason chiefly—namely, to avoid the vulgarity and apparent profanity of associating, especially in newspaper language, the sacred name of the "Holy Ghost" with the expressions of these profane occasions and scenes, that another additional word was deemed advisable.



Therefore, application was made to the Court of Common Pleas, No. 2, to substitute the word "Duquesne" for the word "the" in the title, "The University of the Holy Ghost." The petition was granted May 27, 1911, and thus the new name was, "Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost." The name "Duquesne" was chosen in honor of Marquis Duquesne, and of Fort Duquesne, which he caused to be established in 1754 at the "Fork" of the Ohio River—namely, at the point where the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers meet to form the Ohio.

## *The Law School*

The granting of its petition, gave Duquesne University the impetus that it needed. In September, 1911, the Law School was opened. A competent faculty, with the Honorable Joseph M. Swearingen, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County, as Dean, and John E. Laughlin, Esq., as Vice-Dean, was secured. Three rooms in the George Building, 436 Fourth Ave., were rented for a period of three years; in September, 1911, the first class was enrolled.

At the Twenty-eighth Alumni Banquet, Judge Swearingen had for his theme, "The Work and Methods of the New School of Law." He said that the teaching in the school would be on a broad basis; the course would not be merely mechanical or purely technical. The students would be trained in a wide range of studies. They would be taught carefully the fundamental principles of legal ethics, and of justice, rights and duties, at every point of view. It was intended not only to train successful attorneys but broad-gauged, cultured gentlemen.

This young Law School was destined to become one of the best in the country within a very short time. The very first graduating class in 1914 passed the difficult Bar Examination, one hundred per cent perfectly. It was, indeed, an auspicious beginning.

Such was the reputation of the School of Law that the rooms in the George Building were inadequate to accommodate the growing classes. As a result, new quarters had to be secured. Consequently, on Monday, September 28, 1914, the lectures were delivered in the Vandergrift Building. The increase in students became larger and larger, and in the Fall of 1921 it was found necessary to rent an entire floor in the

Maloney Building, 337-339 Second Ave. These rooms were occupied until June, 1924. At the opening of the new school year, Canevin Hall was ready for occupancy. Since then the law students may be found in the class rooms of the same building from five-thirty to seven-thirty in the evenings.

During its fifteen years' existence, the Law School has established for itself an enviable reputation. The enrollment has steadily progressed and attendance in the First Year Class has increased over six hundred per cent. In recent years a library has been fitted up in conjunction with the school, wherein can be found a complete collection of Pennsylvania Reports, Superior Court Reports, Digest of Decisions and Statistics, together with standard text-books of the day, covering almost every legal question.

## *The School of Speech Arts and Drama*

It will be remembered that Bishop Murphy had given dramatics at Duquesne University an important place from the beginning. A weekly playlet and an annual play have been features at Duquesne from the time of its inception. Oratory and debating also had always been stressed. In 1913, then, it was decided to give special attention to speaking and drama by creating a school devoted exclusively to these branches. The services of Clinton E. Lloyd, D.Litt., an eminent actor and lecturer, were secured; he was made Dean of the new school. The courses of study and practice are planned to meet the requirements of the orator, debater, instructor, platform reader, actor and all those whose success in life depends in whole or in part on their ability to express their thoughts and feelings with conviction, gracefulness and magnetic clearness. Also a complete and comprehensive course is afforded for those who wish to master the art of Stage Direction. In recent years, there has been added a course in Shakespearean Interpretation. The aim of this school is always to employ methods that are sane, practical and rational, while neglecting nothing that is ornate and artistic.

Special courses are provided for those who wish to specialize and are not planning on the regular course which leads to the degree of B. A. of the Drama.



Clinton E. Lloyd, D. Litt.

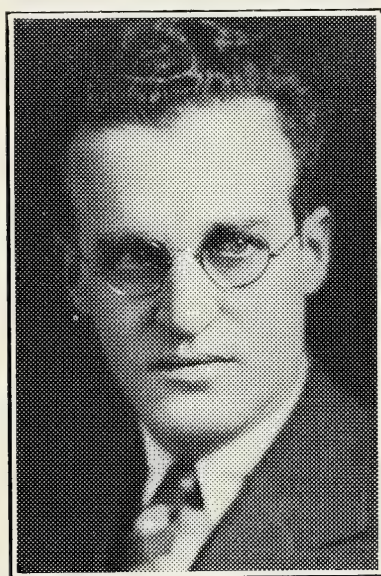
Needless to say, the growth of this school has been rapid and its success assured. The plays which Dr. Lloyd have directed each year have established a record in class and variety of entertainment. The list of plays in chronological order is as follows: Bachelor's Honeymoon, My Friend from Indiana, Brown's in Town, Officer 666, It Pays to Advertise, Seven Keys to Baldpate, Under Cover, The Commuters, A Prince There Was, The Boomerang, The Purple Lady, The Belle of Richmond, Captain Applejack, Honor Bright.

The entire production and direction of the Golden Jubilee Pageant, "The Spirit Giveth Life," will be in the hands of Dr. Lloyd.

## *The School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce*

The growth of Duquesne University was augmented in 1913 by the addition of a School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce. On October 6, 1913, this school began its career in the George Building, 436 Fourth Ave., with an enrollment of fourteen students, and a staff of three professors. William

H. Walker was its Dean. The growth of this school was phenomenal. Today over twelve thousand students, fifty professors, fifteen class rooms and a complete business library mark the present status of the School of Accounts. Dean Walker, who had successfully directed the school for fifteen years, was compelled to resign in June, 1927, owing to pressing business duties. At this time, Dr. John A. Moran, Vice-Dean, now Dean, assumed the role of Acting Dean. The school conducts both day and evening sessions. The class rooms for the evening division and the offices of the school occupy the fourth, fifth and sixth floors of the Vandergrift Building, 323 Fourth Ave. The day sessions are conducted on the second floor of Canevin Hall on the University Campus.



John A. Moran, D.Litt.

None the less significant in the growth of this school, is the recognition of the fact that the modern executive is receiving his education in the School of Business Administration and not in the school of practical experience. Facts show that three-fourths of our greatest men are enlisted from the three per cent of the population having a college education. The other ninety-seven per cent without higher education furnish only one-fourth of the leaders and executives of the nation.



The School of Business Administration of Duquesne University is doing no small part in this task of furnishing leaders and executives to the nation. In almost every office of any importance in the Pittsburgh district the graduates and students of this department may be found. In some commercial houses the graduates are in complete control. Not only have the graduates of the School of Accounts held positions successfully in the local field, but they have migrated to almost every city of importance in the United States and have even gone abroad to engage successfully in commerce.

Judging by the results of the competitive State Examinations for Certified Public Accountancy work, the students trained in the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce hold first rank. In 1915, out of the eight graduates of the C. P. A. class, seven received certificates. This was without precedent in the history of Pennsylvania. Up to that time there had been only eighteen certified accountants in Pittsburgh. This department of the University is also becoming popular as a training school for future lawyers; many of its graduates are successful attorneys in Allegheny County.

The course in the School of Accounts extends over a period of four years and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics. The special degree of Master of Business Administration is conferred for post-graduate work upon those students holding the B. Sc. in E.

Under these present ideals and past accomplishments does this department of the University continue to grow. And this growth is in no small degree reflected in the success of its students, a true criterion in the measuring of the efficiency of any school. In the past, over ten thousand keen and progressive men and women of the Pittsburgh district and surrounding States have made use of the opportunities of this practical school of Business Administration. Other thousands will follow. These men and women will leave their footprints in the sands of time; they will make their mark in the business world; they are the business leaders and executives of tomorrow.

## *Pre-Medical School*

In 1913, that great year of growth for the University, a Pre-Medical Department was also added. Before this time the scientific course, embracing the study of the natural sciences, served as preparation for the course in medicine. However, the increase in students, the necessity of individual and special attention for them, the more exacting requirements of medical schools, prompted the establishment of a separate department for those intending to follow a medical career. Subjects more tangent to the medical profession were introduced in the curriculum of this new course in order to meet with the qualifications of the State Board of Examiners. In 1916, a special Science Hall was erected to suit their needs. The school is affiliated with medical schools throughout the country and is listed in Class A.

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In 1916, a School of Social Service was opened, under the direction of Rev. J. A. Dewe, D.Litt., but was discontinued when the Students' Army Training Corps was established in 1918. This was established at the University as part of the program of national preparedness. Two infantry companies of 100 men each were formed and drilled every Monday and Thursday evenings on the campus, under the supervision of Captains Corbett, Griffith and Miln and Colonel Blackstone. In this way preliminary training was given to those whose duty is was to help protect the United States. Duquesne University, in the great crisis that confronted the world in the evil days of the War of Nations, was not found wanting.

After the war the students poured in, in larger numbers than ever. Something had to be done to accommodate them. At this point the officials felt that further advancement would be impossible without more funds; lack of money was the only thing that held them back. Having no endowment or similar source of income, their only recourse was to try to raise the money by subscription. With the consent of the proper authorities a million dollar drive was launched in November, 1920. The people of Pittsburgh were enthusiastic; everyone commended the project; all promised their support. Soon the desired mark was reached. However, as in the case in all subscriptions, a good deal of this money was

on paper and never forthcoming. Yet, all in all, the community had given the University a good boost along the path of progress.

This naturally put the University in a hopeful frame of mind. But, sorrow often follows in the wake of joy, and the next year the financial income of Duquesne sustained a heavy blow when, on December 1, 1921, the State cut off Duquesne University, together with other alleged sectarian institutions, from the list of those receiving appropriations. Thus Duquesne University was deprived yearly of \$50,000. The case was appealed, but to no avail.

Despite the handicap, Father Hehir determined to carry out the program of building and advancement he had promised the people of Pittsburgh. In 1922, work was started on three buildings—Canevin Hall, the new gymnasium, and a central heating plant. The first is a five story class building, built of tapestry brick and cut stone. It contains thirty-two class rooms, an office and a lavatory on each floor, except the first floor, which has no office. This is a clear open space of 9,821 square feet, fitted out as a cafeteria. The gymnasium is capable of accommodating 2,000 spectators. It is built of the same material as Canevin Hall. It has a floor area of approximately 10,000 square feet and a clear space overhead of 36 feet. It is equipped with rest rooms for both men and women, and it has four commodious team-rooms with showers and lockers. Its roof is a prolongation of the campus and provides space for two tennis courts. Beside the gymnasium rises the central heating plant. Its mammoth stack will take care of the three boilers now installed, and three more which may be needed later, totaling nine hundred horse-power. In this building, there is space for janitors' headquarters, carpenter shop, storage and other useful purposes.

The cornerstone of Canevin Hall was laid on October 29, 1922. The Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, Archbishop of Pelusium, officiated. Speakers of the day were Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, and Mayor Magee. The first floor of the structure, already laid, was occupied by those attending the ceremony. The Archbishop laid the cornerstone with his own hands. It contained a sealed copper box in which were photographs of Archbishop Canevin, Bishop Hugh C. Boyle, Mgr. Alexander LeRoy, Superior-General of the Society of the Holy Ghost, the Very Rev. Eugene Phelan,

C.S.Sp., Provincial of the Order, former presidents of the University and college and members of the community, copies of Pittsburgh newspapers, catalogues of the University, a report of the President for the last year and coins of current circulation.

The Canevin Hall was opened to classes at the beginning of the school year in 1923. On October 28, 1923, it was formally dedicated by the Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh. Speakers of the day were Rev. W. J. McMullen and Alfred W. McCann, D.Litt., alumni of the University. Immediately after the ceremony the doors of Canevin Hall and the Gymnasium were thrown open for inspection.



Rev. James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp., S.T.D.

## *The Graduate School*

As the University grew, it added summer and evening classes in the various branches. The first summer classes were conducted in 1912. Among those who registered for these first classes were a few students who desired to do graduate work; they were allowed to pursue higher studies by special arrangement with the faculty. In two years, the number had increased to such an extent that a Committee



on Graduate Studies was appointed, charged with the organization and supervision of the work. Until 1924, most of the graduate work was done during the summer session, but at present a number of students, especially graduates of the College of Arts, are enrolled for graduate work during the academic year. The Dean of this school is Rev. James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp., S.T.D., also Dean of the College of Arts. Incidentally, we have refrained from listing the history of the College of Arts under a separate heading, for the reason that it is the nucleus of the University; and its history is the history of the school.

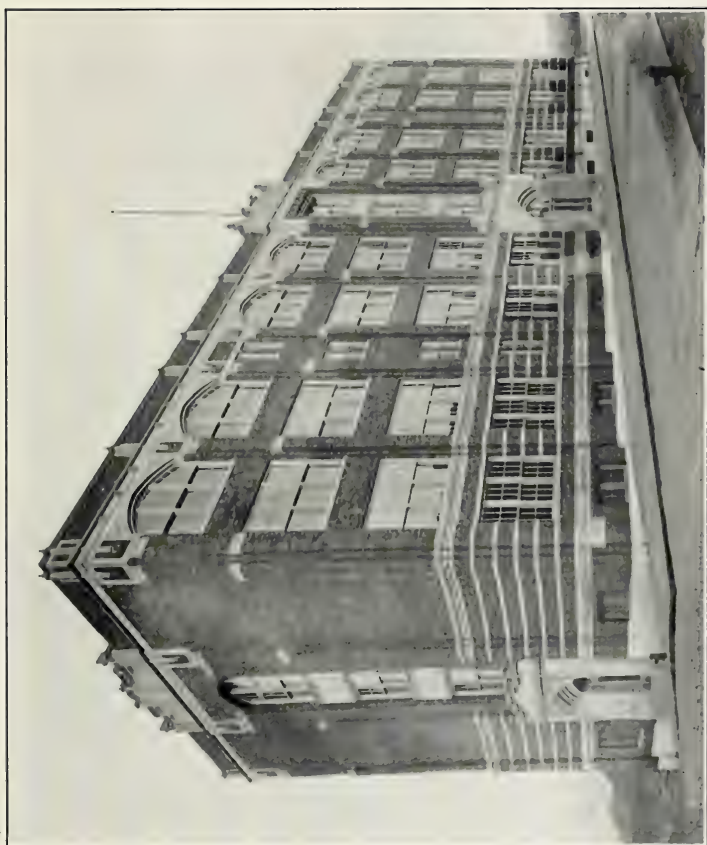
## *The School of Pharmacy*

The establishment of a School of Pharmacy was under consideration since 1911, when the University charter was amended and authority was obtained to grant degrees in pharmacy. Because of the necessity of developing the other professional schools that had been established, but little was accomplished in a material way toward opening the school until early in 1925. On April 20, 1925, the Board of Directors decided to open this new branch of the institution in September of that year. Hugh C. Muldoon, of the Valparaiso University School of Pharmacy, was selected to act as Dean of the new school, and the final work of organization was begun.

During the summer of 1925, the first floor of Canevin Hall was converted into quarters suitable for a modern School of Pharmacy. Special laboratories for work in pharmacy, materia medica, and botany, class rooms, offices and stock rooms were fitted up. A new chemical laboratory was installed in the Science Building. Much new equipment of the finest type was purchased. A special library of technical works was begun and valuable collections of drugs, chemicals, and preparations for instructional purposes were secured.

The opening took place on September 23, 1925.

Three courses are offered. A three year course leading to the degree of graduate in pharmacy prepares the student for the duties of a retail pharmacist. A four year course, leading to the degree of Pharmaceutical Chemist, fits the student for general pharmaceutical and chemical manufacturing and control work. A four years course, for which the Bachelor



Canevin Hall

of Science in Pharmacy degree is granted, trains the student for teaching, or gives him a broad business training, or fits him for special work. High standards of scholarship have been set, and the requirements of the American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy as to faculty, courses, and equipment, have been complied with.

On April 10, 1926, the work of the school was officially approved by the Pennsylvania State Board of Pharmacy when, after a visit of inspection, registration\*as an approved School of Pharmacy was granted.

The addition of the School of Pharmacy has been a real asset to the University. It has proved in its short term of existence to be a leader, and a breeding-place for all kinds of innovations and reforms. It is a living symbol of progress.

\* \* \* \*

On May 5, 1925, the first issue of our sister publication, the **Duquesne Duke**, appeared. Its editor was Henry X. O'Brien, and its first business manager, Paul Farrell. Its object was to present the news of the school to the students while it was still fresh, in the breezy, entertaining manner only possible to a newspaper. It is published every other Thursday, and it fills a long-felt need of the University. From the day of its inception it has worked to bring about union in the school. At the present time it has implanted itself firmly in the life of the University and is becoming more and more a force in shaping student opinion and student policies.

## *The School of Music*

Music had always held a high position at Duquesne University. From the time of Rev. John Griffin, there had always been orchestras, choruses, Glee Clubs and courses of instruction given in Music. In the autumn of 1925, faculty authorities, stirred to a realization of the place music has come to occupy in our scheme of civilized existence, decided that the art should be recognized as an important part and parcel of the curriculum of the Red and Blue; consequently, they brought to the University Father James B. Parent and Professor Joseph A. Rauterkus. These two, after a year of planning, opened a music school in the Fall of 1926. This is a four year course and leads up to the degree of B. A. in Music.

Professor Rauterkus, himself a B. A. in Music, is Dean of the new school. In conjunction with the school, all kinds of instrumental instructions are given by competent teachers. Under the baton of Professor Rauterkus, the student orchestra has grown to one of symphony proportions; while an excellent band has just made its debut.

## *The School of Education*

The School of Education is the youngest department in the University, and when the University celebrates its golden jubilee it will be just one year old. The course in education is a study of the liberal arts, combined with an extensive training in education, wherein the student will be enabled, if he so desires, to major in the subject which he intends to teach. The course will, therefore, follow the program prescribed for the Bachelor of Arts degree through the Freshman and Sophomore years, branching off into strictly pedagogical work in the Junior and Senior years.

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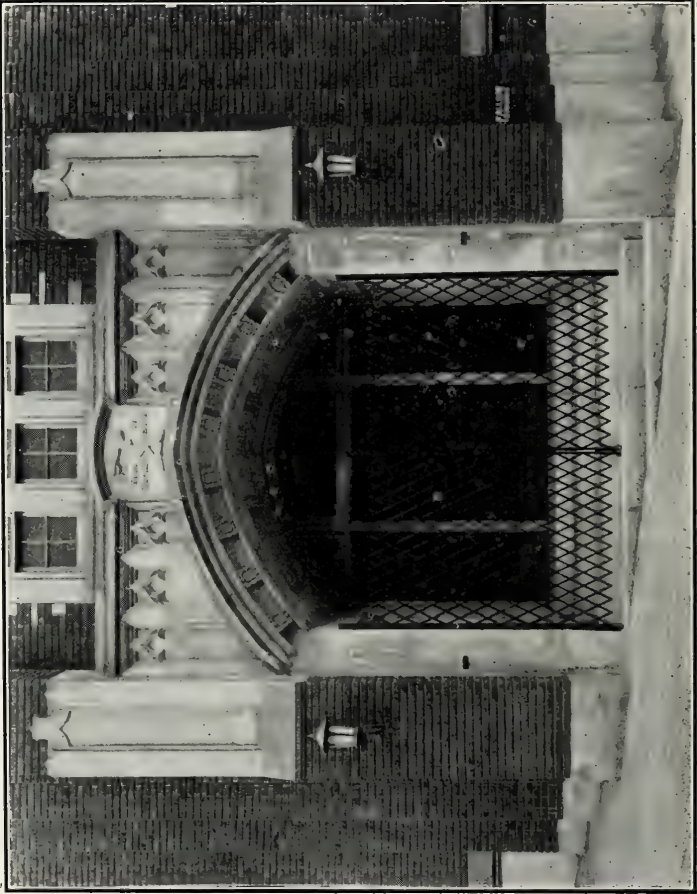
In the latter part of 1927, the University acquired a three-story brick building, directly across Vickroy Street from Canevin Hall. This will be the new Library Building. The Music School will have studios on the top floor.

\* \* \* \*

Before concluding, it is necessary to say a few words about the social life of the students. First of all, there is the Student Senate, first established in 1922, in the School of Accounts, under the direction of Dr. John A. Moran. It has since spread over the entire University. Its object is to promote unity within the school and work with the Faculty in furthering the progress of the school. In its short term of existence, it has inaugurated many innovations and reforms. It established the custom of holding a Junior Prom in 1925; it established the **Duquesne Duke**; it has brought about Intra-Mural Sports; in April, 1928, it succeeded in gathering together the first Student Assembly.

Within the last decade, numerous clubs, fraternities and societies have sprung up within our walls and are thriving.





Entrance to Gymnasium

The Alumni Association has been reorganized in the last year and promises at last to take the important position in school life that it should.

\* \* \* \*

As regards athletics, we can only say that prospects are brighter now than at any previous time; it will not be long now, ere Duquesne University will have attained her rightful place in the field of athletic endeavor. It would be an excellent idea to trace the history of athletics at Duquesne, in detail, but space does not permit.

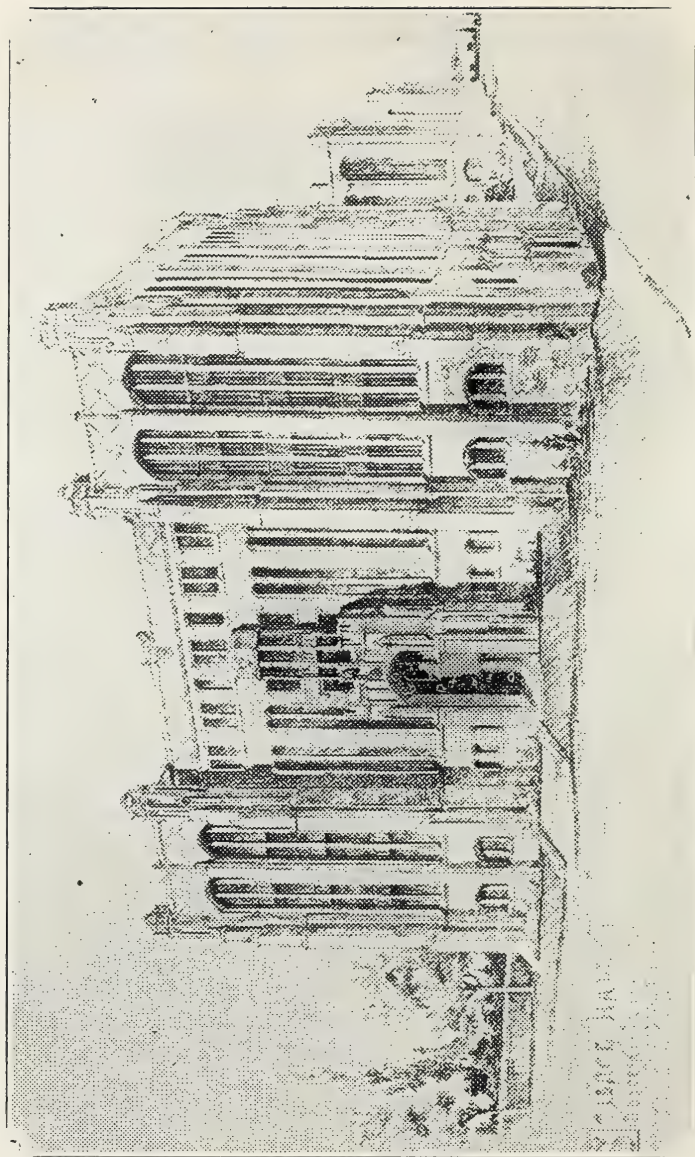
There were times when the Red and Blue was feared in baseball and football as it is now feared in basketball and tennis. Its fame was never nation-wide, but in local circles, around the Tri-State, the Dukes boasted of a certain reputation. The changes that occurred, ever so often, had not a little effect in gumming the works, equally as often. Besides losing many good men by graduation, a number of able coaches answered the call of a higher duty. Our generation can recall Father McGuigan, particularly. There were Fathers Hannigan and Rowe and many others. Under such circumstances, it was well nigh impossible to lay down a system of athletics that would bear fruit. The value of having a set system from year to year is well brought out in the record of Chick Davies. His teams have carried the name of Duquesne from New York to Chicago.

But for all of that, and in spite of the many setbacks that Duquesne experienced, the present year was a harbinger of better things. It is true, Elmer Layden did not set the sporting world afire as he did a few years ago, but at the same time there was every indication that he is likely to do just that eventually. At present, Layden is devoting his time to track candidates and it is expected that the Dukes will feature the sundry meets before many moons.

Knowing what the future holds is the source of all contentment, and from what has been seen and done this past year, the future holds no terrors for the Red and Blue.

\* \* \* \*

And, so, we have looked back fifty years and seen a few events in the history of Duquesne University; we have witnessed her establishment in her first twenty-five years of life, and her growth in the next twenty-five; we have seen forty



Proposed Science Hall

students increase to 3,500, and the faculty increase in the same ratio; we have seen new buildings erected and new schools added. All this is due to the Holy Ghost Fathers, and especially in these last years, to Father Hehir. It is these men who have, unaided, except by the community, and indomitable in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, founded that remarkable institution of which we are so proud and which is now celebrating its Golden Jubilee.

And having seen the past, there remains nothing for us but to look at the future. What glowing vistas of progress unfold before us! The chief obstacle in our path is the lack of funds; Father Hehir has often said that if he had the money he would start a School of Medicine and Dentistry immediately. Even as it is, plans for a new Science Hall are well under way.

And so we hope it shall always be: that Duquesne University shall always advance in step with the community, or rather, a few steps ahead of it. And when society shall have attained its ultimate perfection and its last end, may it be the pride and boast of Duquesne University that she has shown it the way!



## *Tribute to the Founders*

Nature, with careless hand and vast,  
Carves from the mighty crags a form;  
Colossal sculptures of a universe at last  
Set forth to face the everlasting storm.

Men wield the molten metals,  
Build towers of sturdy, shining steel;  
The Flowers of Industry spread forth their petals,  
The blooms of toil, the pride of common weal.

Craftsmen all, bend matter to their will  
And shape the stone, the metal or the tree;  
Produce a thing of beauty, all the human wants to fill,  
Their arts and handicrafts create prosperity.

But these alone elected to the better part,  
No baser metals or rare stone could hold  
Them from the task of working with the heart,  
Or stay their clear design or break their mold.

The wheel has spun a golden storied thread,  
Entwining half a century's years of hopes fulfilled;  
Years which in blind Ambition's hand have led  
The dreamers to each castle they might build.

Down mellow shafts of memoried days,  
Lighted with myriad by-gone suns,  
The glistening thread shines past the threatening haze,  
A strain of age-old melody it runs.

Unfolds the story of the men who wrought  
With one unselfish purpose as their aim;  
That time might find the truths for which they fought,  
Preserved inviolate to a growing fame.

While still no words to them need tribute pay,  
    Though what they've done stands broad beneath the sky,  
And though they need not wait for praise from us today,  
    And though their work is monument to every eye.

And while for us there's nothing left to say or do,  
    But pointing out while mentioning their dream preserved,  
That though their golden task is far from through,  
    They served right well the cause they served.

Just this poor veteran thought we feel our duty,  
    To walk inspection down those time-worn ranks;  
Our kits of stored-up knowledge for their booty,  
    And offer to the generals the privates' sincere thanks.

Because while some dear memories graved in metal are,  
    And monuments ensculptured in the stone;  
We find that theirs, immortal ones by far,  
    Are etched upon the human heart alone.

GEORGE E. KELLY, A. B., '31.

## *The Jubilee Pageant*

THE chief contribution of the students to the success of the Golden Jubilee is their participation in the Pageant, "The Spirit Giveth Life," given at Syria Mosque on the afternoon and evening of June 5. A brief summary will interest our readers.

The Pageant presents, in a combination of allegory and chronicle, the contribution made by Duquesne University to the welfare of the community which it serves, the full and timely response it has made to the educational calls of Pittsburgh and the Tri-State district. This community—called Familia in the masque—is represented in its various elements by Paterfamilias, who is both king and father; Mater, who is both queen and mother; and their sons and daughters, who typify the varied aspirations of the young generation.

Chiefly for picturesque effect, the setting is placed in an indefinite, far-off age, rather than our own, and some of the forces that either help or hinder the working out of the children's destiny are shown as denizens of the world of fancy. One character, detached from the narrative, is Historia, custodian of the Book whose slowly turning pages reveal the rise of the schools and colleges that constitute the University.

The First Episode shows the court of Familia at the moment when the children declare their hopes, tastes and ambitions, and fare forth into the world to work out their individual destinies. Parental forebodings and a tearful farewell introduce something of the "human element." In Scene 2, word is brought of the capture of the children by the "chiefest, meanest foe" of their house, none other than King Ignorance. The council of state called, in Scene 3, to devise means of rescuing them, reaches no decision after hours of deliberation. A Wanderer, who interrupts the conference, but is kindly treated, proves to be a rescuer in disguise,—Spiritus, the symbol of the College, and in its fuller growth the University. The hospitality, extended to him, and its result, are meant to show forth the encouragement given to the school in its early days, and its consequent expansion. Spiritus convinces the council of his prowess, and sets forth to conquer Ignorance.

The Second Episode is an imaginative chronicle of the rise of the nine schools. It shows each child, in turn, the

willing or unwilling prey of Ignorance, kept by the minions of the latter from achieving the object of his dearest longings and highest hopes.

In a variety of ways, Spiritus rescues them and turns them over one by one to a new-found friend who epitomizes the ideals of a particular school or college of the University. Thomas wants Culture, and finds it in the College of Arts. Ernest idolizes Authority, and meets it in the Law School. Portia desires Eloquence, and achieves it in the School of Drama. Matthew aspires to Order in the midst of chaos, and meets in the School of Commerce. Sylvia's lost Ambition comes back in her contact with the Graduate School. Roger's love for Science finds fruition in the College of Science. Damian's desire for Competence in serving those in need of medicine is fulfilled in the School of Pharmacy. The Spirit of Song is granted to Celia by the School of Music, and Vision is bestowed on studious Eugenia by the College of Education. For all their enthusiastic gratitude, Spiritus has but one reply, "My mission is to serve!"

Meanwhile, Familia knows naught of the outcome of the expedition. The Third Episode takes us back to the court, where parental concern has reached its highest pitch. The satisfying ending, with its explanation of the present and its prophecy of the future, need not here be told.

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\* \* \* \*

The Pageant is in blank verse, with occasional lapses into rhyme. It calls for every art in use in the theatre—lighting, costume, off-stage effects of various sorts, and a wealth of musical accompaniment. The Rev. John F. Malloy, C.S.Sp., and Paul G. Sullivan, now both attached to the pageantry department of the School of Drama, worked on it in collaboration during the first three months of the present year. In the cast are 500 men and women students, drawn in about equal proportion from all the schools of the University. Eleven committees, also representing all the colleges, worked wholeheartedly for its success. The full roster of participants and workers is not available at this writing, but will be published in the Commencement issue of the **Monthly**. But we desire to say now that the Pageant has proved to be the greatest unifying force that ever brought together the various elements of the student body. That alone made it worth while.



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## Alumni Day Sermon

Sermon of the Rev. R. L. Hayes, D.D., pastor of St. Catherine's, Beechview, at the Mass in Duquesne University Chapel on Alumni Day, Tuesday, June 12.

*"The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God; they are corrupted and have become abominable in their ways."*

*Ps. 13-1.*

"This inspired pronouncement of the royal psalmist furnishes a thought that is opposite to the occasion that calls us together this morning. For fifty years, Duquesne University—our Alma Mater—has been preaching and living that truth and thundering forth that warning; for a half-century she has been sending forth into every walk of life men and women whom she has imbued with the conviction that the most deplorable ignorance is the absence of the knowledge of God—that the worst corruption is the loss of the friendship of God—that the supreme iniquity and the deepest abomination is a life forgetful of God.

"For us who are alumni of Duquesne, this truth is intensified and made more impressive by the thought and circumstance that it was here—in this very sanctuary—that that divine message was delivered and that divine warning sounded. Yes, it was here, in this very chapel, that the alumni of Holy Ghost College and Duquesne University poured forth their hearts to God in prayer and supplication and thanksgiving; it was here that we began the scholastic year with the retreat of spiritual exercises and here that we ended our college career with Mass and Holy Communion; it was here that we observed the great festivals of the Church, the feasts of the Saints and the mysteries of faith; it was here that we were banded together in pious sodalities and that we were encouraged in that affectionate and unfaltering devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God and Queen of Heaven; it was here that thousands of men were trained in the habit of prayer, were strengthened in their reverence for the faith, imbibed the principles of a Christian life, and from here they went forth fortified with the knowledge and love of God that made their associates pause and wonder at the spark that burned in their breasts and shone forth in their lives; it was here that many were called as Aaron was called to God's altar and Christ's ministry; in this very chapel, they heard that call or perceived its more distinct accents; here, year by year, under the guidance and encouragement of wise directors that vocation was fostered; the grace of fortitude and perseverance was merited until they graduated into the seminary and came forth 'dispensers of the mysteries of God.'

"My friends and brethren and fellow-alumni, it is good for us to be here today in this House of God, and in this holy place to join in the celebration of Duquesne's fifty years of

service to God; it is indeed fitting and proper that before the altar of God, amid surroundings so familiar and dear and sacred to us, we should recall the service of a half-century performed not from any desire of wealth nor from ambition of fame, but for the glory of God, the honor of the Church and the advancement of the cause of our country. And while we picture that debt of service to God and country, let us who are alumni of Duquesne not fail to recall in grateful remembrance the fact that each one of us, personally and individually, is debtor to the care and guidance and charity of our Alma Mater.

"We are graduates and alumni of a school that holds aloft on its pinnacle the Cross of Christ and within its walls houses the very majesty of God. Duquesne University is a Christian school. It stands for God and proclaims to the world the rights of God. It offers to its undergraduates and its alumni, and through them to our nation, not only that accumulation of specialized training and accurate knowledge that are required for the opportunities of democratic America; far more than that, it inculcates correct principles—correct American and Christian ideas.

"Every human revolution started with ideas: good ideas, if the revolution was a worthy one; bad ideas, if the revolution was an evil one. The present state of unrest that troubles the world and makes itself felt in this country is due to the inculcation and spread of wrong ideas—un-Christian, un-American principles. We are wont to explain this spirit of uncertainty and unrest as the aftermath of the great war; but bad principles and bad ideas that antedated the war had more to do with it. The foundations of Christian society were being sapped by the spirit that banished God from the world and denied Him any share in the economy of human government and conduct. Solid principles of religious belief and morality were repudiated as being out of harmony with the spirit of the times; current literature held up to ridicule many of the most beautiful sentiments of human love and sacred marriage; great universities tolerated and applauded professors who were as Bolshevistic as the madmen of Russia—men who taught anarchy in government advocated wholesale confiscation in economic affairs, and substituted eugenics and free-love, and now companionate marriage, for the pillars of decency and morality that from time immemorial had sustained the temple of the home. The wildest theories of politics, religion, philosophy and economics were eagerly taken up and fostered. It was the spread of these false and un-American ideas that caused the unrest and uncertainty which trouble the world today. In a word, men banished God and the restraining influence and the guiding principles of religion. 'The fool hath said in his heat: There is no God; they are corrupt and have become abominable in their ways.'



“For fifty years, continuing the Catholic tradition that is as old as Christianity itself, Duquesne University has energetically and successfully counteracted that virus of irreligion. Our Alma Mater has proclaimed, in season and out of season, that God’s rights in the world are universal and supreme. It has taught its college graduates that the greatest cultural worth consists in the knowledge and love and service of God; it proclaims to its lawyers that all law is based on the divine law—that ‘all authority comes from God, by whom kings reign and lawgivers decree just things’; it can remind its school of drama that the drama itself, as we know it, was the hand-maid of religion, and that the stage exists to teach men noble ideals, not to portray those that are prurient and debased; it sends forth business men into the arena of life actuated by the conviction, not that honesty is the best policy, but that honest dealings are commanded by the law of God; it teaches the graduates of its various scientific departments that God is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of the universe, and that every new discovery in the natural order is but an additional manifestation of nature’s God; it tells its musicians that the voice is a gift of God, that music forms part of the highest worship of God on earth, and in heaven their art is the only one of all the arts that lasts throughout eternity; it fashions its educators according to the model of its own teaching and bids them remember that they are to teach not bundles of muscle and nerve and bone, but children of God and heirs to the kingdom of Heaven.

“My dear brethren and fellow-alumni, it is the glory of our Alma Mater that for 50 years she has been doing God’s work and fostering Christian citizenship. It is obeying a natural instinct that we gather within her walls today to offer our congratulations, to express our gratitude and to pray that it may be given to her to continue and to increase her work for God and for our country.

“My fellow alumni will agree with me that one man better than any other embodies this spirit of Duquesne. He is known to the oldest of Duquesne’s alumni; he is a familiar figure to the youngest student in school today; he is beloved by all. Although his modesty would bid us forego mention of his name—although a Catholic feeling would appear to discountenance the eulogizing of the living from the pulpit of God—nevertheless, today—Alumni Day—of all the days of Duquesne’s Golden Jubilee—our thoughts and hearts go out to Father Hehir. For nearly all of those 50 years, he has been a part and a major part of Duquesne’s history; for 30 of those years he has been at the helm and his hand has guided the destiny of our Alma Mater. It is no exaggeration to say that the history of Holy Ghost College and Duquesne University is the history of Father Hehir in the diocese of Pittsburgh. If we can in very truth call Duquesne our Alma Mater—our loving mother—we can also in all justice regard



Father Hehir as our venerable father. My friends, when the Book of Life is opened, we shall find written thereon in letters of gold the record of Father's goodness. Many a business man has gained what the world reckons success, and he owes it to the charity of Father Hehir; many a professional man enjoys today an enviable reputation in his chosen field, who might be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water were it not for the assistance given him by Father Hehir; many and many a priest, as he ascends the altar of God, should and does make a special Memento for Father Hehir, who directed his steps, guided him when he appeared to falter, and made it even financially possible for him to become Christ's representative to the people.

"We alumni are aware of these facts and we are proud to proclaim them on this day of Duquesne's glory. And yet we honor Father Hehir from a motive that is higher and holier than all these. To us Father Hehir is the ideal of the Catholic priest and the Christian educator. He has lived for God; he has been the exemplar of his religious colleagues and his brother priests; he is an inspiration to all who have come within the wide circle of his influence. Father Hehir is a living reminder of that great truth which the world knows full well, but has not always the honesty to proclaim—that he alone lives successfully who lives for God. In the heart of every true alumnus of Duquesne University are enshrined the greatest respect, the fondest remembrance, the sincerest admiration for Father Hehir. His monument is Duquesne University and its service of 50 years for truth and for God.

"Fellow alumni, permit me in your name to congratulate our Alma Mater on this day of its Golden Jubilee; to express in your name our sense of appreciation of the debt each one of us owes to Duquesne; to renew your pledge of allegiance and continued support. But permit me also to remind you—alumni of Duquesne University—that a university gains fame not on account of its learned faculty, its stately buildings and its splendid equipment; it is known by and judged by its living products in the person of its graduates. That is our responsibility. It is our duty to remember that we are alumni of a Christian school and to live accordingly. Duquesne feels proud when its alumni gain prominence in any sphere of human endeavor; Duquesne shares any honor that may come to its graduates in the higher professions of life; but Duquesne feels that her 50 years of struggle and sacrifice are repaid a thousand fold when her graduates manifest to the world the example of a life true to the Christian teachings and ideals she has always inculcated. While we thank God this morning for the care and protection and the opportunities for service He has showered upon our Alma Mater, let us not forget to beseech Him, each one in his own personal regard, for the grace and light and strength to continue. Duquesne's destiny of leading men to the knowledge of God, the practice of virtue and the imitation of Jesus Christ."

# Duquesne Monthly

VOL. XXXV

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## Baccalaureate Sermon

BISHOP McCORT

"But these things are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing you may have life in His Name."—St. John 20:31.



HERE is a God, my brethren, and we are His creatures. By the light of reason we know there is a first intelligent cause by whom all things were made and without whom there is nothing that was made. "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power and divinity." The first cause is, therefore, God.. He made us and we are His creatures. Wondrously He has formed our bodies and breathed into them a principle of life that has the power to discover itself to be immortal. These Truths that God has made us and given us an immortal soul, made known to us by our unaided reason, are the primary reasons for the relation that exists between man and God and which we call Religion. But the mind of man that can discover so much, is limited in its power. Laboriously it extracts from the world about us its many secrets and pauses on the very threshold of the spirit world of which it is a part. Unassisted it vainly seeks the answers to questions that persistently thrust themselves on every thinking creature. What is the character of that life into which the soul enters when its earthly career is accomplished? Will it be a repetition of the achievements and failures, of the hopes and disappointments of the life we know, or will it have a definite character of joy or sorrow, and is it in the power of man to determine what his future start shall be? Baffled and in hopeless discouragement we should be if the insufficiency of reason were not supplemented to answer surely and clearly these queries of eternal import. If the

human mind cannot solve the problems that clamorously, urgently, and insistently demand solution, we are not left without a clear, definite, and certain answer to them: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets; last of all in these days has spoken to us by His Son, whom He hath appointed Heir of all things and by Whom also He made the world." Seer and prophet, as they appeared, confirmed and supplemented the Truths that man's unaided reason had discovered and shed the illumination they had received on the deep mystery of life. In never conflicting pronouncements they traced man's origin to God and the resulting obligations of the creature to the Creator. More or less precisely, they visioned the eternal destiny of man and the power that was his to determine his everlasting condition; and each in turn foretold, with ever growing precision, the coming of One who would repair the faults of men and their infidelity to God and who would, with definite certainty reveal to the human race the things that are to come. In the fullness of time, Jesus Christ appeared. In Him was fulfilled to the minutest detail all that the prophets had spoken. He proclaimed Himself the eternal God. "I am who am," and "before Abraham was, I am." He proved Himself to be God by His divine wisdom and almighty power. He spoke as man had never spoken and He did the works that none other had ever done. With calm assurance, He could challenge His enemies: "If you believe not Me, believe the works that I have done." When these, still unconvinced, demanded a sign, He promised them a sign like unto that of Jonas: "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up again." In the very madness of their hate they destroyed the Temple of His Body and left dead and dishonored on the Cross. Those who loved Him buried His Sacred Body; those who hated Him sealed His tomb and watched it. As He had promised, in three days He rose again. He gave life to His own dead body; He came forth from the sealed and guarded tomb, and by His Resurrection He gave proof He was divine and left to the world a sign that was without precedent and has remained and will forever remain without a parallel. In vain the infidel attacks our belief; in vain the nations rage; the Jews cry out scandal and the Gentiles folly. Jesus Christ risen replies to all, and there is not a single objection which does not fall to pieces against the stone of His Sepulchre. That man might remain forever without an excuse for un-

belief, He lingered forty days on earth, revealing Himself, manifesting Himself a living man to His disciples, as many as five hundred. As divinely as He had come from Heaven into the world, so divinely did He return from the world to Heaven, leaving with His disciples the mission to be witnesses of Him; of His Person; of His teaching and of His divinity to the end of the world and promising to the Church of which these disciples were the first members, His permanent indwelling, and the assurance that it would last to the end of time and that earth and hell could not compass its destruction.

This Divine Teacher has forever solved the mystery of life. He has declared the years of man to be a time of Service—of service to God and service to our fellow-men. He has clearly outlined how that service must be given and enunciated the laws of charity and justice that must govern human lives: and He has, with divine positiveness, declared that man will live forever in happiness if he believes and obeys Christ—in never-ending misery, if he disregards the message that the Eternal Son of God has given.

As the aged Simeon foretold, He has ever been a sign to be contradicted. About His sacred Person have centered the disputes and controversies of the ages and He has ever been, and is today, the object of the deepest love and burning hate of men. Never have they been wanting who have lovingly accepted Him as their God, reverently receiving His message; heroically abandoning all things for Him, and have lived and died for love of Him—and never have they been wanting who have rejected Him, clothing Him as a fool, spurning His teaching and crying out again: "Away with Him."

The powers of the world, jealous of His sway over human minds and lives, have striven to dethrone Him; Genius, dazzled by its own brightness and the praise of men, has, like Lucifer, declared: "I will not serve Him." The rich have renounced Him, who would give no sanction to ill-gotten wealth and, the unfortunate, forgetting His eternal years, have blasphemed Him who seemed to forget them. And Kings have fought for Him; the leaders of the world have sought counsel at His Feet; the highest Genius of man has defended His divine claims; the great have given up all because of Him; the poor have blessed Him who shared their poverty for love of them. So it has ever been, and so it continues today; yet so compelling and so personal is the message



that Christ has delivered, that man cannot dismiss Him. Do away with Him and He returns; bury Him and He rises again.

But Jesus Christ is more to those who believe in Him than the Omnipotent Creator, the merciful Redeemer, the final Judge of mankind. He is the expression of the all-embracing, almighty love of God for the creatures He has made. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." The infinite and unutterable humiliations of that divine Son are the measure of the love of God for the greatest and least of His creatures. It is the message of the Church of Christ to bring home to man, as far as may be, the blessed assurance of the personal love of Jesus Christ for each of us and the comforting message that, unworthy though we be, each of us has a place in the Divine Heart and in the love of the Saviour. It is her mission to teach men that the first duty of life is to love God with their whole heart; their whole mind and their whole strength, and to learn in this mighty charity what each owes to his neighbor, for we are all the objects of the all-embracing love of Christ, and we cannot return that love if we love not our brother. It is the mission of the Church of Christ to remind the world that it has never prospered and never will prosper when the laws of charity and justice enunciated by Christ are neglected; that He has ever been the strong support of good and reasonable government; that He is the salvation of society; that He is the only hope that brightens life's dreary prospect; that He has been and forever will be the comfort of the human heart. Jesus Christ yesterday, today and forever.

The mission that Christ gave to His Church and to its first ministers to be witnesses of Him, to announce the Truths that He had spoken to them, implies the duty to teach all men, particularly the children of the Church, the reason of the Faith that is within them; to protect the young from the infidelity that finds utterance on every side; to enable them to answer their own questioning minds; to unfold to them the service they owe to God and their neighbor and to inspire them to ascend on the wings of love to the very throne of God, is the reason, and there is no other, why the Catholic Church has heroically undertaken the mighty task of Christian education, why she has covered the land with schools of every grade, Colleges, Universities; why she is insistent that her members co-operate in her endeavors; why she urges her young men and women to consecrate themselves to the cause

of education and gives them no earthly reward and promises no temporal return save the sacrifice of living for Christ, of laboring for the cause of Christ and the honor and glory of making Christ known, Christ believed and Christ loved. It is no censorious spirit of criticism and fault-finding with the excellent accomplishments of the schools provided by the government, nor an endeavor to establish a distinct class in our commonwealth that prompts the Catholic Church to inaugurate a distinct scheme of education. Her only motive is to promote the cause of Christ. Faith and Doctrines can have no place in the curricula of schools that are established by the State for the children of all beliefs and no belief, and the introduction of questions of tenets and creeds would but create discord and mar their efficiency. Ungrudgingly, we concede that the State schools fully fulfill the purpose of their being—to prepare our young people for the duties of society and State. They can go no farther. But the Catholic Church, conscious of her mission, cannot escape the duty of teaching her children their duties to God. Moreover, Christians must admit that a complete plan of education must embrace the science of Christ and give to the young the answer to life's most momentous questions. Nor may it be urged that this knowledge should be imparted in the home. No school, indeed, can take the place of the home, nor can anyone supply the place of those whom God has made the natural caretakers of the young. In the mysterious providence of God, the temporal and eternal happiness of the children depend mainly on their parents, and no other influence for good or evil will so powerfully affect the formation of their character. At best, schools, religious or otherwise, can but minimize the effects of the evil influences that exist in many homes, or on the other hand, supplement the patient, loving and self-sacrificing efforts of good mothers and fathers and give what homes, in most cases, have not the opportunity, inclination or ability to give to the young—the instruction necessary for success in this world and, what is much more important, a precise and satisfying knowledge of things eternal.

Body, mind and heart form one person, nor may one faculty be unduly developed without leaving an uneven personality. The faculties that God has given should be equally molded to form the ideal man. Neither can it be objected that religious schools, stressing as they do the development

of the spiritual, cannot prepare the young for the duties of the world. The accomplishments of the religious schools would be the best answer to this objection, for they are not sending our young people into the world, into an unequal struggle that makes them unfit to succeed in life's keen rivalry. Short religious exercises, brief positive instructions in Christian Doctrine, the influence of Christian living which finds its highest exemplification in consecrated lives, feature Christian teaching and can by no means interfere with that instruction which is urgently needed for life's duties. The standards of modern education are efficiently maintained in religious schools. They claim no more and may not do less, and they make no apology for a deficiency that does not exist in the secular knowledge of their graduates.

With certain consciousness of duty well performed, the University of Duquesne sends from her halls today graduates of another year. Reverently you young people gather today about the Altar of God to thank Him for the mercies that have crowded your youth, for the opportunities to prepare yourselves for life's task and to ask the blessing of Heaven on the life that is before you. I know of no day in the life of anyone on which the heart pulses with more exquisite joy and undimmed hope than on that, when the period of preparation successfully ended, the young enter on their life's vocation. That joy, that hope, your parents and friends share with you, and none more sincerely they who have given their lives, their talents and their abilities of your formation. From the glad hearts of those assembled about you goes up to Heaven a prayer, perhaps even more fervent than your own, that your hopes may be fulfilled, that your joy may never be blighted, and that a full measure of success may attend the labors of your lives. If there be among you those who are not member of the Catholic Faith, the University may well expect that you who have been observers of the intimate life of her members, may bear witness that whilst the Church is always uncompromising in her teachings, she makes no unworthy effort to destroy the Faith of those who seek from her what she can give, and that the Catholic Church is interested in no worldly enterprise, save that of extending the kingdom of Jesus Christ. To you who are children of the Church, the University, conscious that it has ever striven to give you what you came to seek; that it has fitted you for life's tasks; that it has given you the reason for the divine Faith that is

within you; that it has nurtured that Faith and the love of Jesus Christ in your hearts and has given you, in Christ, the answer to what men are pleased to call, the mystery of life. She hopes and expects from you, and she prays that, worthy members of her long line of graduates, you become wheresoever fortune or business may lead you, witnesses, expositors and supporters of Christ and of His Church.

Fifty years ago, when the Diocesan clergy of this great Diocese were striving to provide, with untold sacrifice, elementary and grammar schools for the children of their people, the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost conceived a project to provide higher education for the boys and young men of Pittsburgh. The venerable prelate who then presided over this Diocese, approved the undertaking, and under the leadership of a great priest, a profound scholar, an experienced educator, the Fathers made the beginning of the great work, with no resources save their zeal for learning, their trust in God and their burning desire to promote the cause of Jesus Christ and their confidence in a devoted people. The beginnings were modest, and each succeeding year witnessed a greater expansion of the work under the continued and co-operating interest of the great Bishops of their See, who saw in its success the spiritual triumph of the Catholic Church and a powerful auxiliary in the salvation of young souls. The present venerable head of this institution, who has been associated with it during the greater part of its existence, and who, perhaps more than any other under God, has contributed to its development, could relate a pathetic story of sacrifices made, of difficulties overcome, of labors endured to attain for Duquesne University the proud place it holds in the educational system of this great and enlightened commonwealth. As he and his Reverend associates visualize the schools of the University and recall the illustrious line of distinguished graduates, the potent share that the University has had in forming Catholic lives of the young, your hearts may well ascend to Heaven in humble gratitude to God for the assistance that has not been withheld from you in your work and your consciousness of that divine assistance may well call forth: "By the Lord it hath been done and it is marvelous in our eyes." Your friends felicitate you, Reverend Father, and none more gratefully or more heartily than the enlightened head of this great See, the greater part of whose priestly life has been given to Christian education, and who witnesses



in your work and in your labors, and in the success of your institution a mighty help in the tremendous responsibility that God has placed on Him.

Not difficult is it for you, dear Reverend Father and associates, to recall the time when the realities of today seemed impossible in so brief a time, for Universities develop slowly, and the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost may well be heartened to vision the time when the University will have schools for all professions which the young may choose to follow. What sacrifice and labor and God's blessing and zeal for souls have achieved, may be achieved again. It is my privilege to voice the felicitations of the friends of the University on this joyful day and to echo forth the solemn thanksgiving that wells up in your hearts, and that your distinguished Bishop expresses for you to God for His gracious help to you and to this great Diocese. Our prayers are united with yours, Reverend Father, that the day of full accomplishments for Duquesne University may be hastened. Vivat—crescat-floreat.

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## *Duquesne University Golden Jubilee Ode*

(1878-1928)

Duquesne University! Magical name!  
Which, when sounded, must echo in trumpets of fame  
To the North, to the South, to the East, to the West,  
And recall to men's minds all that's noblest and best!

Full of glory, thy colors, the red and the blue;  
Gently fanned by the breeze that fair banner we view,  
Which has led thee to triumph full many a day,  
As thy stalwart sons bore it aloft in the fray.

Oh! bear it aloft at this glorious hour,—  
For the emblem it is of the Godgiven power,  
Which our dear Alma Mater doth mightily wield  
To subdue unto God ev'ry foe in the field.

All hail to thee! Shrine of the Spirit of God!  
Cherished home of the true and the fair and the good!  
With hearts overflowing with pride and with glee,  
We welcome the dawn of thy Gold Jubilee.

Today the fair crown of thy fifty long years  
Doth reward thy good service of labor and tears;  
'Neath the light o'er thee cast by the Spirit Divine,  
That golden crown bright in its splendor doth shine.

Thy feet truth's "eternal way" steadfast have trod,  
Onward led, as thou wert, by the Spirit of God;  
All thy children now proudly exult in thy fame,  
And their filial gratitude loudly proclaim.

What treasures of learning on them were bestowed!  
What riches of grace from thy bosom have flowed  
To the legions of youth who have sat at thy feet,  
And today come their dear Alma Mater to greet.

Heavenly light doth shine o'er thee—God grant that it may  
E'er surround thy career to eternity's day!  
May thy sons in their thousands to praise thee arise,  
And the fruit of thy labors proclaim to the skies!

May the hosts of God's priests, whom thy zeal doth provide,  
Manifest to all men that in thee doth reside  
That power sublime which the Incarnate Word  
On His Church to continue His mission conferred.

Oh! how clearly the Finger of God doth appear  
In the blessings bestowed on men's souls ev'ry year  
From the hands of His priests who, by thee sanctified,  
Have taught them to follow their Lord Crucified.

May these blessings in fullness continue to flow!  
May the fruits of thy labors continue to flow!  
May thy Jubilee splendor continue to shine  
Till it blends with the light of the Beauty Divine!

JOHN GRIFFIN, C.S.Sp.

## *The Influence of College Life on Character\**



SEVERAL centuries ago, before the existence of handwriting experts, when a person wished to give authenticity to a letter or document, he would take a bit of sealing wax, melt it and affix it to the document; he would then take his signet ring, and with it make an impression in the yet soft wax, which upon hardening, would retain this impression and be a definite proof to anyone who read the document that it was really written by, or at the request of, the person represented as its author.

In the middle ages and later, each man of importance had his own individual signet ring. Kings, lords, government officials affixed their seals to treaties, declarations of war, public proclamations, not to speak of their private correspondence. This ring had very little extrinsic value but yet it was highly prized by its owner. When a person of importance allowed another person to take his signet ring, it was only for some grave reason, and it was given only to some trusted representative. The signet stood in place of the person himself; it was, so to speak, another self. Its impression in wax on any piece of writing vested it with authenticity; its possession by another person gave that person the power to deliver a verbal message, the truth of which could no more be denied than if it were uttered by the owner of the signet himself.

We have read, both in novel and history, of the power which the possession of another's signet gave to certain individuals. We have seen kingdoms overthrown, wars declared, treaties made, executions carried out on the strength of a signet. No wonder, then, that our ancestors guarded their signets with greater care than their treasure-chests! For they were their only means of imparting authenticity to the written page and of giving authority to a messenger to carry a verbal message that would be believed. By his signet, and by it alone, could its owner give to anyone or anything representing him that quality, that authority which would ensure belief. That quality we shall call character.

Character, then, is a certain mark, an essential feature, which distinguishes one substance from another. In relation to man, it is the mold in which his spirit is cast, the form in

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\*This essay won the gold medal in the contest sponsored by the Kappa Sigma Phi.

which his soul is constituted. Just as the signet impresses and shapes the wax, so does the character inform the soul. Some claim that once the soul has received its form, it cannot be changed, and must persist in its appointed form throughout all time. According to Kant, we have chosen our character in the noumenal world and our choice is irrevocable. Once "descended" into the world of space and time, our characters, and consequently our wills, must remain as they are, without being able in the slightest degree to modify them.

Schopenhauer also declares that different characteristics are innate and immutable. He says: "We may convince an egotist that, giving up a small profit, he may gain a much larger one; or we may convince a wicked man that, by causing pain to others, he may inflict worse pain upon himself. But as for convincing them of the wrong of such selfishness and depravity in themselves, you can no more do it than you can prove to a cat that it is wrong to eat mice."

Herbert Spencer would have us believe that one's character is a heritage from his ancestors, a cumulation of all the years of experience, of all the wills of those who have gone before him. It is useless to attempt to change a man's character. To do so one would have to start thousands of years before the individual ever was born.

Obviously it would be foolish to believe the statements of these men. It would be ridiculous to attempt to write a paper on the influence of college life on character, if one were to start by assuming these premises. We do not have to go far to show the falsity of these statements. As the old philosophers said, "*Contra factum non valet illatio*—Arguing cannot prevail against a demonstrated fact." And what could be more evident than that changes occur in the characters of all of us. We have seen strong men turn cravens under the influence of a secret fear. We have seen upright men rendered despicable through excess. We have seen moral degenerates win to respectability and honor through the influence of love or religion. Just as heredity and environment work changes in our bodies, so inevitably must they work kindred changes in our souls; so must they make impressions on our characters.

These impressions may be permanent or merely transitory. This factor is determined by both an objective and a subjective element. The sharper an impression is, evidently the deeper it will sink. The subjective element, however, is



more important. The matter, the material of the soul, as it were, will have most to say in determining the permanence of an impression. An impression in wax will be obliterated by the first breath of heat; but, a sword that has been heated in the fire and hammered laboriously into shape, will pierce through armor, and still retain its surface undented, and its edge unbroken. Souls are like that; some receive impressions easily and lose them just as easily, habits giving way to habits, fancy giving way to fancy, all at the least provocation; others, on the other hand, must go through fire to change their standards of conduct; they must be buffeted and pounded on the anvil of life in a red-hot state, to change their outlook on life; and when they do come, tempered and shaped from the final cooling, they retain their forms unchanged,—they may be battered, they may be dented, they may even be broken, but they never change. That is true character.

Character, after all, is determined not by what a man does, but what he is. We do not have to ask a man to perform some action in order to know that he is a man of character; we meet him, look him in the eye, perhaps grip his hand—immediately we say, "That is a man of character." When he enters a room we feel his presence, when he leaves something goes with him. His character may be good, or it may be bad, but no matter which it is, if he has a character it will be noticed.

There are some men without any character—"yes-men" they are called today. Although it is impossible for anything to exist without having a form, insofar as it is possible, the souls of such men are formless. They are shapeless pulp, jelly-fish, adapting themselves indiscriminately to any and all environments.

It is difficult to draw a distinction between good character and bad character. We know good character when we see it, and we know bad character when we see it. Yet we are at a loss to put the distinction into so many words. Perhaps our ends would be best served by an illustration. Let us take the case of the little crippled Italian boy whose mother peddled leeks and onions and garlic in the city where they lived. One morning it happened that the boy arrived at school before anyone else except another pupil older than himself, who was busily engaged in preparing some lessons. While the crippled boy was standing idly by, looking on, two other pupils came in,—young snobs who belonged to a wealthier

class of people. Almost immediately they began to tease the cripple. With jibes and taunts, they tried to wring from him some expression of anger or humiliation. But he endured their insults with assumed indifference, though his reddening cheeks and heaving bosom told how much he was inwardly feeling their cruel references to his misshapen body. They mimicked his deformity; they walked with humped backs; they pounded on the floor with one leg to imitate his crutch; they called him "camel-back," "cripple," "clown," "hobgoblin"; but to all these taunts he made no reply, till finally, they turned their attention to his mother. Then when one of the boys marched across the room, his arms bent as though carrying a couple of baskets, and in mocking tones mimicked the pedler's cry of: "Onions for sale! Leeks for sale! Garlic for sale!" the little fellow could stand it no longer. Beside himself with rage at this intolerable insult to his mother, he seized an ink-well from the desk and threw it with all his might at the head of the tormentor. The boy dodged; the ink-well sped on and struck the teacher, who entered the door just at that moment. No one spoke. The teacher looked from one face to the other. For a minute dead silence reigned. Then in a quiet voice she asked, "Who threw that ink bottle?" No one made a reply. With some asperity, she asked the question again. A moment's silence and then the studious pupil, who had taken no part in the affair whatever, arose from his seat and said, "I did, teacher." She looked at him, then at the cripple, and then at the two cringing cowards who had been the cause of all the mischief, turned to the boy who had confessed, and said, "You may be seated, George. I understand the situation perfectly." Then wheeling upon the two guilty ones, she said, with withering contempt, "As for you two, I consider you cowards of the most despicable kind!" With that she turned and left the room, and nothing more was done.

In this story we immediately pick out the types of character. First of all, we admire the self-sacrifice of George; he is a boy of true character. Next in our esteem is the little cripple. As long as insult was directed at himself alone he showed remarkable self-control; his defense of his mother, while not so magnanimous as his former action, is exceedingly human, and so excites our sympathy. He, too, is a boy of character. On the other hand, the two guilty boys who carried on the attack, impress us as cruel and cowardly. Theirs are bad characters.

Inasmuch, then, as character is susceptible to external influences, it is an interesting thing to consider just what influence has that all-important thing in the lives of American youth today, namely, college life. Just what is college life? To the casual observer, who gathers his impressions as well as his opinions from the newspapers, a college would seem to be a place where people, financially more fortunate than others, send their sons and daughters to keep them out of mischief in the budding years of their adolescence. Naturally, a college is not a jail. So in order to keep youthful hands and minds busy, a thing called a curriculum has been invented. This is in the hands of a sedate body of men known as the faculty. Faculty members, incidentally, are all old, tall, thin, bespectacled and totally lacking in a sense of humor. First of all, in the curriculum are the studies. Of course, no one ever pays any attention to these except a despicable band of narrow-chested introverts known as "grinds," or, occasionally, as "greasy grinds," just as their degree of application to study dictates. The most important thing, of course, is athletics. The standing of a college is determined by the bigness and roughness of its football team; its place in the sun is appointed by the ability of its coaches to turn out "bigger and better" athletes. The caste and social standing in college circles of a member of the football team is only approximated by that of a cheer-leader. For those who are unable to attain to such high estate, there remain only "student activities." These may consist of anything from green socks and yellow neckties to fraternities, proms, co-eds, college slang and freshmen. College life is something that begins with a hazing, and ends with one being obliged to tag to the back of his name forevermore the enigmatic and puzzling letters, B. A., or the peculiar and undignified ones, B. S.

Of course, this conception is an unfair and unworthy one, but, nevertheless, it is one which the "movie-mind" would have us accept. In reality, college life is far from simple; it is a great and a complex thing. It does not consist alone of studies, nor of athletics, nor student activities; it is not merely a matter of going to school and acquiring an amount of more or less useless erudition. College is a little world of its own, moving in its own orbit, pursuing its own course. It is a little society of its own; it has its own rules, its own conventions, its own code of ethics. As far as it is possible to analyze college life, its main factors are naturally

first of all books, teachers and studies. These are the primary requisites in any college, the foundation on which the superstructure of "student activities" is built. Next in order, would come the free intercourse between young minds, the exchange of youthful ideas and youthful ideals; and next, the many conventions that have attached themselves to college life; finally, athletics.

And now, does college life really exercise a definite influence on the character of the student? Is this influence for the good or for the bad? Is it permanent or only transitory?

I think that we may concede that college life does exercise a profound influence over the student's mind and character. If it were only for the fact that college students are generally young, and youthful minds are always open to impressions, we would have to grant this. No one denies that the youth who takes a college course is of an entirely different stamp than the person who does not. Even those hereditary foes of college education, those business men who have not had the opportunity of receiving an education themselves and still have succeeded in piling up money, concede that college works a change in a man. Naturally, they see a change for the worse. Since they know nothing of college life, except what they can glean from the newspapers, the movies and the so-called college "humor" magazines, their ideas as to what constitutes a student and a college graduate are rather hazy. They are not slow at filling out details from their own fertile imaginations. A college man to them is a beautiful idler; he is equipped with a full vocabulary of slang, in the use of which he is quite adept and which gives him the claim to possessing what in these days passes for wit; he pays little attention to his studies, is interested chiefly in liquor, high powered cars, and co-eds; he is a parasite, but he is tolerated because he is harmless, and with his eternally changing fads and fancies, often amusing; at worst, he will turn out to be a spender of his father's hard-earned millions; at best, a radio announcer or dramatic critic.

Business men who know just a very little bit more, go on to criticise him in a different manner; college life, they say, gives a man a superficial polish, a desire for the softer things of life, expensive tastes without the means of satisfying them. It takes a youth's mind, they say, away from the practical things of life, and makes him concern himself solely with useless theory. He is not trained in meeting the even-



tualities of everyday life in the business world; he can only meet them with theory. He must begin his practical education, just where the young man who left school to work, began his, with this difference, that he is ten years or so late in starting.

Especially in the matter of making a living is the college graduate at a disadvantage. And is not that, they ask, the important thing in life? No matter how high a man's ideals are, no matter what theories he has, they are useless to himself and the world at large, if he cannot keep himself alive and propagate them. They maintain that the college man is soft, that he has not been trained in the school of experience. He has not acquired a taste for hard work, during his adolescence, when habits are formed. For no matter what one may say, in the matter of arduousness, wielding a pen cannot be compared with wielding a pick. The person who goes to work at a comparatively early age has formed the habit of looking on work as a necessity, because it is the only means of securing the much desired "bread and butter." The college graduate, on the other hand, so they say, is not yet accustomed to working strenuously; he has not yet learned the full significance of that divine decree: "By the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt earn thy bread." And so he is inclined to chafe at his bonds, to be thinking of green golf swards and blue skies, when his mind should be concerned with profits and losses.

This kind of thinking is an insult to the great mass of college students, and an affront to college life. There are students, I am sorry to say, many students, who conform to this opinion of them; but, in contrast to them there are the sincere students to whom college means the first step in the attainment of ideals. They are the ones who will be found wielding both pick and pen—the former after school hours, in order to pay their way through school, the latter far into the night, that they may hold their own in school. But it is not our intention to establish a brief for the college man in business, as against the man who has not had a college education; that is another question. Our intention is to show that college life exercises a beneficial effect on character.

To show the effect that college life has on character is a problem of many angles, as many angles as there are influences brought to bear on the students' minds. In the first place, studying has a definite effect on a man's character.

Naturally it sharpens his intellectual faculties; it shows him the right ways of thinking; it gives him, as it were, a criterion by which to adjust his habits of thought; it brings his mind in contact with the great minds of ages gone by. Besides, it affords excellent practice in self-discipline; it helps to develop will-power, and that priceless characteristic, in any field of endeavor whatsoever, namely, restraint.

The man who can chain his restless body, that longs to be up and away, to a desk, while his mind wrestles valiantly with the intricacies of a problem in calculus, is certainly developing will-power and self-discipline. By association with the minds and works of the masters the student learns restraint. Let us take a man who is studying music; he takes up the symphonies of Beethoven. He learns to appreciate and to love them. He sees that they are not the work of a day, nor a month, nor a year; they are the culmination of a lifetime's toil. They are not unbridled effusions, passionate outbursts. Beyond their loveliest beauty, beyond their deepest passion and their loftiest grandeur, there is always restraint—the restraint of years of work, of musical forms and of perfect harmony. Masterpieces in painting are not all reds and oranges and purples; they are products of restraint. A literary classic is not a collection of high sounding metaphors and figures of speech; these are the exception. Good writing is simple, natural, a product of restraint. Students learn to recognize this and to assimilate into their characters this first element of true greatness.

Athletics have a certain effect on the character of the students. They ought to teach sportsmanship, manhood, and show the benefits of organization. But, since they are available directly only to a small portion of the students, it will be well, I think, to pass them over as an influence, with only this brief reference.

These are only the obvious influences of college life on character; the ones that are universally conceded. College has a higher office than that of merely educating young people to make a living.

College life, first of all, develops taste and men of taste. It shows him the difference between "seeing big" and "looking big." He can appreciate the feelings of the artist, whether musician, writer, or painter, who starves and turns out masterpieces when he might be living in circumstances of prosperity, by prostituting his art to baser usages. He is trained

to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious. He can glance at a "best-seller" and immediately recognize it as the trash which it really is. He gets beneath the outer surface and sees only the truth. His ear is attuned to the harmony of the universe. He can place it to the breast of the earth and hear there, even through the poundings and beatings of the machinery of industrialism, the deep, steady beat of nature's heart.

College life gives a man vision. His is the eye that penetrates through the fogs of doubt and uncertainty to the shining truth ahead. He is the one that strips the earth of illusions. He can see through the mists of intrigue and dishonest politics, that enshroud the course of society's progress, and see the Utopia ahead. And, although the world would never admit it, it looks to the educated man to lead the way; it looks to him for new ideas, for reform. The college is the best breeding-place for the development of new ideas. The congregation of young minds furnishes a fertile field for this purpose. There ideas sprout and grow, and are developed to their full stature. There is nothing to prohibit this growth. Youth finds in youth a sympathy that it would never meet with in older people. The young people are freed from the onus of self-consciousness, and thus can progress along absolutely new and original lines.

Again, innovations and reforms do not have the terror for the youth that they have for older people; the new does not frighten them off. Ibsen recognized this fact. In "The Enemy of the People," he makes Petra, the young school teacher, an advocate for reform, a champion of the new ideals. Dr. Stockmann, in the same play, finds that the ultimate solution of the problem that confronts society, is the education of the youths to the right way of thinking. Trained minds know what is best for the people, better than the people do themselves. Colleges, then, are the logical places for the training of these youths who are to lead humanity from the darkness into the light.

Only the college trained mind and character can really recognize and appreciate truth and beauty. Students learn to form standards for themselves; their minds are brought into contact with what Emerson calls the oversoul of the universe—all that is good and true and beautiful, handed down through the ages by the men who have gone before us. It is the heritage of the college man and his duty to preserve

all the beauty that is in the world, to appreciate the beauty that is around him, to create new beauty. Here is another mark of the college man, and of the character that has been developed in college; it is creative. While the materialist is content to wallow in the mire of his own self-sufficiency, seeing nothing higher than pleasure, while the industrialist plunges himself into a sea of commercialism, seeking only self-enrichment, the college man creates; he strives for the advance for society; he seeks beauty; his life is dedicated to service. Where the business man sees only a good location for a glue factory, the educated man might find the inspiration for a song. The former is unproductive; if left to himself he will degenerate; the latter will progress. His heart knows truth and beauty and his will strives ever toward them.

But most important of all, the college establishes and creates ideals. In these days of gross materialism, of the tearing down of ideals, of "debunking," as it is popularly called, this is of paramount importance. The dirty paws of cynics are fouling our ideals with their insidious propaganda; the fogs of agnosticism are closing around them, while profane hands are reaching up to tear them from their pedestals. When there is nothing left for man to raise his eyes to, they will turn toward the ground, will dwell upon the appearance of his own filthy state; he will degenerate and sink deeper and deeper into the bogs toward ultimate destruction. Thank God that colleges exist to defend ideals, to brush away the fog that surrounds them, to mold characters to appreciate and love and serve them.

Colleges mold characters to know the ideals of beauty, truth and love. College men are trained to fight the battles of ideals. They take them and place them beside the stars. Then they set their feet on the path that leads to them, and looking straight ahead, veering neither to the right nor to the left, they forge steadily ahead, never faltering until they have accomplished their ultimate attainment.

Thus do they blaze the trail of progress, and show humanity the road to greatness and happiness.

THOS. F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



## *Valedictory—Our Book Friends*

Rt. Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. President and Members of the Faculty, Rev. Fathers, Fellow Graduates, Ladies and Gentlemen:



T last we, who are being graduated tonight, have reached the end of our studies. We have passed through long years of training and now are here present as successful graduates. But the fact that we have come thus far along the road of learning does not imply that we have attained the ultimate consummation of all wisdom; it does not mean that with the laying aside of these caps and gowns we must lay aside all interest in study and education.

Some people imagine that graduation day draws a line of demarcation between the land of knowledge, which they fancy is a sort of dreamland in which one pursues will-o'-the-wisps termed ideals, and the land of reality in which the only ideal is the dollar, and the only duty that of providing oneself with a living. They labor under the delusion that when one has completed his schooling he has merely ended a period of more or less useless idling. Only when he has finished school does he begin his real experience in the School of Life, or, as some call it, the School of Hard Knocks.

This is a false opinion. The School of Book Learning and the School of Experience are not separated by the boundary line of Graduation Day. The former is a part of the latter. A person is matriculated into the School of Experience, when, as a new-born babe, he has drawn his first reluctant breath on this vale of sorrow and of fun.

Education is merely an incident, an elective study if you will, in the curriculum of the School of Experience. While it can and does provide us with a way of making a living, and with the weapons and protection against the adversities of life, let us not imagine that such is its only end. One can become rich or famous without going to college; one can even save his soul without going to college; but without going to college one passes by many of life's sweetest delights, or to speak more simply, one misses an awful lot of fun.

How this is I shall endeavor to show you. I shall not try to demonstrate the benefits one derives from going to college; they are many and self-evident. But I will try to

show that a college education gives one pleasures and advantages that can be got in no other way.

For we are all heirs—heirs to a wonderful heritage. Unbelievable treasures are ours—all the beauty that has been created since the dawn of time: paintings, sculpture, music, poetry, even the greatest thought and the loftiest inspirations of those who have gone before us, as recorded in literature—all are ours for the asking; all have been preserved and handed down to us as the rightful heirs.

How can we claim our heritage? One way is by going to college; for college sharpens our perceptions and thus enables us to pierce the veil that surrounds us and lay claim to the wealth that lies beyond. And once we have established contact with the thoughts and the ideals of the great men of the past, we acquire by association some of their keen insight into life; we learn to distinguish between petty things and great; we are elevated to a higher plane, and there surrounded by the clear, heady atmosphere of truth we view life in its true perspective.

Now, we are college men, college graduates. We have attained the eminence and the clear vision of which I speak. Shall we allow ourselves to slip from our lofty place? Shall we permit our vision to grow blinded when we lay aside our caps and gowns tonight and step forth into the world? How can we avoid doing this? There is one way. That is by reading—by associating with books. As regards this, Carlyle even went so far as to say that: "The true University of these days is a Collection of Books."

And so, when you have left school, invest all the money you can in books. Just think what a collection of books means. Consider what you have in the smallest but choice library. The wisest men and the wittiest that could be picked out of all civilized countries in a thousand years have set in the best order the results of their learning and wisdom. Many of these writers were themselves hidden and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced in by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friends is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

We can never be alone in a library, because we are surrounded by souls, the souls of the world's greatest men. These are all our dear friends. They are anxious and eager to help us. They are willing to match our every mood; we can

laugh with them, argue with them, think with them—yes, and when our hearts are sad, when there is no one else to whom we can take our grief, there is always a book. For a book has a heart—to sympathize—to understand.

But, books may not speak until they are spoken to. That is their particular limbo: to be bound and imprisoned, helpless to aid us, unless we by our intellect and industry raise them from the material plane of paper and leather to the spiritual world of thought and idea. And when they are eager to speak, straining at their bonds, as it were, to help us, what an insult it must be to them to be spurned and forgotten, left lying on their shelves through the years, gathering the dust of neglect. You would not insult a friend who was eager to help you; never be guilty of a like affront to a book!

Make friends with your books! To do this, a man must first understand them. He must know something of the time and the locality in which the books were written. He must know something of the author, the record of whose thoughts they are. He must learn to what circumstances they owe their birth and under what circumstances they were born. He must study their characters and familiarize himself with their idiosyncrasies. Knowing books, he cannot help loving them any more than steel can help being attracted by a magnet.

And then again, one has a wider field of choice in choosing a book than one has in choosing a friend. Oftentimes we are barred from associating with people we would like to know by barriers of caste, by social distinctions; but in the democracy of books there are no social distinctions; there are no barriers. In fact, the more universal a book is, the surer will be its appeal, the wider its circle of friends. All we have to do with books is to choose and poets will sing for us; historians depict for us; princes and peasants will file past for our amusement, as well as our instruction; philosophers will become our advisers and confidants.

But in choosing a book one must be just as careful and painstaking as in choosing a friend. There are so many books: thousands pour off the press every year. Among all these, there must be some mean ones, some evil, some vicious, some trivial, some vulgar. How are we to distinguish them? Their covers and their pages all look alike. We can sometimes tell a friend by his face, but we can never tell a book by its cover.

How, then, can we keep from making friends with mean, vicious or silly books? The way to do this is by **acquiring literary taste.**

Literary taste is acquired by constant study of the classics and masterpieces—the works that have stood the test of time, and by their survival have proved themselves the fittest. Have nothing to do with new or modern books until you have acquired literary taste. Associate yourself only with book-friends of tried and established character. Introduce yourself into their circle and there you will surely learn all that is necessary in order to preserve that rich legacy of truth and beauty that has been bequeathed to you.

It is to these book-friends, then, that I commend you now, on this our graduation day, our last day together. They will never fail you nor prove false. They will never allow your minds to be made coarse, nor your love for the beautiful to be degraded.

And so, as I bid you all farewell here tonight—farewell to you, Father Hehir and all your associates with whom I and all of us have spent so many happy and fruitful years, farewell to you my classmates, and farewell to you all our dearest friends—I am not too sad, for I know that though we shall be deprived of each other, we shall still have our faithful book-friends; and I do not fear for the future, for I know that we shall all be in the best of hands.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.







# SANCTUM

## EDITORIALS

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### *Enter a New Editor*



WE doubt if ever there was an editor who, in writing his first editorial, failed to say, "It is with mingled emotions that I take up this task." This statement has grown a bit threadbare, possibly, but it is, nevertheless, a very logical thing to say. So we do hereby subscribe to it. A large number of erudite editors of the **Monthly** have said the same thing in the past, and there is no reason why an upstart, unless he is of considerable originality, should throw it into the discard.

Our first feeling, on being made editor, is one of sincere gratitude to those responsible for our election. The position of editor of the **Monthly** is one of the highest within the grasp of Duquesne students, and we must confess to a thrill of pride that the position has come our way. But after this momentary thrill has gone, comes a realization of the enormity of the task. The **Monthly** has made its greatest progress during the last three years, under the editorship of such men as James McCaffrey, Cyril Vogel, and Thomas F. Henninger. In each of these three years, some new department has been added, or change has been effected that has greatly enhanced the popularity of the **Monthly**. They have set a precedent that will be hard to equal, much less surpass. So it seems that the present editor will spend his vacation racking his brain to think up something new for next year. What it will be we don't know at present, but we can hope for the best, and remember that, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

In spite of the slightly pessimistic assertions above, we look forward to next year with unshakable confidence, born

of the fact that the **Monthly** staff for this and the succeeding issues of next year is as capable and experienced as any that preceded it. Nearly all have held staff positions before, and have been frequent and successful contributors in the past. Walter Barrett should be a worthy successor to George Haber as a humorist; conditions will be reversed when the present **Monthly** editor bosses his assistant, John Stafford, under whom he worked on the "Monacle." And that is mentioning only a couple. They are all worthy of the office they hold.

Last year the **Monthly** editor adopted a slogan, "A bigger and better **Monthly**." We choose to retain it. But for the present, Au Revoir; we'll see you in September.

RALPH L. HAYES, A. B., '29.

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## *The Monacle*



WHEN the Duquesne University year book, the "Monacle," was first placed in circulation a few weeks before the close of the school year, it was greeted with gasps of astonishment. It was so beautiful and complete, so far superior to the Grand Duke, superior even to the annuals of many larger Universities, that it greatly exceeded the expectations of the students. And in those gasps of pleased surprise, John Stafford, the editor, reaped the reward for months of unremitting toil.

Few students realize what a task it is to edit a University year book. Few realize what a great amount of money is needed, and how carefully it must be nursed to make ends meet. Even under normal circumstances, it is a job worthy of a professional journalist, not for a student who can give it only a part of his time. The "Monacle" was not produced under normal circumstances. A late start, advertising difficulties, and a hundred and one other things offered grave problems. That is why we should treasure and appreciate it more fully—not only for its beauty, but because of the human effort behind it. That is why the **Monthly** wishes to take this opportunity of congratulating John Stafford and his staff for producing a masterpiece. And we hope that, in future years, Duquesne will be fortunate enough to have men of his great zeal and ability, so that the standard set by the first "Monacle" will always be retained.

JOHN P. DESMOND, A. B., '29.

## *Duquesne Day by Day*



WE do not recall having seen anything as brilliant as the display of Duquesne University last Sunday morning at St. Paul's Cathedral. Spectators along the line of march and on the cathedral steps gazed with emotion and delight on the procession of Deans and Faculty and almost two hundred graduates from the various schools, all in Academic costume of many colors, set off by the well-known red and blue of their Alma Mater. Through the courtesy of the Brothers in charge of the Cathedral High School for Boys, the halls of the High School were used as robing rooms. All the Liturgical and artistic loveliness of the cathedral itself was on display for the occasion; the almost unearthly splendor of purple and gold in the Sanctuary, and the solemn sweet majesty of music echoing in the aisles. The Right Reverend Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh and Chancellor of the University, pontificated at the solemn Mass, assisted by the Very Rev. W. J. McMullen, rector of the cathedral, with the Rev. Fathers Chas. Stepling, LL.D., and M. Boyle, LL.D., Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and the Rev. Fathers P. Maher, LL.D., and H. Gilbert, A.M., Deacons of Honor, while the Rev. Arthur Burns, of the cathedral, was Master of Ceremonies. Dr. Rossini's choir sang a special Mass for the celebration, and the Right Rev. John J. McCort, Bishop of Altoona, delivered the Baccalaureate Address. The Rev. Fathers G. Bullion, D.D., and M. Brennan, A.M., were deacons to Bishop McCort. The venerable Monsignor Martin Ryan, assisted by the Rev. John Enright, LL.D., of St. Bede's, was also in the Sanctuary. The address was not only eloquent in its presentation, but graceful and touching in its expression of the glory of Catholic Education and of the exaltation of Duquesne.

The President of Duquesne University, the Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, C.S.Sp., LL.D., long associated with the history of Duquesne in these past fifty years, felt, in the midst of the clergy and people of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, to whom he is so well known, that the wonder of this morning in which Religion and Learning joined hands so auspiciously

in the hallowed Sanctuary of the cathedral, was some reward for the long, patient years of obscurity during which the University was struggling for its very existence, and remembered with gratitude the generous co-operation of the members of the faculty and the manifold kindnesses and unceasing encouragement which Duquesne has received from the present Bishop, as well as from the former Bishops of this Diocese, without which Duquesne could never have grown from its humble beginning on Wylie Avenue to the magnificent institution it has become. Duquesne University has now an enrollment of over three thousand students, and its graduates hold positions of honor and trust, not only in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, but all over the United States. Mr. Thomas F. Henninger, B.A., '28, was marshal of the procession.

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The Duquesne University Golden Jubilee Pageant, "The Spirit Giveth Life," written by the Rev. John Malloy, C.S.Sp., and Paul G. Sullivan, was presented before large crowds at the Syria Mosque on the afternoon and evening of June 5. Combining all the color and splendor of pageantry with real dramatic merit and beautiful music, the Pageant could not have been anything but a success. It was a glorious tribute to Duquesne's fifty years of existence, and to the men whose work and sacrifice, have given the University the place it holds today in the world of learning and culture.

The two authors cannot be too highly praised for their work, but there are several others who also deserve a large share of the credit for the success of the Pageant. One is Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, the director. Duquesne is fortunate in having so experienced and capable a man, for to direct a cast of several hundred is a gigantic undertaking. Two others to whom unstinted praise can be given are Mr. Rauterkus and Father Parent, who arranged the musical score. Their taste in picking their selections and in training and conducting the University Orchestra, were worthy of such a splendid affair.

CHARLES O. RICE, A. B., '30.



# *Fiftieth Annual Commencement of Duquesne University*

## Graduates, 1928

### (a) COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

#### (1) The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on

Sister M. Raymond Abbaticchio	John Gabriel McCartney
Raymond Aloysius Berg	Catherine Anthony McDermott
Sister M. Gerard Berry	Margaret Mary McDermott
Joseph Francis Bodnar	Joseph James McDonald
William Edward Burns	John Edward McGrady
Anna Caecilia Carlin	Sister M. Sebastian McGrath
Sister M. Jean Cavanaugh	James McGurk
George Joseph Collins	John Francis McKenna
Honora Joseph Conway	Michael Aloysius McNally
Michael Joseph Dwyer	Augustine Charles Marzhauser
Katherine Murning Farrell	Martin Joseph Mooney, Jr.
Sister M. Adelaide Fitzgerald	Charles Edward Mullan
Sister M. Ignatia Gast	Joseph Patrick Mulvihill
Nicholas James Georganas	John Francis Murphy
Anthony Joseph Hackett	Sister M. Gabriella Nee
*Thomas Francis Henninger	Sister M. Thaddea Neidert
Frederick Theodore Hoeger	Richard George Ober
William Joseph Holt	James Francis Olko
John Paul Janczukiewicz	Joseph Stephen Pavlik
Joseph B. Kelly	Sister M. Agneta Schmitt
William Joseph Keown	Sister M. Seraphine Seikel
Sister M. Lucilla Koenigsamen	Sister M. Irene Spang
Sister M. Hedwig Krieglstein	Henry Philip Thiefls
John Myles Lambert	Sister M. Benigna Vorholt
Sister M. Cherubin Lauer	Sister M. Consilia Vorholt
Sister M. Laura Lawecka	Sister M. Bertrand Wall
Anthony Francis Lechner	Sister M. Alacoeque Winschel
Sister Laura Lohfink	Sister M. Callista Winter
	Sister M. Edith Young

\*Summa cum laude

#### (2) The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy was conferred on

Raymond Vincent Kirk  
Thomas Joseph McCarty

## **Fall Term Graduates**

#### The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on

Sister M. Vincentia Andres	Sister Amanda Kawalkowska
Sister M. Lucina Appel	Sister M. Gabriel Langan
Sister M. Cecilia Beck	Sister M. Sylvester Leahy
Sister M. Thecla Carroll	Sister M. Emily Miller
Sister M. Dymna Deasy	Sister Joseph Teresa McHugh
Sister M. Electa Glowienke	Sister M. Elizabeth O'Connor
Sister M. Gertrude Ivory	Sister Theophane Ruskowska
Sister M. Edmund Jacob	Sister M. Aquina Wacker
Sister M. Victorine Jacob	Sister M. Deo Cora Wehrheim

#### The Degree of Bachelor of Literature was conferred on

Sister M. Michaela Jenkins  
Sister Francis de Sales Smith  
Sister Mary Joseph Swint

### (b) COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

#### The Degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on

Joseph H. Carazola	John Frederick Matejczyk
Francis William Conlon, M.D.	John Francis Murphy
Harry F. Davies, M.D.	Thomas F. O'Leary
Timothy P. Healy	Leo A. Pokropski
Russell Edwin Irish, D.D.S.	William Peter Reckley, M.D.
Bernard J. Johnston	Edward Anthony Shields
Harry James Jordan	Vincent William Simpson
Aloysius August Laurent	Christian John Stoecklein
	Harold Raymond Vogel

### (c) SCHOOL OF LAW

The Degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on

Benjamin Amdur, B.S. in E.	Robert McWade
John K. Baird, B.S. in E.	Joseph Alphonse Macko, A.B.
Edward Carol Boyle, B.S. in E.	John Edward Monaghan, A.B.
Hugh Charles Boyle, A.B.	Daniel Stephen Newman, A.B.
Paul Raymond Butler, A.B.	Charles Nussbaum, B.S.
Benjamin Baer Crone	Harry X. O'Brien, B.S. in E.
Edward Paul Curran	Charles Vincent O'Connor, A.B.
Rose Daniels, A.B.	William Andrew Rapp, B.S. in E.
Edward Leo Duffy, B.S. in E.	Alexander Patton Rogers
Reuben Gershon, B.S. in E.	Abe James Rosenbleet
Samuel Ginsburg, A.B.	Marvin S. Samberg, B.S.
Albert Louis Greenberg, B.S.	Bernard A. Scheinholtz, B.S. in E.
John Bernard Harvey, B.S. in E.	Alexander H. Schullman, B.S. in E.
Raphael Joseph Hopkins	Nathan John Serbin, B.S. in E.
Benjamin Hushan, B.S. in E.	Hyman H. Specter
William Kalson, B.S. in C.E.	John Francis Stack
Paul Joseph Kontul, A.B.	Austin Leander Staley
M. Hubert Kowallis	Julius John Strba
Peter Warren Krise, A.B.	Paul Gerard Sullivan, A.M.
Harry Lazer, A.B.	Marcus Susman
Walter Clingerman MacFarlane, B.S. in E.	Vergil Wesley Thomas, B.S.
Francis William McGuire	Edward Joseph Wolinsky, B.S. in E.

### (d) SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS

(1) The Degree of Bachelor of Commerce was conferred on

Hugh Richard Dawson	Walter John Olson
Mary Magdalene Fitch	Joseph William Parnes
Mary Ann Holland	Abe Fred Young

(2) The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics was conferred on

Edward John Abel	James G. Legnard
William F. Adler	Andrew William Lippay
Stanley Thomas Augustyn	Francis John Loftus
Morgan William Baker	Julius John Lucas
C. E. Berry	James F. McDunn
James John Billock	Arthur Francis McGervey
Zelig Breakstone	Bernadine Veronica McNanamy
Bernard Martin Campbell	James Regis Meehan
Francis P. Cavanaugh	Joseph D. Mitchell
Bernard Francis Clohessy	John Henry Moriarity
Vincent Earl Coll	John Francis Murray
Newell Francis Crates	Jules Joseph Naples
John F. Curran	Thomas Murray O'Donnell
Martin E. Cusick	Harold Francis Patterson
John Francis Delaney	Sigmund Petraitis
Francis Albert De Sanctis	John Gabriel Polens
William S. Diven	Charles Jerry Reich
Joseph F. Donahoe	John J. Rizzo
Andrew Blaise Dugo	Charles Patrick Rooney
Robert Charles Ebitz	Aloysius Joseph Scalay
William Howard Foster	Richard James Schradweg
Charles L. Frank	Benjamin R. Sesser
Christmas George Gillotti	Earl Rufus Sidler
Chester I. Greene	Andrew John Siuty
Henry John Halliwell	Joseph Robert Spisak
Nicholas Haydock	Aurelius Tua
R. J. Hogan	Leo Weisman
John Daniel Holahan	Edward Welsh, Jr.
Catherine Theresa Holland	Maurice A. Wheeler
Nathan Holstein	John F. White
John William Joyce	Maurice James White
Walter J. Laska	Samuel S. Wolf
Ralph Jerome Lebovitz	William Bernard Zimmerman

Solomon Zions

## **Fall Term Graduates**

The Degree of Bachelor of Commerce was conferred on

James A. Waltz

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics was conferred on

Patrick Edward Fitzsimmons

Anna Elizabeth Schade

Elizabeth Anne Seberry

### **(e) SCHOOL OF DRAMA AND SPEECH ARTS**

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Drama was conferred on

Rose Virginia Brennan

Blanche Schultz

Claire Margaret Wehmeier

Catherine Winter

### **(f) SCHOOL OF PHARMACY**

The Degree of Graduate in Pharmacy is conferred on

Ralph R. Abel

Harry Abramson

Mary Louise Benson

Leo B. Brosky

Eugene Paul Callaghan

H. Herman Eisenberg

Delbert Philip Fulton

Matthew Giordano

William Goodman

Edward Joseph Hadel

John Bracken Johnson

Ralph Joseph Kreuer

James R. Kelly

Dan Makagon

Francis Arthur Molinari

Dennis Lawrence Murphy

Louis Charles Perrone

Stanley Paul Prokopowicz

Jacob M. Rosenberg

Talferd Samuel Runkle

William Settino

Bernard Stern

William Louis Thompson

Simeon Anthony Velar

Edward Weiss

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy was conferred on

Louis B. Franchina

### **(g) SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Music was conferred on

Sister M. Loretta Montague

### **(h) SCHOOL OF EDUCATION**

(1) The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Education was conferred on

Sister M. Helen Degnan

Sister M. Adele McCullough

Sister M. Stanislaus Power

Mary John Maloney

Alice Loretta Phipps

(2) The Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Education was conferred on

Sister M. Angelica Black

Sister M. Hilary Conrad

## (i) GRADUATE SCHOOL

### (1) The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on

Sister M. Aloysia Bauman, A.B.	Sister M. Niederberger, A.B.
Mary Gertrude Caulfield, A.B.	Sister M. Aquinas O'Brien, A.B.
Sister M. Ambrosia Durkin, A.B.	Joseph A. Pobleschek, A.B.
Sister M. Grace Gilboy, A.B.	Sister M. Columban Saunders, A.B.
George Mortimer Haber, A.B.	John Henry Savulak, A.B.
Sister Jean Francis Heinrich, A.B.	Sister M. Germaine Seibel, A.B.
Sister Margarita Mary MacQuaig, A.B.	Sister M. Clara Sheehy, A.B.
Sister M. Lucy McGinty, A.B.	Madeleine Esther Skelly, A.B.
Sister M. de Chantal Mulligan, A.B.	Sister M. Callista Steggert, A.B.

### (2) The Degree of Master of Science in Economics was conferred on

Bernard Francis Clohessy, B.S. in E.  
Elmer Elvin Spanabel, B.S. in E.

### (3) The Degree of Master of Business Administration was conferred on

Samuel John Hughes, B.S. in E.  
Lonnie L. Statler, B.S. in E.

### (4) The Degree of Master of Arts in Music was conferred on

James Bernard Parent, A.B. in Music  
Joseph Augustus Rauterkus, A.B. in Music

### (5) The Degree of Master of Science was conferred on

Stephen A. Yesko, M. D.

### (6) The Degree of Master of Laws was conferred on

Timothy F. Ryan, LL.B.

### (7) The Degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on

Joseph A. H. Kelly, M.Sc. in E.



## Medals and Other Honors

### STUDENT ACTIVITIES KEYS WERE AWARDED TO

Raymond A. Berg	Paul G. Sullivan	Maurice J. White
Thomas F. Henninger	John D. Holohan	F. Arthur Molinari
Michael A. McNally	Arthur F. McGervey	

The Lehn and Fink Gold Medal for Excellence in Pharmacy, EDWARD JOSEPH HADEL  
 Battershell Prize for Excellence in Pharmacy, EDWARD JOSEPH HADEL  
 Barrett Prize for Excellence in Materia Medica, H. HERMAN EISENBERG  
 Kappa Sigma Phi Essay Prize, THOMAS F. HENNINGER  
 GOLD MEDAL for Excellence in College of Science, ALOYSIUS A. LAURENT  
 Father Hehir Memorial Prize for Oratory in Law School, JAMES W. McGOWAN  
 GOLD MEDAL for Oratory in College of Arts, WALTER A. MAHLER  
 GOLD MEDAL for Philosophy, JOHN FRANCIS MURPHY  
 Tri-State Conference Gold Medal for Proficiency in Athletics and Studies, STANLEY P. PROKOPOWICZ  
 GOLD MEDAL for General Excellence, THOMAS F. HENNINGER

## Honorary Degrees

- (1) The Degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on

Rev. Louis Haas, O.S. B.  
 Rt. Rev. John J. McCort, D.D., Bishop of Altoona  
 Rev. John M. A. Sparrow, O.S.A.

- (2) The Degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on

Thomas Stockham Baker                      James P. Kerr, M.D.                      Edward J. McCague, M.D.

- (3) The Degree of Doctor of Science in Architecture was conferred on

Albert Francis Link

- (4) The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on

Joseph Albert Beck, LL.B.  
 Rev. Michael P. Boyle, A.B.  
 Rev. Joseph H. Cronenberger, C.S.Sp., A.M.  
 Rt. Rev. James J. Hartley, D.D., Bishop of Columbus  
 Albert Joseph Loeffler, Esq.  
 James Francis McKenna, Esq.  
 Rev. Patrick Edward Maher, A.B.  
 Rev. Charles J. Stepling  
 Rt. Rev. John J. Swint, D.D., Bishop of Wheeling

- (5) The Degree of Doctor of Commercial Science was conferred on

Elmer G. Miller

- (6) The Degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on

John McCormack  
 Joseph Victor O'Brien, M.A. in Mus.

Diplomas for eminent civic and benevolent service were awarded to

Mrs. John R. Hermes	Honorable John S. Herron
Miss Gertrude McCaffrey	James Houlahen
Miss Ella G. Maloney	Frank J. Lanahan
Mrs. J. C. Reilly	Frank T. Lauinger
Mrs. P. Wall	B. W. Lewis
Honorable Joseph G. Armstrong	Honorable P. J. McArdle
Honorable E. V. Babcock	William C. McEldowney
James Dawson Callery	Honorable Charles C. McGovern
Thomas J. Caughlin	Honorable James F. Malone
Honorable W. Y. English	Eugene S. Reilly
J. Rogers Flannery	Joseph H. Reiman
Honorable Frank J. Harris	Daniel Winters

## *Book Forum*

### THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY—By H. G. Wells



R. H. G. WELLS is a contemporary English writer of decidedly radical views as regards some things, especially religion and economics, and to some extent politics. He has shown this radical viewpoint in many of his works and it crops out here and there in the *Outline of History*.

From what I have read concerning his everyday and personal life, I will make these brief statements concerning the man himself. He is a man of great energy and powers of concentration, never appearing to suffer from fatigue. He is, both mentally and physically, very active, since he not only writes books and articles, but also engages in many active sports and games. It is said that he frequently will work on a manuscript for a few hours; stop, take a few hours of strenuous exercise at tennis or some other sport, and then go back to his writing. He never rests from his work for any length of time; when he is finished with one book, he immediately starts on another.

He has many friends and is well known as a congenial and hospitable host, an accomplishment which genius rarely has. His conversation is brilliant and engaging and "he has a neat, malicious humor which delights him as much as it delights his friends, and is most often displayed when he is attacking someone."

To my way of thinking, he permits his opinions and views to become biased at times by the environment in which he was reared, and by superficial, transient conditions in the world about him. He has an attractive, although laborious style, and in the *Outline of History* his imagination is certainly unusual to say the least.

The *Outline of History* contains a fairly complete description of the sequence of events in the history of mankind from the first beginning of this earth and the first living cell to the world as it is in the year 1920. I have read the first two volumes of the set of four and have just skimmed through the last two, so my report will be based mainly on the first half of the "Outline."

The work begins with the Earth and the Universe, giving a short evolution of our world and its relative position and size in the heavens. He then proceeds to substantiate his theories and fortify his proposition of evolution of man by the record of the rocks. By a comprehensive and somewhat logical process the different phases in the scientific theory of evolution are treated, and the rise of mankind, races, thought, language, writing, and civilization are linked and presented in order.

The arrival of the priest in history is traced to the early Egyptians at the beginning of civilization. The priests are soon superseded as the ruling powers and leaders of men by the kings. And with the advent of the kings, there came the social classes.

At this point, Mr. Wells gives a short treatise on the place of the Jews in these early times, which is taken from the stories in the Old Testament.

The rise of the Persian Empire and its decline; the coming of Greek civilization; the great influence of Greek philosophy, as expounded by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, is next handled in detail.

Then Alexander the Great appears in the "Outline" and occupies a very formidable place, founding cities and establishing scientific centers.

Alexandria, founded by Alexander in Egypt, blossomed forth into a center of science, religion, and philosophy, only to fade out with the rise of the Roman Empire.

Mr. Wells interposes here the small start, flourish and eventual corruption and extinction of Buddhism in Asia. The Indian prophet Gautama was the founder of this faith; but, due to the ineffective means at that time of transmitting thoughts and ideas to future generations, the original Buddhism, or faith of Gautama, was soon distorted and so changed by his followers as to be scarcely recognizable.

The history of Rome and the Latin people is next outlined, in more or less the accepted fashion, with the rise, zenith, and slow decline of the Roman power and civilization carefully pictured.

Following this, is the wondrous story of the Christian religion, unfolding from Judea and spreading over the Western world. He points out many of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and attempts to define the Jews' hatred of Him and give reasons for their ultimate crucifixion of the promised Saviour.

The early struggles and persecutions of Christianity are related in order to lead up to the emancipation of the Christians by Constantine the Great, which was followed by the official establishment of that great religion, and the fostering and salvation of learning in the monasteries and priestly orders.

This era in history is completed by the addition of the events and happenings in Asia during the same period as the history of Mohammed and his new belief, which gained a strong hold in Asia Minor.

This outline by Mr. Wells truly makes very interesting reading, which cannot be said of all histories. He has made the old stories lose some of their accustomed dryness. (In some places he adds himself some dryness not old.) In some parts the story is a little confusing and the train of thought seems to be lost.

The introduction shows that very good assistance and advice were sought in compiling the Outline of History, such as Professor Gilbert Murray, et al. The book contains nothing truly original, except the point of view and method of treatment, since it is merely an accumulation of the newly discovered riches of the old sciences.

It was written shortly after the World War, and the purpose or motive in writing it was to promote peace and goodwill on earth. Mr. Wells believes "that there can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas." This, I think, is partly accountable for his belittlement of the historical war-heroes and conquerors. He feels, as do other prominent men, that in order to more firmly insure peace in the hearts of coming generations, that that form of hero-worship, embodied in the youthful study of the Alexanders, Caesars, and Napoleons, must be stamped out.

## EXTRACTS

Page 13—

"All living things agree in possessing a certain power of growth, all living things take nourishment, all living things move about as they feed and grow. . . . Reproduction is a characteristic of life."

Page 123—

"A fear really felt needs few words for its transmission; a value set upon something may be very simply conveyed."

Page 141—

"A species, we must remember, in biological language, is distinguished from a variety by the fact that varieties can interbreed, while species either do not do so or produce offspring which, like mules, are sterile. All mankind can interbreed freely, can learn to understand the same speech, can adapt itself to cooperation."



Page 356—

"Men's ambitions are apt to reflect the standards of their intimates."

Page 373—

"So in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. we perceive, most plainly in Judea and Athens, the beginnings of a moral and intellectual process in mankind, an appeal to righteousness and an appeal to the truth from the passions and confusions and immediate appearances of existence. It is like the dawn of the sense of responsibility in a youth, who suddenly discovers that life is neither easy nor aimless. Mankind is growing up."

Page 375—

"The true hero of the story of Alexander is not so much Alexander as his father Philip. The author of a piece does not shine in the lime-light as the actor does."

Page 436—

"Every religion that is worth the name, every philosophy, warns us to lose ourselves in something greater than ourselves."

Page 484—

"Hatred is one of the passions that can master a life, and there is a type of temperament very prone to it, ready to see life in terms of vindictive melodrama, ready to find stimulus and satisfaction in frightful demonstrations of justice and revenge."

Page 658—

"It has already been suggested that phases of real intellectual development in any community seem to be connected with the existence of a debauched class of men, sufficiently free not to be obliged to toil or worry exhaustively about mundane needs, and not rich and powerful enough to be tempted into extravagances of lust, display, or cruelty. They must have a sense of security, but not a conceit of superiority."

Page 702—

"None of the great unifying religious initiators of the world hitherto seems to have been accompanied by an understanding of the vast educational task, the vast work of lucid and varied exposition and intellectual organization involved in its proposition. They all present the same history of a rapid spreading, like a little water poured over a great area, and then of superficiality and corruption."

## NEW WORDS AND DEFINITIONS

Archeozoic—Of or pertaining to the first era in geological time.

Proterozoic—Of or pertaining to the second era in geological time.

Paleozoic—Of or pertaining to the lowest geological age or series of strata above the Archean and below the Mesozoic.

Mesozoic—The era between the Paleozoic and Caenozoic.

Caenozoic—Of or pertaining to the fourth and latest of the eras of geologic time, extending to and including the present.

Aphelion—The point in an orbit, as of a planet, farthest from the sun.

Perihelion—The point in the orbit of a planet where it is nearest the sun.

Proselyte—One won over to different religion, sect, or party.

Inundation—A flood. A condition of superabundance.

Naivete—The state of being naive or candid.

Literati—Men of letters, scholars.

Orgiastic—Pertaining to or resembling the Greek orgies; hence, marked by wild revelries.

Differentiating—Biol. Causing to become different, specializing in form or functions; developing variations in or among, as in plants by cultivation.

STANLEY F. EBERT, B.Sc. in E., '30.

## *Athletics*

### TENNIS



WITH the nucleus of six varsity men and four very promising rookies, Grant Siverd and Paul G. Sullivan, coaches of the tennis team, entered into the 1928 season with high hopes of accomplishing great things in the Realm of Tennis. Although the season ended with the Dukes winning more than they lost by the margin of one game, still with such varsity material as Jim Creighton, Jackie Olko, Collodi, Philpott, Kellar, and Eisenberg, and with such men as Smeaton, Boland, Dick Creighton (Jim's little brother), Thompson and others who show great promise for the future, much was expected of them. But when one considers the weather conditions encountered and the inability of some of the men to play on account of examinations on days when the team was scheduled to play, it seems surprising that they finished with the record of more won than lost. Then, too, the schedule was no bed of roses. The first team to be met was Notre Dame, fresh with victories over Michigan, Iowa, Ohio State and Vermont, it was no wonder that they defeated our boys, who, with only a day or two of practice, due to the weather conditions, fell before the South Benders, but only after the hardest kind of fighting. The next team to be met was the tennis champions of the Tri-State Conference—Westminster. The game was played on the Bluffies' courts, and after a fierce struggle the Champs were Champed—Duquesne won by the score of 4-3. This was sweet revenge, since it was none other than Westminster who displaced Duquesne from the Tri-State Basketball throne. The racqueteers then met Geneva and Bethany in the order named, at Pittsburgh, and won both. In a return game with Westminster, the red and blue was defeated, which was disappointing, but by then examinations were being held in some departments and the players were not available. The same was true with Geneva and Bethany, who were played away, but the handicap was overcome in the Geneva match and the Bluffites won. But the powerful **Bethany** team was too much for the weakened Dukes.

When everything is considered, it must be acknowledged

the season was a success and that much credit must be given to the "Silver Fox" mentor, Grant Siverd, and to his assistant, the "Father of Tennis" at Duquesne, Paul G. Sullivan. While we are yet reviewing the tennis season, I think it would be a vital mistake if we did not say something on behalf of a young man who, having played varsity tennis for three years, has lost only one match. This young man, small in stature, but dynamic in action, is none other than the smiling, quiet, unassuming James "Jackie" Olko, who leaves Duquesne in quest of a new field. We wish him much success in his new ventures.

### TRACK

Within the past three or four years efforts have been made by the various coaches to establish a track team to uphold the red and blue of Duquesne on the cinder path. These efforts were made in vain, because after a week or two of enthusiasm the project was dropped. Thus, when various meets were held, colleges of inferior rank than Duquesne competed, but there was no Duquesne.

But with the acquisition of Elmer Layden as Director of Athletics, great hopes are held for the future of Duquesne on the cinder path.

This year efforts were made with gratifying results, the first meet to be held was an intra-mural affair. The School of Accounts won, with the Pharmacy second, and Arts and Pre-Med following, but who cared who won; the real idea of it was to uncover some material for a track team, and there was some real material uncovered. Schnelbach, who runs the 100 and 220 yards; Pesci, who does the four-forty in around 50 seconds and the mile under 5 minutes. Other promising men are Czinki, "Doggo" Burns, Perue and Smythe. For the field events, Kemp, a discus thrower; Kirby, shot put; Bennie Barrett, javelin; Murphy and McIntyre, high jump.

It was with these as a nucleus that the veteran Thiel team just nosed out Duquesne, and the much-feared Geneva team that had beaten some of the best, trounced them.

But in the Tri-State meet, with Schnelbach out with a "charley horse," Duquesne finished fourth, showing her heels to Thiel and Waynesburg.

So we see what a foundation is laid for track at the University in the future. One that is expected to bring results and make Duquesne feared in this sport just as much as she is going to be feared in football and is feared in basketball.

JOHN ROONEY, A. B., '31.









